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HOME!

BY A RETURNING AMERICAN

I

I HAVE just returned home after a winter in England. It is not a novel experience. When I first 'came home from Europe' I was four years old, and since then I have crossed the water many times. As I grew older and could compare the adult and the younger civilizations on the two sides of the ocean, I became increasingly aware of the contrast between them, a contrast which has grown steadily more striking as the years have passed. But never before have I been so startled on reaching my native shore as I was a fortnight ago. I asked myself over and over whether America had gone crazy, and where this wild dance, this bacchanalian orgy into which I was plunged by my return, was to end. Some of the impressions I received that seem to me most significant are informally jotted down in this paper.

The first thing that struck me was the infernal noise. People in this country seem to have come to enjoy noise for its own sake, as Negroes beat tom-toms in the African jungle. I spent most of the winter in London, a city half again as populous as New York. My hotel was in the heart of Mayfair, a few hundred feet from Piccadilly in one direction and but three minutes' walk

from Regent Street in the other — two of the busiest thoroughfares in London; yet day and night it was as quiet as my country place here in America. With a third-floor front room I could sleep with my window open and not hear a sound all night. The seven nights which I spent after my return at my usual excellent hotel in New York were as restful as if I had been trying to sleep in a boiler factory. Although on the twelfth floor, I could get no sleep unless I closed the window. Fire engines tore by all night with a gigantic shrieking, like damned souls. The surface cars made an unholy racket and seemed always to apply their brakes a hundred feet from the corner on which the hotel is situated and to slide the rest of the way with a grinding that defied endurance. Motor-car horns honked and honked and honked without intermission every hour of the night. When I took the train, after a week, to come to my country place, I had a seat in what happened to be the Pullman nearest the engine. For the first hour of the trip the engineer forced ear-piercing shrieks from the whistle at about three-minute intervals without a let-up. It was not a question of grade crossings, and what his purpose, other than pure

love of noise, could have been is inexplicable. My companion and I gave up all attempts to converse and resigned ourselves to being tortured by what appeared to be a mad locomotive driver. There is absolutely no need for this nerve-racking bedlam of noises unless people really like it. The traffic in such London streets as Piccadilly, the Strand, and others is as heavy as on any street in New York. It is a continuous stream of motor cars and motor buses, yet it moves as swiftly and as silently as a river. One rarely hears a horn blown. The people prefer quiet, realize its value for the human system, and in some way have enough control over the organs of government to secure what they want. It is now against the law even to whistle for a taxi, and no one does whistle. London is at once the biggest city in the world and the most quiet and restful. This love of noise strikes one on coming home as being among the most symptomatic features of American life to-day. Children love noise, savages do, and some types of the insane.

II

Another contrast that was most forcibly impressed upon me was the respect for law and order in England as opposed to the utter breakdown of law and of protection afforded to the citizen by his government in America. Almost the last day before I left New York in January, I had occasion to go to my bank in Wall Street. In one block I saw three armored cars, with machine guns and armed guards, engaged in transporting valuables in the heart of the financial district of the biggest city in America. A few days after my return I stopped in to see my lawyer, who happens to be the attorney for a large public service corporation. As we left the door of his building I noticed two armored cars with the name of his

corporation on them. I asked him why, in heaven's name, his company had to have armored cars and machine guns and men with revolvers in their hands? His reply was, as though the matter were a mere commonplace, that they had to move considerable sums of money for pay rolls and so on, and that use of the armament I had noticed was the only safe way to do it. What have we come to when government can no longer afford protection to its citizens in the heart of our greatest city? In London, while I was there, a steamer arrived from South Africa with five millions of gold consigned to the Bank of England. At the dock it was placed in an open dray; a tarpaulin was thrown over it, and it was driven to the Bank with no guards of any sort. Respect for law and order, as shown in the recent strike of five million men, pervades all classes in England, and the law is always *enforced*. In London one feels and knows that one can trust a policeman utterly. At a dinner of a group of magazine and newspaper editors which I attended just before leaving here in January, the question of the police in two of our largest cities came up for discussion, and the statement was made, by one who had studied the situation thoroughly, that the most dangerous person to whom a young girl could apply for protection at night in one of those cities was a uniformed member of the police force. Pleasant situation, is n't it? In London, again, every taxi driver is scrutinized by Scotland Yard, and only men with good characters and clean records are allowed to drive. It is perfectly safe to hail any taxi night or day and trust one's self to the driver. In America?

On the other hand, in England, although the law is rigidly enforced and respected, one's private life is remarkably free from interference. One can

dress as one pleases, marry whom one pleases, pursue such hobbies as one pleases, read what one pleases, say what one pleases, and in general express one's personality in one's own way of living. In America I am more and more impressed with the growing restraint placed on individualism in private life. It is not necessary to stress Prohibition. Restriction is becoming evident in every direction. Different groups have their own *mores*, but each forces all its members to become alike as two peas. It is not only in the small town that one does not dare strike out for one's self. There is no more type-compelling community to-day than a prosperous New York suburb. The men all dress alike, think alike, talk alike, lead almost identical lives. The lawyer who is on the wait for clients, the broker playing his social life for customers, the merchant who needs credit or tips from his banker, feel that they must wear the clothes, have the manners, and think the thoughts that are supposed to conform to the generic concept of a prosperous, conservative business man. Failing to resemble this auspicious image, they may be considered queer, if not 'Red,' and may lose business. A friend of mine to whom I spoke, on my return, of this soul-deadening monotony of American life agreed with me in the abstract. 'But,' I said, 'are you not doing as much to force it on everyone as anybody else? If a bond broker came into your office to sell you bonds, and was not dressed just as a bond broker is supposed to dress; if he did n't have just the ideas on economic questions you think he ought to have, and just the usual suave bond-broker manner, would he be likely to sell you bonds?' My friend laughed, but confessed that the young man would probably not effect any sales. An editor of a well-known paper, who is extremely well-

informed on the conditions underlying contemporary American life, told me he could name a half-dozen financiers who, by the ramification of their financial influence, could introduce any social custom into all the country clubs and club cars on suburban trains around New York in a month if they gave it out that such and such was what a successful business man should do. This may be exaggerated on the literal side, but it expresses a profound truth about American life to-day, and points to one of those conditions that most strike a home-comer.

He realizes that this growing restraint of personal opinion and way of life is not wholly due to the fear of losing money. Organized bodies and even the law of the land are taking a hand in the game. As an historian I have watched, in the last year or two, legislatures passing laws as to what shall and shall not appear in histories. On my return I found that more laws had been passed against the teaching of evolution, an issue that I thought would die a natural death when I left here some months ago. In this morning's paper I read that a powerful organization has been formed, one of whose purposes is to drive from the pulpit of every evangelical church any preacher who believes in evolution. Such matters cannot be taken lightly, though we seem to pay no more attention to them than we do to the need of the citizen to protect himself with machine guns. We have seen in the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment what an aggressive, organized minority, backed by ample money and using terrorizing methods on candidates for political office, can accomplish. But if Americans, wholly occupied in 'getting and spending,' have lost all sense of serious issues, they seem also to have lost all sense of humor, for the Lady Cathcart case, viewed through a

perspective of three thousand miles, was inconceivably grotesque for any mature and civilized nation.

III

Again, what struck me was that the pace has become so terrific in this country that money must be had at any price. And it is fantastic how money is being made. One friend of mine told me casually that he had made \$70,000 outside his regular income while I had been gone. Another has made \$100,000 in the last year. Neither of these is a wealthy man or a speculator. They consider themselves conservative. A Polish farmer near me in the country has made \$19,000 in small real-estate deals in the past year and has recently refused \$80,000 for the farm which he bought by aid of a mortgage two years ago for \$18,000. In another part of the country I chance to know an enterprising boy who is, I am informed, making \$400 a week helping bootleggers. Another neighbor, a New York business man, has made half a million in some stock. These are merely a few cases that have come to my personal notice in the fortnight since my return.

On every side I am struck with the orgy of expenditure. It is not only among the rich in the city. In this quiet country village it is just as true. There is not a farmer or mechanic who does not drive a much more expensive car than I do. At the post office last night I watched an old man drive up to the curb. He had to quit his small blacksmith business a few years ago and applied to me for the job of janitor in a building I am interested in. We were sorry not to give him the job, for he needed the money. So far as I know he has no occupation now but occasional carpentering, but he was driving a new Studebaker closed car. Cars, radio sets,

vacuum cleaners, motor lawn-cutters, —any sort of machine that takes their fancy, costing from a hundred or two hundred dollars to two or three thousand,—are to be found in the homes or garages of these village farmers, mechanics, or small tradesmen. One wonders where they get the money and how long such a condition can last.

England is still simple. In the hotel in London where I stayed, one of the best of the purely English type, with a royal suite occasionally used by royalty (the late King of Belgium used to stay there), there is no running water in the bedrooms and the only heat is still the open coal fire. Yet there were quiet and peace and genuine comfort that I am unable to obtain at double the price at the hotel where I stay in New York. When one comes in late in the afternoon, tired from a stroll or a day's work, it is after all more restful to sit in front of an open fire than to gaze at a radiator. On a table at my side was a whiskey and soda for further solace. When the evening paper was due, instead of my having to shoot myself down twelve stories to buy one at the news stand in a noisy lobby or tip a bell boy fifteen cents for getting a three-cent paper, it was automatically brought to my room by the page with a pleasant greeting and no expectation of a tip other than his modest one at the week's end. Instead of my having to waste fifteen minutes and ascend a bootblack stand in public whenever my shoes needed shining, they were attended to at night with no waste of time or energy on my part. Small matters, it may be, but all tending to reduce the wear and tear of life.

Yet, as far as simplicity is concerned, it was the children who struck me most. I am fond of them, usually observant of them, and incidentally have young English cousins of my own,

though my family has been in America for three hundred years. In England the children are still children. They play with simple toys, they sail toy boats in the Round Pond in Kensington, they tramp the moors with their fathers, they go in for the simpler sports which have not been professionalized. They may have bicycles, but they do not dream of automobiles and the more expensive machines of all sorts. I have been talking in this country with a man who has \$5000 a year. He was objecting because his son insisted on joining a golf club and, after he had done so, insisted further on having the family car to go to it, a mile away. When his father told him the walk would do him good, he stared, open-eyed, and answered that none of the boys walked and that he would 'look queer.' In this seaside village the country boys no longer care for swimming, or, indeed, for anything except cars and radios and all that costs money. And they get them. I have seen some of the summer children of thirteen and fourteen driving high-powered cars—against the law, of course, but no one any longer pays attention to law. I have also seen other things. Last summer I found myself trailing a handsome car along a road which led to the woods. The curtain was up at the back and I could see through. On the front seat were a boy and girl with their arms around each other's necks. They were about fifteen years old. On the back seat was another youthful couple, about fourteen years old, similarly occupied but 'more so.' All were clothed only in one-piece bathing suits. The party subsequently disappeared into the woods. One wonders what American parents, who can scarcely be acquitted of all knowledge of their children, think of such occurrences, or whether they have reached a paralysis of thinking. Again, after watching the

simply dressed English children I am staggered at the amount and costliness of the American child's wardrobe. One of my small friends, to make my comment specific, has a \$350 shawl, though her parents are not very well off.

Indeed, — and this is one of the most startling things that greet the returning traveler, — price seems no longer to be considered in America. My companion and I were more luxuriously housed and fed in one of the best hotels in Paris for eight dollars a day than we were in New York at twenty-eight dollars, a difference of over seven thousand dollars a year. In England, in spite of high costs and terrific taxation, a family can still live comfortably on what I am told would be very hard sledding for a young couple here just starting out. It is not difficult to see that a large part of the high cost of living in America is due to the orgy of spending for all sorts of luxuries and machinery of life, and to the highest tariff we have ever had. With all America scrambling to own motor cars, radio sets, clothes, and everything that takes its fancy, regardless of price, the prices naturally go up. Moreover, the enormous demand for such things must take a vast amount of labor away from the more genuinely productive trades. Mr. Coolidge may preach economy, but I notice he has never stood for any reduction in the tariff. When I landed at the dock the lowest duty I paid on any article was 60 per cent and from that the duties ran to 80 per cent. It is needless to tell me that a duty of 60 per cent on clothes does not increase the cost of living when I have to hand over thirty-six dollars on a suit that cost me in London sixty dollars. One asks one's self how much such increase in the cost of what he buys benefits the American workingman and how much it may be for the sole benefit of a small group of manufacturers.

At any rate one gasps, when one comes home, at the fantastic increase in both the scale and the cost of living, and when one turns from one's personal plight to consider the effect on society generally one wonders where the situation will end, and how much real happiness the new scale of living is bringing to people. I asked a friend of mine whether the marriages of the group of her young friends in a community where I used to live had turned out happily. She thought for the most part they had not. When I asked her what she thought the cause of this misfortune might be, she said that five or six thousand dollars went nowhere now, even if the wife did all her own work. For a young man to earn that he had to work himself to death in the competitive struggle, and in the evenings both were so tired, with worry quite as much as work, that they had nothing of their best to give each other. They either passed a dull evening or went out for excitement. After a very few years of that sort of thing the situation became rather hopeless unless the man happened to make money fast. Americans, now highly industrialized and living the most extravagantly luxurious life of any people, still cling to the frontier ideal that any young man should be able to support any girl, and that a dowry is 'un-American.' That was all right when all he needed was an axe, a pair of strong arms, and neighbors to come for the 'house-raising.' But now a father who deliberately accustoms his daughter to foolish luxury expects her to be happy when she leaves a home where the scale of expenditure has been forty thousand dollars a year to scabble along, without even a cook, on five thousand dollars a year for her family. And it is not every young man of education and cultivated tastes who can offer a girl even that much. The result is no marriage, late marriage, or a soul-

racking struggle for mere living in such a way as to enable the young couple to keep in some sort of social contact with their former friends.

IV

Another thing that struck me is that the American has no sense any more of simple enjoyment. Conversation is a lost art. People no longer talk for the interchange of ideas. Indeed, ideas seem to be taboo. Any suggestion that everything is not for the best in this best of all possible worlds is considered dangerously radical. People are not expected even to pretend to exchange thoughts any more. I have in mind three American hotels where I have stayed recently, all houses which I have frequented because of their former quiet and because if I happened to give a dinner to friends there was in each case a quiet room to which we could adjourn afterward to talk. Each of these hotels has installed a radio in these rooms this winter, and conversation has become simply impossible in them. One cannot talk when an agricultural specialist or a Y. M. C. A. man is bawling in one's ear out of a loud speaker.

In England one feels everywhere a real love of beauty in the countryside. The simplest cottage of a workman has its flower garden and there the man works after hours with his family about him. The hedgerows, the clumps of trees here and there in the fields, all tell of an appreciation of nature and natural beauty on the part of not only the great landed proprietors but the small farmers as well. Here where I live the entire countryside has been spoiled in the past three years because farmers have ploughed down all the hedgerows and have planted potatoes, not only to the very outside inch of their own lands, but even well into the public

highways. For miles the roads have become mere narrow strips of dirt between the dirt of the fields, and indistinguishable from them. In spite of many complaints, every town official interviewed has 'passed the buck' to another, and now it seems settled to the satisfaction of all but a few 'kickers' that no one has any right to interfere with farmers who take as much of the public roads into their own fields as they wish. Between this and the wholesale careless burning over of tract after tract of woodland, the countryside which was beautiful ten years ago has been completely ruined. And nobody seems to care. Anyone who insists on the right of the public when the farmers appropriate the roads or who suggests that the beauty of the country has a value at all comparable to a few more bushels of potatoes is a nuisance and a hopeless crank. Fresh from the well-kept beauty of the English country, I was staggered at the devastation which has been wrought in my neighborhood even since I left it last autumn. One of the prettiest wood roads is now a wilderness of charred forest, of orange-colored gasoline stations, of real-estate signs and 'hot dog' places. Another is lined on both sides for at least a mile and a half with dump heaps of tin cans and all sorts of refuse.

Still another thing that struck me was our commercialization of our own sentimentality. We Americans are a mawkishly sentimental people. What people who were not would inaugurate a 'Mother's Day'? But, having inaugurated it, how promptly and completely we have commercialized it! Everywhere as I went about New York in those first few days home, in candy shops, card shops, and all sorts, were signs not to forget Mother and to send her whatever the advertiser had for sale.

When I was sputtering about some

of these impressions to an acquaintance, he objected: 'Grant that much of what you say is true; nevertheless we are a happier people and more intelligent than the English.' I doubt it. I find lots of excitement here, but very few genuinely happy and contented people. We are looking for happiness in things and in what we can buy, and I doubt if it is permanently to be found there. We have motors, bathrooms, telephones, and all other mechanical accessories to an extent undreamed of in Europe, yet I do not find the people who enjoy them any happier. I talked with a number of English wage earners of different sorts and they told me that in spite of high wages in America, where one could earn in a day nearly as much as in a week in England, they would not care to come over, and many of those who had done so had gone back after a while because they found that the wages all went in living expenses, and that in the rush and excitement they did not find so much happiness as they did in their life at home. Having crossed on the same steamer six times in two years, I have come to know some of the stewards rather well. One of them was talking of this on the trip home. He said he and his wife had a small cottage a little out of Southampton on the edge of the New Forest. He described it to me, with its flower gardens and the things he loved, and then said, 'What could I get in America like that even if I were earning a lot more pay in New York?' As for intelligence, I am not so sure that the average American *is* more intelligent. He is quicker to use new machinery and has wider superficial knowledge of a practical sort, but I doubt if he takes a really more intelligent and rational view of life. I asked my dining steward what he did when he had time off in New York. His answer was that he and his friends spent most of their time in the Natural History Museum, and he

told me with much evident interest of the new acquisitions there. Would an American boy of twenty-five, of the same class, spend his time off in London at the South Kensington Museum? He would scoff at the idea. Is it a sign of inferior intelligence that between four and five million men can be on strike with practically no cases of violence? On the basis of comparative population that would mean thirteen million men on strike at once in the United States. In such a national upheaval as that would the strikers and 'struck at' here have shown any more intelligence?

V

These are but random impressions set down at haphazard. There are doubtless other sides to the picture and I am not attempting to indict my own country. I am by no means an Anglo-ophile or an unpatriotic American, but as I contemplate what seems to me a restlessness of life almost bordering on insanity, the growing love of mere noise and excitement, the unprecedented making of money, the extravagance of all classes, the attempts to suppress thought by law, the complete breakdown of law enforcement by our governments, national, state, and municipal, the rapidly growing contempt for law, and the substitution of unlimited spending for the simple human pleasures, I cannot help wondering whither we are bound if another decade sees any such rapid change as has the last. And I am wondering, as a personal but practical question, just how and where a man of moderate means who prefers a simple living, simple pleasures, and the

things of the mind to rapid money-making is going to be able to live any longer in his native country, where he would much rather live than exile himself. He can get as much enjoyment out of a Chevrolet as out of a Pierce-Arrow. He much prefers a good inn to a hotel with the usual marble columns and costly and uncomfortable furniture in its lobby. He wants to lead a simple and sane life. He wants companionship of people who are neither too tired nor too excited at night to exchange ideas rather than personalities. He wants to be legally and socially free to express his own ideas. He wants to be able to think and work and write in quiet. Incidentally he wants a cook. He does not belong to the international idle rich, nor even to the idle new poor. He is a hard worker and a good American, but as he looks about him in his own country he wonders whether everyone has gone mad in the rush for money and extravagant luxuries, and whether such a life as he wants is any longer possible in it, as it easily is still in England. How long can American nerves and minds and the American soul withstand the pressure and pace of America's present insane and noisy life, and the increasing restrictions on independent thinking and individual expression? There are ample signs that a devastating financial and commercial panic is not many years distant. Will the newer rich who may arise after it lead us a livelier dance yet, or will the history of the orgies of extravagance following the Revolution and the Civil War be repeated and a period of returning sanity ensue after the financial bloodletting?

PLAYING AT PROVIDENCE

BY WILLIAM P. GEST

I

It is a fine thing to write a law. It displays our patriotism, demonstrates our intelligence, practises our rhetoric, flatters our pride, encourages our delusions, and all this without undue expenditure, for the burden of enforcement is cast upon others. Still better is it if we make that a crime which was not a crime; then we become as gods, knowing good and evil. We wave the wand of justice, and see in our mind's eye untold generations bow to our ethical sense as to a superior and inevitable Providence. It is certainly an ample ambition to

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.

Recognizing the omnipotence of the lawgiver, the American sovereigns — of whom, according to popular theory, there are now over one hundred millions — are playing at Providence with as much enthusiasm as if it were a new amusement. It is not, however, a new amusement, but has always been popular.

How is it possible to tell a good law when history displays such contradictory standards?

According to the Seventh Aphorism of the Eighth Book of the *De Augmentis* of Lord Bacon, 'That law may be set down as good which is (1) certain in its meaning, (2) just in precept, (3) convenient in execution, (4) agreeable to the form of government, (5) productive of virtue in those that live under it.'

Amplifying the implications of these principles, we may add the following technical rules: Laws should be (6) as few as possible, (7) as simple as possible, (8) suitable to the happiness of the people, (9) general and not special, (10) not lightly changed, (11) not too severe.

With these principles we are now prepared to reform the world, outlaw war, and prove that the pen is mightier than the sword. Before doing so let us consider a few laws as illustrations.

II

In order not to give offense, let us choose a foreign country, an ancient time, and a law that was never passed. That kind of law has many advantages. Nobody is required to know about it, it runs no risk of judicial construction, and it has no unforeseen and injurious effects.

So, at least, thought the Emperor Tiberius. In his reign, as Tacitus relates, the Roman ædiles — that is, the directors of public safety — complained that the sumptuary laws were not being observed (as usual); that prices were rising, contrary to law (as usual); and that too much was spent on feasts, contrary to the *lex Julia* (as usual). The Senate, as is natural and frequent in all times, passed the difficulty up to the Emperor. Tiberius, having considered the possibility of checking extravagance by

law, pondered, in the words of Professor Ramsay, whose translation I am using, whether 'it would not be unbecoming to take in hand measures which he could not enforce,' and sent his famous letter to the Senate, in which he said:—

'The many laws devised by our forefathers, and those passed by the Divine Augustus, have but given immunity to extravagance; the former have passed into oblivion; the latter — what is more shameful still — have been contemptuously disregarded. For if a man desires what has not been forbidden he may be afraid of prohibition; but if he may with impunity do what has been prohibited, neither fear nor shame can restrain him longer.'

So the Senate remitted the matter to the ædiles, and by degrees the intemperate expenditure fell out of style. The philosophical Tacitus suggests that there may be cycles in human affairs, and that fashion may be more powerful than law.

Afterward the lure of a bad law proved too strong for the self-restraint of even a Tiberius, and he endeavored to prevent the wearing of silk by men, and to reduce the expenses of the table. These laws, however, faded into oblivion, following the *lex Oppia* and the *lex Orchia* and the *lex Fannia* and the *lex Didia* and the *lex Julia* and the *lex This* and the *lex That*, and many other *leges* whose principal function in history is to supply learned men with material for lists. If an extreme sumptuary law is passed, requiring too sudden a change in the habits of the people, it induces a reaction toward lawlessness. 'Virtue itself hath need of limits' — that is, the virtue we would impose on others,

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

A convincing example of this is the English Gin Act (9 George II c. 23,

1736). Lecky states that the passion of gin drinking was the momentous event of English history in the eighteenth century. Its terrible effects are known to everyone, perhaps most effectually by the horrible prints of Hogarth, in which even the houses are intoxicated. This exaggerated form of drunkenness from distilled liquors was due in large part to improvident legislation — perhaps it would be more correct to say too provident legislation. The English Government in 1689, partly through hostility to France and partly to encourage home distilleries, prohibited the importation of spirits from foreign countries, but threw open the trade of distilling, on payment of certain duties, to all its subjects. This protective legislation worked to a charm. The home industry of distilling was so fostered that, in default of French wines, the product of British distilleries rose from 527,000 gallons in 1684 to 5,394,000 gallons in 1735.

This magnificent success began to frighten the legislators. They naturally turned around to destroy by law that which had been built up by law; the property whose existence had been approved by taxation must now be destroyed by taxation. The home product flowed so fast and cheap that anyone could be made 'drunk for a penny and dead drunk for twopence, with straw for nothing.' And so in 1736 the celebrated Gin Act was passed. It was really intended to be a prohibitive statute, under the guise of a tax. There were no precedents for prohibition in English legislation; the canons of the law had theretofore been exploded, not against drink, but against bad drink, — certainly a humane object, — and a brewer of bad ale was made to 'sit exposed on the seat of filth.' But already there was evidently a growing belief that people could do without drink; otherwise so fine a welcome would not

have been extended to Ben Jonson's splendid prohibition lyric, which echoed through the land in the seventeenth century:—

Drink to me *only* with thine eyes
And I'll not ask for wine.

The Gin Act was well sponsored, being introduced by Sir Joseph Jekyll, foremost among the philanthropists of his day, a noble-minded man, albeit he may have been thought a little 'puzzle-headed.' Walpole, the worldly-wise, did not favor the Act. He thought the law could not last, for it would diminish revenue, encourage smuggling, and exasperate the poor. The law affected only the retailers; it left the wholesale trade as it was. But after the law was passed an unaccountable thing happened—incredible, indeed, if it were not a matter of history. Prohibition did not prohibit. It seemed as if the reformers must have omitted to consider one or two points connected with the general subject—as, for instance, human nature and the nature of law. 'For never,' says Luke Owen Pike, in his *History of Crime*, 'was the powerlessness of a single statute to alter the whole habits of a people more clearly shown than in the results of this law.'

After initial riots and a temporary decrease, the output went up to 7,000,000 gallons by 1742. In 1743 the duties and licenses were reduced, 'against the opposition of the whole Bench of Bishops'; but still the pandemonium increased. In 1749 more than four thousand persons were convicted of bootlegging, as we call it now, and the 'private shops' were estimated at over 17,000. Crime and immorality increased. In 1751 and 1753 some strenuous measures were introduced which looked to regulation and not to prohibition. Of these measures Lecky says: 'Though much less ambitious than the Act of 1736, these measures

were far more efficacious, and they form a striking instance of the manner in which regulation, if not overstrained or ill-timed, can improve the morals of the people.'

In the next century there was a somewhat similar attempt to enforce a limited prohibition on the Irish people. It was received with the degree of calm native to that country. 'In 1811, when the duty on spirits was 2s. 6d. a gallon, duty was paid on 6,500,361 gallons, while in 1822, when the duty was 5s. 6d., only 2,950,647 gallons were brought to the charge; but the estimated consumption was not less than 10,000,000 gallons.' Illicit profits encourage desperate risks. 'A heavy fine was imposed on every parish manor or lordship in which an illicit still was found, and the unfortunate wretches found working it were transported for seven years; but smuggling and anarchy were perpetuated, the populace exasperated, and part of the country put in opposition not only to the civil authority, but also the military force of the Government.' In the words of J. R. McCulloch, 'The real effect of the high duties was to superadd the atrocities of smuggling to the idleness and dissipation of the drunkard.'

It was the failure of such laws as these which led Pike to say: 'Forbid men to drink openly, and they will buy it secretly; forbid native manufacture of drink, and importation will become the substitute; forbid importation, and the smuggler will regain his popularity; destroy the smuggler, and every household will supply its own wants by its own brew house or its own still.'

It is interesting to observe that the Gin Act produced a temporary effect in the direction intended. It is an unfortunate thing that laws so often seem successful on the surface, while, underneath, the subtle, inevitable principles

work on with deadly finality. It takes some time for people to realize the immense sums which can be made out of illicit trade, and more time to establish the trade. Once established, it may spread by leaps and bounds.

III

Let us pass to other kinds of law. The transition of the Highlands from their wild freedom to civilization affords a number of entertaining examples. 'There insolvency was considered disgraceful. Bankrupts were forced to surrender their all, were clad in a party-colored clouted garment with hose of different sets, and had their hips dashed against a stone in the presence of the people by four men, each taking hold of an arm or a leg.' Insolvency is frequent with us now, indeed it is almost a profession with some; but it was very unusual in Scotland, where there was too little wealth to make bankruptcy attractive. The Scotch punishment was 'Toncruaidh,' and no judge or jury nowadays would inflict such a horrible name on anyone. The party-colored garment reminds us of the green cap which the Roman bankrupt wore in later mediæval times, as Scanarolus records in *De Visitatione Carceratorum*, for it appears that the cap was a permanent ornament, and men trusted him who wore it at their peril: *Fænum habet in cornu, longe fuge* (Flee him far, he has hay on his horn). 'Beware of poets,' says Horace. 'Beware of bankrupts,' says the law. Not so far apart! The theory was that what the bankrupt could not pay in cash he should pay with his body. '*Solvit in corpore ignominiose ferendo biretum viride et a cæteris irrisorem et contemptum perferendo.*' Such was the legal value of ridicule in the ages when the grotesque still leered through art.

Or take the Highland punishment for

violation of the marriage vow: 'The guilty person, either male or female, was made to stand in a barrel of cold water at the church door, after which the delinquent, clad in a wet canvas shirt, was made to stand before the congregation, and at the close of the service the minister explained the nature of the offense.'

I am glad to learn that this punishment was seldom necessary. Nowadays such a punishment would be uncongenial to the congregation, for the Church has ceased to be the censor of morals, and the sanctuary is no longer the scene of penance, at least in the Scottish Kirk. Imagine such a punishment inflicted now at the door of one of our fashionable churches! It would be opposed by the most conservative of clergymen. The Low Church would say, 'It is a civil matter'; the High Church would say, 'The ceremony comports not with our ritual'; the Broad Church would say, 'It is a little matter anyway'; the devout scientist would say, 'Let us thank God for evolutionary ethics, which has taken away the reproach of sin, but has not deprived us of the thing'; and a few others would say, 'Go, and sin no more.'

It is well known that the favorite Highland sport which had been skillfully, profitably, and prayerfully pursued for generations was cattle stealing. James the First, the Solomon of his age, having been told that a cow had strayed from the Highlands of Scotland to the southern parts of England, asked, 'How passed she unstolen through the debatable lands?' Scotch instinct could not understand how so many chances had been lost. But after the failure of the last Jacobite rebellion the scene changed, for one of Culloden's 'dread echoes' was a law imposing the punishment of death for the sportful error. At that time England was enjoying the

fad of capital punishment to the full. Parliament had quite a run on it, and the number of capital crimes was largely increased, until when Blackstone wrote (1769) there were one hundred and sixty offenses punishable by death. Let me explain that this was really a sign of progress. The growth of civilization and wealth had correspondingly increased the ways of stealing, and therefore the number of available avenues to the gallows had become correspondingly abundant.

Sheep stealing had always been a capital felony in England (if the sheep was over 1s. in value), and after 1742 without benefit of clergy, —

It is a sin
To steal a sheep;
It is a greater
To steal a cow.

Capital punishment for cattle raising followed as a logical necessity. This logic was not so obvious to the Scots, and so it happened that when Donald Cameron, a scion of the brave Clan of the Crooked Nose and a distinguished leader in the sport, having been convicted for a lapse into the prerevolutionary pastime, was hanged at Kinloch Rannoch in 1752, he was quite hurt. He could not understand the situation; he had done nothing but 'remove cattle from the grass of those with whom he was at feud.' Why indeed? It was, after all, only 'spulzie'! (What an affectionate name!)

Now, of course we know that

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law,

but that is a mere commonplace prejudice and is not to be compared with the noble resentment of the Highlander. He saw his dear little hills of freedom submerged in the rising tide of civilization. The consequent indignation is characteristically expressed in

the lament of the widow of Gilderoy, the Red Gilly or youth of the Clan Gregor: —

Wae worth the louns that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To reave of life for sic a cause
As stealing horse or mare!
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I ne'er had lost my joy;
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

This Gilderoy, celebrated in ballad and story, is worthy of a moment's consideration. Like many another criminal, his experiences were both judicial and extrajudicial. His extrajudicial experience, for instance, was when he picked the pocket of Cardinal Richelieu, with the innocent connivance of the French King, who was really an accessory before the fact. The King — Louis XIII — thought it was a joke, so neither royalty nor Gilderoy was prosecuted. His first judicial experience was when he hanged a judge on a gallows that happened to be handy. His last judicial experience was when that action was reciprocated. One can appreciate the first incident better if the facts are remembered, and no one who has a spark of that artistic temperament which incites us to hang our judges and all other critics will be inclined to blame him, for, 'as he went along the road,' so the legend reads, 'he passed the gallows,' —

The Tree, old Tree of the Triple Beam,
And the power of provocation;

and it cockered the Brute with its dreadful fruit, — but this was an extraordinary gallows, and extended not a triple but a quadruple beam. It had accommodations for four, but only three were using it, and these three were his friends. Fortunately he had just kidnapped a judge and still had him on hand. He naturally appointed him to the vacancy. By this obvious

act he fostered economy of operation with an increased output, elevated a public servant, restored balance to the instrument of justice, and clothed a public monument with symmetry. For the moment retribution brought its solace.

Let us descend to earth, and may the gallows never tempt our feet heavenward again. Poor Gilderoy, let us shed a tear (if we have one) on his grave (if he has one). '*Sus. per coll.*' Terrible, terrible words, which shall be blotted out of our judgment books when King Buncombe and Queen Namby-Pamby come into their own.

Such ballads as 'Gilderoy,' which was a great favorite with the Scots, afford a strange commentary on that celebrated aphorism of Fletcher of Saltoun (1704): 'I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all of the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.' But if that same very wise man had lived a little longer he might have seen in the land of the patriotic Fletcher that after a period of carnage and oppression the ballads were all Jacobite and the laws all Hanoverian. Of course, if the ballad makers and ballad singers do not care about this, then the opinion of Fletcher's wise friend is, in a sense, correct.

We may well believe that the degradation of the Highlands into paths of civilization was due rather to the commercial union with England and its attendant changes, the introduction of roads, and the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions, than to the elimination of a few gentlemanly banditti of the Old School.

In fact, the efficacy of a criminal code depends not so much on its severity as on its prompt but deliberate execution, and the consequent connection of crime with punishment in the public mind. It is now, as in the

days of the Preacher: 'Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.'

IV

From these occasional and unphilosophic acts let us turn to two enlightening streams of legislation, coming down from ancient times in contradictory currents. They demonstrate a mighty conflict in legal theory. One illustrates the romantic, individualistic, and ethical tendency, the other the practical, socialistic, and utilitarian tendency in the legislative mind. I mean those laws requiring men to wear beards, and those requiring men not to wear them.

The laws against beards may be justified politically on the ground that they expropriate the beard for public use just like any other unearned increment; for why should a man be allowed to retain that for which he has not worked? Philosophically, Occam's razor alone — if it be still sufficiently sharp — would be sufficient to shave the world. The principle of the Invincible Doctor is as invincible as he: *Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem*.

Egypt was the cradle of civilization, and men did not wear beards in the cradle of civilization. A beard was the mark of a stranger. The Israelites, on the contrary, were devoted to their beards, though an occasional concession to prejudice was allowed, as when Joseph shaved his beard to go before the royal presence. In general that virile and persistent race preferred the wastes of Arabia with beards to the fleshpots and garlic of Egypt without beards. They may, indeed, have found that a full beard is a great inconvenience in the proper treatment of fleshpots. At last they could stand it no

longer. To the desert! Then came the great law of Moses: 'Neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard.' Behold the power of the pen! For these are fateful words, responsible to this day for the bushy entanglements of South Fourth Street on a market day.

The law is an excellent example of the rule that a good law should accord with the national genius. During thousands of years this law has been observed, certainly more obviously and perhaps more consistently than parts of the Decalogue; and why? No doubt because it is easier to keep, and appeals more directly to imagination and personal pride. Tested by Bacon's rules, we see that it is certain in its meaning, because its intent is as plain as the nose on your face; just in precept, because it applies equally to all men; convenient in execution, because it is purely negative in its requirements; agreeable to the form of government, which, being hierarchical, required all the talents with which men are endowed to be cultivated as a trust; and productive of virtue, in that it inculcates natural beauty of appearance and the moral habit of obedience.

Henceforth the beard is sacred in the Semitic mind. From Aaron's beard with its shining ointment, which rapt the Psalmist into ecstasy, to the beard of the Prophet, which has given inspiration and sanction to many a noble oath, the beard has waved its benison over the people of the East. I have heard that there is in India a temple raised as a monument and reliquary for a mere strand — nay, a single fibre of that feature of Mohammed, which symbolized his wisdom. So true is it that religion, like beauty, 'draws us by a single hair.'

However, the Jews were to find, as part of their unique experience in history, that the beard a man wears is one

thing and the beard another man wears is another thing. Certainly the resentment against another man's beard is natural, universal, incurable, and implacable. It is not a *casus belli* — at least, one cannot find it in Grotius; nevertheless the Tartars waged war against the Persians because they liked not the cut of their beards. Unfortunately they did not have Grotius to consult; though perhaps, like other nations, they would not have consulted him at the crisis.

The whole question is momentous and affects the honor of nations. It is quite possible that some mighty potentate by the prodigious and exasperating tilt of his mustachios might involve the whole world in internecine strife. The League of Nations should consider whether this question is justiciable or not.

In like manner the surrounding nations derided the Hebrews and were no doubt glad of a chance to shave them by force; this may be the basis of the jape which the Amorites put upon the servants of David.

V

In early times Europeans also wore beards, but the general tendency was changed by Alexander the Great. The pen ruled until the advent of the sword. There are some who say that Alexander's part in history was the organization of the world, the dissemination of a philosophy to inform and a language to articulate the doctrines of Christianity. And it is true that diligent students have extracted this theory from the maze of history; but Alexander's obvious triumph was over the beards of Europe, and thereby of the world. He discountenanced the beard, and changed the face of Europe.

The learned Dr. Doran, who has

written entertainingly but unsympathetically on the subject of beards, says that Alexander saw that the beard afforded a handle to the enemy. No doubt many a hairbreadth escape — or worse — resulted. Alexander's order was popular with some, as military orders frequently are, but the conservatives arose in their power. Byzantium and Rhodes passed laws against cutting the beard. We might have expected this of Byzantium.

It is sufficient to say, as a justification for the laws against beards, that beards have always been an incentive to murder, as might be illustrated with many an incident in history. When Brennus and his Gauls invaded Rome, in 390 B.C., the bravest of the Romans took refuge in the Capitol, while, in order to impress the invaders, they left a number of aged and defenseless ex-consuls seated on curule chairs, with their robes folded about them. 'With calm and fixed eyes, they rested on their ivory staves.' Among them the ancient Papirius, like an

. . . old romantic goat,
Sat, his white beard slow waving.

The barbarians at first were quite disposed to think that they gazed upon supernatural beings, but curiosity, ever the enemy of peace, or odious fate caused a Gaul to pass his hand over the beard of Papirius; so Papirius, Roman-like, struck him, and the Gaul, Gaul-like, slew him out of hand. Instantly pillage and massacre! Nothing was spared. Above loomed the Capitol, saved by the quacking of the sapient geese; below, stiff and stark, sat in his curule chair and bloody robe Papirius, a martyr to his country and his beard.

How much of all this might have been spared if shaving had only been introduced from Greece ninety years earlier than it was (300 B.C.), history will never tell.

Queen Elizabeth introduced an impost or yearly tax of 3s. 4d. on a beard above a fortnight's growth. Certainly she was a great admirer of beards, if the poet Gray may be trusted when he speaks of 'My grave Lord Keeper,' Sir Christopher Hatton, the light-footed Chancellor, leading the dance before her: —

His bushy beard, and shoestrings green,
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

I should have thought that she had laid this tax for envy, except that a similar tax was imposed in the reign of King Edward VI for the same atrocious offense.

VI

But my subject is growing too long, and I am becoming entangled in it. I intend merely to comb out a few lively and pungent principles which run through it.

History furnishes many examples of the incentives to progress due to compulsory shaving. The first deflections of the Irish in the direction of civilization may be dated from 1446, when the Parliament held at Trim — no doubt incited thereto by the name — prescribed that Irishmen should shave their upper lips. No doubt this was done to inculcate that proper docility in which the Irish are such apt pupils. So in Lacedæmon the ephors, according to Aristotle, made 'proclamation to the people that they should shave their moustaches, and be obedient to the laws.' The idea was, as Plutarch intimates, that if young men would obey this they would obey anything.

Perhaps we should date from this Parliament also the practice of wearing only a chin beard, a habit believed by some to be endemic among the aged

in some parts of the Emerald Isle.

Peter the Great saw the necessity of curbing the beards of the Muscovites, if Muscovy was to be admitted into the circle of civilized nations. Europe looked toward the East, and trembled. The horizon bristled with beards — a complete line of *cheveux de frise* stretched from the frozen regions of the North to the troubled waters of the Black Sea. Peter was not a man to take halfway measures when murder or any real principle was at stake, so he imposed a heavy fine on beards and appointed officers to collect the fines — or the beards. This would have worked an immense benevolence to Europe if it had been carried out and continued; and yet Montesquieu says that this was a bad law! But the reform was not permanent. Beards grew again, and Russia, as might be expected, has fallen out of the civilized circle. So true is it that no nation lives to itself alone. The age-long contest is still unfinished, but the triumph of civilization tends to the utilitarian rule, and now every man who wears a beard is *prima facie* either a philosopher or a villain; intimate acquaintance often discovers him to be both.

We are now able to answer the proposition stated earlier in this paper, but

VOL. 158 — NO. 2

unfortunately not as we hoped. It is evident that the pen is not mightier than the sword, but only a little mightier than the razor.

What strange principle is at the root of these laws? It has been often stated. It lies in the nature of power, which must always exert itself, and thereby extend its province. Would that we could call back the spirit of Penn, to whisper into the ear of all legislators that admonition which, with more force than elegance, he sent to his Deputy, Lloyd: 'For God's sake, me, and the poor country, do not be so governmentish.'

Knowledge comes, but the wisdom of moderation lingers. Doctors physic too much; preachers preach too much; legislators legislate too much; yes, and you will say writers write too much. I confess it, and yet the astute reader has discovered that all the requisites of a good law cited at the outset have now been illustrated with more or less directness. Some things in the science of legislation I may have left untouched. Let me, then, adopt the apology of Montesquieu: 'We must not always exhaust a subject, so as to leave no work for the reader. My business is not to make people read, but to make them think.'

PROTECTION FROM THE POLICE

BY JOHN BARKER WAITE

I

IF John Smith is clearly guilty of larceny, shall he be set free because policeman Jones violated rules in getting the evidence? As the protection of society against crime is not a game to whose rules the criminals adhere, one might expect the police to be unhampered by rules in fighting criminals. But there are rules, necessarily, and they can be invoked even by criminals.

John Cook, for example, sued officer Hastings for false imprisonment. Hastings answered that while he was patrolling his beat complaint came to him of a man who was grossly insulting women and children in a way that the legislature had made criminal; that he went to the place indicated, where he found Cook hiding behind a tree; that Cook refused to tell his name or his business and gave a palpably false explanation for his presence there; that he therefore believed Cook to be the offender and arrested him as part of his duty to protect the public. As these facts were not denied, the trial judge ruled that Hastings, having acted in good faith, was not liable to Cook. The supreme court, however, reversed this decision and held Hastings liable for false arrest, even though Cook was in fact the criminal, because Hastings had no written warrant to arrest Cook, nor was the offense committed in Hastings's actual presence.

The same decision would probably have been rendered by the court of any state. It represents a well-established

limitation upon the power of the police. Cook's offense was only a misdemeanor. That is to say, it was punishable only by imprisonment in the county jail, not by sentence to the state penitentiary. Offenses punishable by death or imprisonment in the penitentiary rank as felonies. The rule is that, while any person may arrest without warrant for a felony, even a police officer must have a warrant to arrest for misdemeanor, unless it has been committed in his presence. In some states he cannot arrest without warrant even for misdemeanors committed in his presence, unless they be breaches of peace. Hastings, therefore, should have gone to some magistrate and secured a warrant for Cook's arrest. Then, if he ever saw Cook again and still had the warrant and it was still valid, he could lawfully have made the arrest.

Another rule, universally accepted as salutary and desirable, is expressed in our constitutions, to the effect that the people shall forever be secure as to their persons, houses, papers, and effects against 'unreasonable' search and seizure, and that no warrant for search or arrest shall be issued except upon 'probable cause' supported by oath or affirmation. This rule too runs in favor of anyone injured, be he innocent or criminal. Even a police officer, if he makes an unreasonable search or unreasonable arrest, is liable in damages, and he is liable even though the search or the arrest reveals a criminal, just as

policeman Hastings was. The criminal whom he has caught may come into court and protest, successfully, against the manner in which he was caught. Moreover, the officer may himself be punished as for crime, under certain circumstances. Such rules do exist, then, and the police are legally bound, under penalty, to observe them.

But if the police do apprehend a criminal, shall he go free because they did not follow the rules? One might expect a prompt negation. But there is more in the question than appears to a runner. If the police can successfully catch and convict criminals by violating the rules, will they not be tempted generally to ignore the rules? And if they ignore them where criminals are concerned will they not also ignore the rights and immunities of innocent citizens? Police who transgress the rules are, like officer Hastings, liable to suit. They may be disciplined by their superiors. If they oppress their employers, 'the people,' the people can successfully demand their immediate discharge. But is this sufficient really to protect the people?

The answer to the apparently simple question has in fact divided the nation. Shall the criminal go free because the police have misbehaved? A score of states have answered, 'No — both must be punished.' Some have not answered at all. But another score have freed the criminal, to the extent of holding that evidence illegally secured cannot be used to prove his guilt.

The theory of the judges in these latter states is obviously fear of the executive. Some allege that the constitutional prohibition against unreasonable search precludes use of the evidence. Others are more frank. They hark back to that period when government really lay in the hands of a class and the criminal courts were truly, though somewhat erratically, a shield of mass from

class. This was the period when Dr. Horsley, Bishop of Rochester, could say in Parliament, 'What have the mass of the people to do with law, except to obey it?' — the time when 'confessions' were practically rejected by courts because the employer class used its power so unfairly to obtain them. It was a period, moreover, when 'the people' had but little direct control of the executive, and their individual liberties were truly still precarious. Thus retrospective modern judges apparently apprehend that, given an inch, the police will take an ell. They foresee crude policemen invading harmless homes, or seizing or annoying innocent travelers, undeterred by the fear of punishment or the right of redress in the person offended. Accordingly, to forestall such activity, to protect us from our own police, they lay down the rule that illegal activity by its policemen shall profit society nothing in its war against crime.

II

To appreciate the answer which the judges of these states give, one must study their concrete decisions. For the sake of consistency, cases all from the same jurisdiction, Michigan, are here presented. Selected decisions from various states would give a more spectacular picture, but one less accurate. These cases nearly all happen to involve enforcement of the state Prohibition law. But the rules involved apply as well to the enforcement of any criminal law. Bootlegging and burglary are both felonies. If the bootlegger is freed because the police unlawfully found him out, the burglar too must be freed in like situation. The cases arise out of Prohibition enforcement simply because Prohibition enforcement touches so many people, provokes so much emotion, that the question demanded answer where before

it had been tacitly ignored. In some states, indeed, what had been a negative answer before Prohibition was thereafter changed to an affirmative, 'Let him go free.' But the doctrine was originated by the Federal courts before national Prohibition was contemplated, and the rule applies alike to every offender against society.

Note, then, the conviction and subsequent discharge of Adolf Preuss. The county sheriff had gone to Preuss's house with a warrant to search for stolen beans. He did not find the beans, but he did find seven gallons of moonshine whiskey, which he seized and carried off as evidence. Preuss was indicted and eventually convicted of violation of the Prohibition law. He carried his case to the supreme court, however, and that tribunal reversed the conviction on the ground that the seizure of the evidence was *unreasonable* and therefore it should not have been used against him. 'Except as he followed the strict mandate of his warrant,' said the court, 'to search for and seize if found a described quantity of beans, the officer was a trespasser upon those premises.' Not only was the state forbidden to avail itself of the evidence so seized; the officer could not even reveal to the jury what he *saw* while thus a trespasser.

An officer who has gone lawfully into a house to arrest a felon may search to some extent for evidence connected with the arrest. But, said Judge McDonald, of a particular case where the officer had entered with a warrant to arrest the defendant, 'the right to arrest gave him lawful entry only to that part of the house which it was necessary for him to enter in order to serve his warrant. Here, where he was lawfully present, he could search for evidence of the crime for which the arrest was made, but further he could not go without invading the constitutional rights of the

defendant. He and his officers did not gain lawful access to that part of the house where the white mule was kept. There they were trespassers. It follows that the liquor was unlawfully seized and that the circuit court was in error in permitting it to be used as evidence against the defendant. . . . The conviction is reversed.'

Of course an unlawful acquisition of evidence against a criminal cannot be made lawful by subsequently going through the proper formalities. The sheriff of Montcalm County went to Claude Alverson's house to serve a legal paper upon him. Alverson was not at home and the sheriff broke in. For this entry the officer was undoubtedly liable to Alverson in a suit for damages and was possibly subject also to criminal prosecution. But he found within the house a complete whiskey-making outfit and a quantity of whiskey. Because the house was being used as a place of manufacture, the sheriff could have got a warrant, had he known the facts before he entered. Having thus learned the facts, he sent his deputy to get a warrant, by virtue of which he eventually carried off the still and the whiskey. Alverson's subsequent conviction, however, was reversed by the supreme court on the ground that the search and the seizure really occurred before the warrant was issued and the illegality could not be cured.

Search warrants themselves are most carefully scrutinized. The commonwealth must prove affirmatively that the procedure of its officers was proper. If question of legality is raised, the state must prove itself right; if it fails, the evidence is suppressed without need for the criminal to prove illegality.

Warrants can be issued only upon affidavit showing reasonable cause to believe that the law is being violated.

A mere oath that affiant so believes, or that the violation is 'a notorious fact,' is not enough. *Facts* must be stated — facts strong enough to compel the magistrate to a similar opinion. And the one who knows the facts must appear in person before the magistrate. He cannot make his oath before some conveniently situated notary public and let a peace officer present it to the magistrate. He must go in person, and the facts to which he swears must be truly convincing.

If any of these requisites is lacking, the warrant is invalid, the search is 'unreasonable,' evidence thereby secured cannot be used, and anything seized — incriminating papers, forged securities, even liquor — may be returned to the lawbreaker.

A conviction has been reversed, and the lawbreaker discharged, because, though the evidence was secured under a written warrant, the affidavit upon which the warrant was issued was deficient in stating only that the affiant had bought liquor on the premises twenty days previous. The supreme court considered that facts which existed twenty days before the asking of a warrant were too remote to justify its issue. They declined to assume that conditions had not changed in the meantime. For the same reason, an affidavit stating that affiant 'has seen persons drinking whiskey on the premises, has seen persons drunk on the premises, and has seen whiskey purchased on the premises' was held insufficient because it did not state the date on which these things were seen.

These were not merely cases where the magistrate refused to issue a warrant on such an affidavit. On the contrary, the warrant had been issued, the facts verified the propriety of its issue, and the defendant was convicted. The upper court reversed the convictions on the ground that the warrants should

not have been issued and that the technical insufficiency of the affidavits could not be cured by the reality of the defendants' guilt.

Moreover, even if the affidavit be sufficient, a clerical failure to repeat the facts in the body of the warrant, or neglect to show the warrant to the owner of the premises so that he can read them, has been held to oblige the court to reverse a conviction.

This precision of rule and strict insistence on its observance by the agents of society have been somewhat relaxed in respect to search of automobiles. A police officer who turned the light of an electric torch into the tonneau of a car, without touching the car, was held justified in seizing burglars' tools which he saw therein, and the conviction of the owner was sustained. And in general it is conceded that an automobile may be searched without any warrant if the police have legally arrested its occupant, or if they 'reasonably' believe that it is being used in violation of the law. But whether or not the searcher's belief is reasonable depends upon the judge's reaction to the pictured circumstances, and cannot be bolstered by the mere fact that it is in truth correct. Convictions resulting from 'unreasonable' molestation even of the guilty person will not be sustained.

Arrests and searches of the person are likewise scrutinized with sedulous care to render unprofitable any illegal police activity. For felonies and for any offense in the officer's presence, arrest without a warrant is permissible. But again there must be reasonable ground to believe the arrested person guilty — reason for the belief over and above the mere fact of actual guilt. Mere suspicion, however correct, will not avail the officer or profit society.

To policeman Klumpel, sitting at headquarters, came an anonymous

telephone message that one Harry Ward was coming in on a certain street car with a suitcase full of whiskey. It might have been a joke, but Klumpel already had some suspicion of the gentleman named and took a chance. When he found Ward he was not sure that he had just got off the street car, but it was obvious that Ward was carrying a heavy suitcase. When asked if he had an objection to showing the contents of the suitcase, Ward said that he had. Klumpel arrested him; the suitcase was full of whiskey and Ward was convicted. Three appellate judges thought Klumpel had insufficient ground for making the arrest, despite the accuracy of his suspicion, and urged that the conviction be upset. The others considered that the circumstances as a whole justified Klumpel's belief. Had there been only the anonymous message, however, they would have agreed in upsetting the conviction. Even a telegram from a known police captain, reading, 'I hold warrant for Frank G. Krotzer charge making a false statement . . . arrest and advise,' was considered by two judges in another case as insufficient to protect the officers who made the arrest from a suit for false imprisonment.

Or, had there been no telephone message, the conviction would not have stood. Mr. William Foreman stepped from an interurban car, carrying a grip. A policeman said, 'Say, Bill, wait a minute. I want to talk to you.' But Bill hurried into a hotel. The officer arrested him and found whiskey in the grip. In this case the upper court agreed that the trial judge should have instructed the jury not to convict the defendant. Even the fact that the arrested person is 'intoxicated to a certain degree' is said not to be reasonable ground for believing that he is carrying liquor externally. It was held

improper, although the suspicion was correct, to arrest a certain Mr. Kamhout on that basis.

III

This meticulous protection of even the guilty in order to save the innocent from police oppression may have a base of clay. Certainly the superstructure is dubious.

Even the limitations upon the power of the police to make arrests — their personal liability even when they get the right man — seem anachronistic in these days of complete popular control of the executive. The true interest of society to-day might rather require that the officer who gets the criminal be protected. Were he protected if right, his liability to suit or discharge if wrong should sufficiently restrain undue activity against innocent citizens. In the words of a minority judge, 'The officer has no judicial immunity for errors of judgment. He must be right or suffer. Therefore, if he is right by ultimate determination, he ought not to suffer, provided he has acted in good faith.' And certainly when an officer has a right to arrest on 'reasonable' suspicion the guilt of an offender should not be wholly ignored in adjudging the reasonableness of his suspicion. Guilt often betrays itself in impalpable manifestations which convince the beholder of its existence but which he cannot so depict as to persuade a cold judicial mind — especially if the narration be the inarticulate speech of an \$1800-a-year policeman.

But, whatever their merits, this rule of holding the officer liable, be he right or wrong, and the refusal of the judges to consider the guilt of the person arrested, are not confined to the courts of Michigan. They are the common law of the country. In Florida, for example, one finds a gun-toter successfully suing

the policeman who arrested him because the officer, though right, had not reasonable ground for his belief. And even in England constables were held liable for arresting a man whom a woman pointed out as having tried to pick her pocket.

Where Michigan differs is in saying not only that the officer shall be liable but that no advantage shall accrue to society because of his illegal action — that the criminal must not be convicted thereby. Though this apotheosis of protection developed under Prohibition, the rule extends its shield to any type of criminal. The 'equal protection' upon which our law is based makes no distinction in the privileges and immunities of felons. For just this reason, that it does extend to every criminal, whatever his crime, many states reject the practical exoneration of the criminal which in other states follows police neglect of rules. To use the terse phrase of Judge Cardozo, 'The pettiest police officer would have it in his power, through overzeal or indiscretion, to confer immunity upon an offender for crime the most flagitious. A room is searched against the law, and the body of a murdered man is found. If the place of discovery may not be proved, the other circumstances may be insufficient to connect the defendant with the crime.

The privacy of the home has been infringed and the murderer goes free. Another search, once more against the law, discloses counterfeit money, or the implements of forgery. The absence of a warrant means the freedom of the forger. Like instances can be multiplied. We may not subject society to these dangers until the legislature has spoken with a clearer voice.'

Shall criminals be freed, that the police may be kept in bounds? The answer is an evaluation of two conflicting public interests — public interest in freedom from crime, and public interest in freedom from police oppression. Unless the legislature speaks, the interests must be weighed and the answer given by the courts. Need criminals be freed to protect us from the police? To answer, the facts of modern conditions must be considered and the balance read by the judges. There are no more honest eyes to see the facts, if they can, and no truer scales in which to weigh them than those of the judiciary, but on those scales should be legibly graven Beccaria's warning: —

'It is a false idea of utility which thinks more of the inconvenience of individuals than of the general inconvenience.'

FREEDOM CONSIDERED

BY HARRIET SAMPSON

FREEDOM, considered, seems to be
Only another boundary,

And liberty a picket fence
With one small gate of common sense

And pointed palings of control
Marking the meadow of the soul.

And if in time my fence and gate
Seem insolent and obdurate,

And if rebelliously I lean
Over the gate or look between

The palings and grow keen for some
Unending jaunt to Kingdom Come,

I shall remember in my wrath
I set the posts, I nailed the lath,

And built this sturdy fence to be
My own preferred austerity.

THE NEW SECESSION

BY LANGDON MITCHELL

I

FAVORED many years ago by an invitation to dine with the Round Table, a club in New York, composed in the main of men who had in some way distinguished themselves, I found my undistinguished self in a seat with John La Farge on my right and a man whose name was as yet unknown to me on my left. Of this gentleman I observed only that he had marked features, and spoke in a low voice.

La Farge, I imagine, put all young men at their ease, especially so if they were ambitious beginners in some art. Accordingly, I enjoyed his talk, and even after these years recall the substance of what he said. Presently, however, I spoke to my unknown neighbor on the left, and in so doing could not but feel—it was apparent in his glance—that he was a man of natural and profound reserve. He listened, indeed, seemingly with the best will in the world to his youthful neighbor, but there was all the while a something withdrawn in his eyes, something impenetrable. Prompted, I feel sure, by him, I found myself discussing the relation which education holds to politics. I cannot pretend to recall his words, save only the substance of his opinions in a single phrase as it was spoken. He said that in his opinion it was unfortunate that Americans, the mass of them, did not much dwell on their historic past; did not make use of it; ‘did not draw on their pasts for present counsel.’

I was told, in the course of the evening, that my unknown table companion was Mr. Woodrow Wilson of the University of Princeton.

I am sure that I did not hazard the suggestion, as I should now, that history has become stiff reading, and is so because the spirit of science, and research, has taken it over. Thus the modern historian is first a scholar, and then an artist, if indeed he is an artist at all. No doubt there is something inevitable in this; no doubt it answers to some necessity of the times. But, whether easy or hard, we are all, I feel sure, agreed that historical reading is not one of the pleasures our citizens frequently give themselves, and that if our countrymen, taking them in the mass, can become wise only through the perusal of Mr. Rhodes, or Henry Adams, they will likely remain foolish for a very long time to come. It will be said, however, that editors, clergymen, and statesmen read; and that, as these men are those who enlighten and direct public opinion, this is enough. But even these gentlemen dwell none too frequently in the region of history, and certainly draw very seldom on it for present counsel.

And yet, clearly, we Americans need more than most people to be conversant with our own past. We need it more, for example, than the English, because of the number of the foreign-born we have invited to live with us. For we are all pretty well of one mind

about it, that we must either Americanize these foreigners, or else, as Jefferson himself said, submit to foreignization at their hands.

And, aside from the Americanization of Europeans, we have our own people to think of. This consideration comes to us as a matter of some gravity, since, in these last years, great numbers of our native-born Americans seem to have lost their hold on American principles. The thing has been spoken of so much that it seems hardly necessary to mention these sinners by name, or to recall the occasions when they lapsed from the grace of a true Americanism. For, without entering on the delicate task of defining what we mean by the word 'Americanism,' we are all, I imagine, of the opinion that justice and moderation are, or have been, dear to the American heart. And, without describing the interplay of these two forces, we know they are both necessary to the life of the Republic: justice as an end, and moderation as a temper of mind qualifying the means to be employed in attaining that end. But justice and moderation have, of late, been apparently so little in evidence that even our President has seen fit to upbraid us for our intolerance. I do not know what, especially, Mr. Coolidge had in mind, but certainly expressions of a very intolerant sort are much in use. We are even getting accustomed to them. So that it may be as well for us to ask ourselves what tolerance really is, and why we are become intolerant.

The latter of these questions is, unfortunately, easy to answer. We are no longer a homogeneous people. There are some fourteen millions of foreign-born among us, whose ideals are not ours. Where we seek to Americanize them, they tell us in their foreign tongues that the country is as much theirs as ours, and that they propose

to remain themselves, to remain European, and even to Europeanize our social, moral, and political state of affairs. When we protest, these people accuse us of intolerance. And they are not beside the mark in doing so, for clearly we do not tolerate them as they are. But, on the other hand, — a thing not so often mentioned, — they do not tolerate us: our literature, art, morals, habits of life, our ideals, religion, traditions, and the Republic we have created. There is no mistaking their feelings in the matter, for they tell us in plain words, in editorials, in books, in plays, in political addresses, that they don't like us and our ways. We reply in as plain. And, as I have indicated, this growth of mutual intolerance has come about because our fundamental ideals are at variance.

To cover the whole immense and complicated state of affairs with a word, we are no longer 'like-minded.' And this, I take it, is the gravest mischance which can befall a people. Hence, and quite inevitably, the spirit of extremism, of unrest, of dissension, of dislocation, which, under a calm surface, is continually in evidence.

These various foreign races, often greatly gifted, and gifted in ways other than our own, — peoples, therefore, that we like, or certainly admire, — have really created, in their mass, a spirit which is in no wise different from the spirit of Secession. They are here; they are with us; we have one State and one Fate; but they have seceded in spirit, and they think it as right and reasonable as did John C. Calhoun.

I am not now accusing or blaming anybody. I seek merely to describe a state of things, a state of feeling, a clash of human wills, and to account for the intolerance, not of the foreign-born for us, but of the old-stock American for the ideals, aims, and activities of these foreign-born.

But what is tolerance? It is founded, no doubt, on a sense of justice and the spirit of moderation. Things, it will be agreed, dear enough to the American heart of the past. But the word and what it represents are not very accurately understood. It must be remembered that tolerance is not indifference. It is not the spirit that permits any and every thing because it values nothing. Tolerance has its limits. We do not call a man intolerant who refuses to have his house burned down or his wife taken from him. And just so we Americans have in the past been intolerant of some things. When our deeper ideals were violated we took action. For example, we did not tolerate the practice of polygamy. Perhaps this was unjust; but clearly it was intolerant. There was a clash of ideals, and, deciding for our own, we forced the Mormons to be monogamous.

In the late war the Government and the people were both intolerant of the refusal to bear arms. And if to-day any large body of our citizens should set about doing away with the State we should not tolerate it. Again, we will stomach a deal of tyranny, of interference with our personal habits, but not beyond a certain point, be the reformers never so native-born. It may be said that when a people is like-minded, the ideal aims not being too far apart, it tolerates much, though not all. But we are no longer like-minded. We are at variance. And accordingly the wise and the moderate among our native-born people are themselves forced into intolerance. They are ready, or not far from being ready, for extreme action. So that, at last, we are somewhat in the situation of continental Europe, where moderation is not popular, not expected, not a tradition; where now one extreme is followed by another; and where it is possible that at any moment force

shall be employed, whether to wreck or to save from wreck the Government or the State involved. It is useless to wring our hands and ask how it happened. Useless to blame ourselves or the stranger within our gates. We have simply to admit that this is the state of affairs and apply what remedy we may be able to apply.

But will history, our own history, avail us in the matter? Will it, that is, help the few who read it to help those who do not? Will it incline us to be more like-minded? And, since individual character is so deeply involved, we may even ask the larger question: Will the reading of any portion of our historic annals awaken in the foreigner and reawaken in us the love of those virtues which are Roman, constructive, unifying, and upbuilding? Will it make young men more eager to serve the State? Will it indeed make them feel that the State is a worthy object of effort, and that not to save it is, at least in some degree, a betrayal of their race? Will such reading teach us any possible lesson, other than that of the uniform folly of mankind? In short, what counsel can we draw from any portion of our past for the present emergency?

The answer comes readily enough: there are a thousand pages of our history, a thousand events, which teach us, if at all we can be taught, the immense value, the imperative necessity for a people, or nation, of like-mindedness. We may be too full of irritation and wrath, too eager in disagreement, to be willing to agree. We may want to disagree, and be resolved to do it. But if we do not close our minds to the lessons of events, and the teachings of facts, we can hardly avoid learning that only by and through like-mindedness can a nation and culture flourish and remain one.

I am not unaware that many readers

will doubt the actuality of any grave disagreement among the masses of our people. Others will hold that the views I advance on the whole matter of the divergency of ideal aims are ludicrous and of no value. And yet others will insist that a little easy kindness and a display of understanding will set the whole thing right. The end I have in view is, indeed, not the bringing forward of some proof that we differ profoundly and dangerously among ourselves. My purpose is simply and solely to attract attention to the virtue, the value, the necessity of like-mindedness. And to compass this I propose to put aside the polemical spirit, with all argument; and, leaving the irritating and dubious present, to seek in a period of the past a time and place, a state and city, where men lived and thought and felt as one — where their agreements were profound, and where, accordingly, they were enabled to govern themselves well, and at the same time to erect a state of civilization and culture of no inconsiderable sort. And, even though we shall be so unfortunate as to be able to draw no counsel from such a study of former times, something may still accrue to us; something of pleasure in the presence of a high degree of spiritual concord; something, too, of that serene delight with which we contemplate beauty, when it is no longer subject to change. For the past, when it is reviewed in the recorded word or action; when we do not throw upon it the light, or it may be the darkness, of our own minds; when we take it as it stands, and without interpretation — the past, or at least the nobler passages of it, so come upon, possesses the charm of art, the appeal of what is finished and permanent. The disputative spirit dies in its presence. There is no question of fact; argument is not in point. These things were; these inspiring words were said; this noble death

was died, this life well lived. We see and hear, as it were, in a vision; we contemplate and are satisfied. And all the more are we satisfied if some art of the time has wrought upon the transiency of things; has taken over the words spoken, the feelings felt, the deeds done, and has added to them, not nobility or grace or beauty, but the permanence which comes of perfection. For the past is then, I repeat, like a statue or picture: authentic, stable, secure, changeless, and changelessly calm. And, it being so, we are enabled to look upon it with a pure mind.

II

As I copy these words at an open window, the bells of St. Michael's sound softly against the incoming sea air — for I write in the city of Charleston, in South Carolina.

The bells of the old church ring their distant peal, as I say, with an astonishing softness; the waves glitter and wash upon the wall of the Battery; the strong, fresh south wind blows; the palmettos toss their green spiked fans of foliage and rustle, loud and dry; and under the dark green of Live Oaks, on the Battery, I see and hear young people, laughing, teasing, and talking. Faint odors of acacia and orange blossoms are in the air, the flowers themselves unseen behind the high-walled gardens of those houses which are so irritating to the inquisitive Northern tourist; since, being of another time and taste than ours, they are built sideways to the street, almost as if the owners actually dared wish not to be seen by every passer-by in the most intimate moments of their leisure. But nowadays the clean, sunny streets of this end of the town are little troubled with passers-by, and less with the noise of traction engines or motors. Indeed, the quiet is such that the

whistling of a distant mocking bird floats in at the window. And what a grace and dignity the town has, with its wide bay — to the south the low-wooded shore of the Isle of Pines, and to the northeast Sumter, looming over the turbid water, darkly blue in the haze of an April sea.

Very natural, it may be thought, in Charleston and with Fort Sumter in full view, to have fallen into a train of reflection on that spirit of extremism which follows on unlike-mindedness. Natural, with these surroundings, to dwell on the political fanaticism of the South, comparing it with the same spirit in the North.

But happily the world is full of surprises; and what I now seek to lay before the reader, and to interest him in, is a number of local and little-known records which in their sense are the reverse of everything extreme, bigoted, fanatical. These records are in the main memorial inscriptions and, displaying, as they do, a spirit of moderation and a great love of political justice, lead up inevitably to an historic scene which for a certain greatness of feeling would, I believe, be hard to parallel.

These records, epitaphs, and inscriptions are, many of them, composed upon obscure or forgotten men. They are, however, all of a public nature, and possess the interest which attached to public memorials. And, as the reader will at once discover, they are composed in an admirable literary style. Let me dwell for a moment on the unique quality of their style, and the cause of this. It must be remembered that the art of laudation in stone is not the art of the novelist or the lyricist. Where a man graves words on marble, or incises them on granite, he must, first of all, be brief. If the lines are to have force, their felicity must consist in the 'much in little' of the Roman

phrase; the writer must say the main thing and have done. Furthermore, if he is celebrating public men or public events, the tone of his celebration must itself be public. He must be general, downright, plain, and to the point. And as he is writing for those who stand, if they do not run, he will be unwise if he shall venture to be eccentric or obscure, or shall venture on what is too novel to be taken in at a glance. He must speak the language of the day. And clearly he cannot be subjective, intimate, and full of his own ego, however much his own ego may interest him. In short, the nature of the material on which the words are to be written, and the public occasion to which they are dedicated, condition his style — color, or even, it may be said, create it.

It must be further remembered that this art of epitaph — the art of laudation on stone — is highly traditional, replete with reminiscence, and special to its occasion. Thus, in the things I have such pleasure in presenting to the reader, there are whole or half lines from Simonides of Amorgos, or echoes of the great Roman memorials in prose. I must, however, not fail to add that, as we read, we feel that much of what is written is conventional; that the praise is given in such way, for such qualities, as that expectation shall be gratified. On the other hand, the extraordinary and abiding interest of these memorial words I shall now beg to quote lies herein, that they convey the feelings of a time and a people with a great degree of felicity.

It must be understood that I am not setting out to praise the people of that period as being greater or wiser or nobler than the people of to-day. But they were in some sort different. And this difference is full of instruction, and even of inspiration. Thus, the Southerners of that time display a

profound enthusiasm for the State as a necessary and ideal agent. Again, they express their relish of manly virtue in the most open and candid way, reminding one in this of no one so much as Plutarch. And they lay a special emphasis of praise on habits or virtues which it would seem odd, or certainly old-fashioned, to mention in our day, let alone cut into the cold and permanent face of a piece of marble. For example, if the president of the Connecticut Coal and Iron Company died, and, having a stone on his grave, we read on it that 'throughout his life he displayed the manly Virtues,' the casual reader would feel it to be strangely said. Or if on the tombstone of an unknown youth, dying, let us say in Newark, in his twenty-second year, we read that 'Integrity, candour, and courtesy uniformly characterized his life and conduct,' we should, I think, pause in mild wonder at these citizens of Newark who think so loftily of courtesy that they praise the youthful possessor of it on his very tombstone.

No doubt, as I have said, these expressions are, in a measure, conventional, and conventions change. But, on the other hand, — and this is the vital point, — taken as praise, and when evidently sincere, these things indicate a certain general preference, in the scale of moral values, of the men who composed them, and for whom they were composed. Above all, they bear witness to the amazing like-mindedness of the Carolinians of that day.

III

Turning directly to the records themselves, we learn at once, and from the least important of them, that a young man was, in those remote times, expected to have a public career, not solely a business one. On one humble

stone we read, 'Devoted to the State: untiring in his Labours for His Townsmen.' On another, 'His Country was his first Thought'; on a third, 'Successful in his Career as a Merchant, he was Liberal to the Arts, and eager in the Service of his State.' Simple and conventional enough; yet clearly the words reveal the general expectation that a man shall devote some measure of his time and energy to the service of the Commonwealth.

In reading these epitaphs, I could not but recall the words of a Southern statesman, words spoken many years ago. He was referring to the time previous to the Civil War. 'South Carolina and Massachusetts produced so many great public men,' he said, 'so many more than did the other states, because in those two states young men were encouraged on all hands to aspire to a public career. It was not thought very well of a youth if he evinced no public concern. So, as soon as a young man showed he was something more or better than the rest of us, the rest of us made much of him.' It would be easy to quote a dozen epitaphs exemplifying and supporting the sense of these words. 'He was not False to the Expectation of his People'; 'Urged by all who knew him, he accepted Office to the detriment of his Private Fortune'; 'Fell in defence of his Country, Christ's faithful Soldier and Servant.' But let me turn to something larger and more important, only asking the reader to remember that he is in the presence of one of the arts, even if a lesser art; and that these words so carefully selected, so brief and succinct, are really a sort of free verse in prose form; or, at all events, a prose of a highly condensed sort — a prose from which every vague and useless word has been deleted.

Dying in his ninetieth year, John Julius Pringle was, in his day, a man

of some note and performance in his city and state. Printed as they actually stand on the stone, the lines read, in part, as follows: —

HIS LIFE WAS SERVICE TO THE COMMONWEALTH.
HE WAS NOT LESS ADMIRER FOR HIS KNOWLEDGE,
WHICH WAS VARIOUS AND PROFOUND:
THAN FOR THOSE QUALITIES OF HEART AND MIND
WHICH MADE THAT KNOWLEDGE PRACTICALLY USEFUL.
PREFERRING THE CALM OF RETIREMENT
TO THE DISTINCTIONS OF PUBLIC LIFE,
HE RATHER SHUNNED THAN SOUGHT OFFICE:
AND WAS AS REMARKABLE FOR DECLINING,
AS MANY ARE FOR COURTING ITS HONORS.
BUT, THE APPOINTMENTS WHICH HE DID ACCEPT,
BOTH ELEVATED AND RESPONSIBLE,
WERE DISCHARGED WITH BECOMING ABILITY AND FIDELITY.

This, if conventional in form and phrase, is at all events modest, collected, and succinct — a man's character in brief, and chiefly his public service. The felicity of phrase is sufficiently apparent, and with this that public tone of which I have spoken.

On another stone, and in a churchyard distant from Charleston, there are the following few plain and feeling words, but this time not of a man who could be active for his people or the state. The words are in remembrance of a Negro slave whose Christian name was John — this name being the only one on the tombstone, since his surname was that of his owner.

JOHN:
A FAITHFUL SERVANT
AND TRUE FRIEND:
KINDLY, AND CONSIDERATE:
LOYAL, AND AFFECTIONATE:
THE FAMILY HE SERVED
HONOURS HIM IN DEATH:
BUT, IN LIFE, THEY GAVE HIM LOVE:
FOR HE WAS ONE OF THEM.

And, a little removed from and lower than this epitaph itself: —

THERE SHALL BE NEITHER BOND NOR SLAVE.

A monument above Trumbull's grave in Charleston has, with much else, the following words: —

THE INTREPID AND SUCCESSFUL ASSERTOR
OF THE RIGHTS OF THE STATES.
THIS STONE IS ERECTED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN,
IN TESTIMONY OF THEIR GRATITUDE
FOR THE WISE, PERSEVERING AND BENEFICIAL
EXERTION
OF GREAT TALENTS,
IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY.

Of another public man, whose name I omit, but a man of the same period, it is written: —

THE HOUR OF CONFLICT,
THE DAY OF DEFEAT,
THE YEARS OF OPPRESSION
BROUGHT TO HIS COURAGE
NO SLACKNESS;
AND TO HIS LOYAL SERVICE
NO ABATEMENT.

We can hardly fail to feel that the man who lies in that quiet grave possessed the quality of heroic persistence; but we must remark, too, that his fellow citizens honored him for what he possessed. And with what becoming sobriety they expressed this public praise! 'The Hour of Conflict, the Day of Defeat.' It would have been easy for a conquered people, prostrate and yet indignant, to have qualified 'conflict' and 'defeat' with two violent and enfeebling adjectives — easy to have been what is called flowery. Instead of which we have it as it stands — brief, solid, weighty, strongly felt, well

composed, and with sufficient dignity and point. It would naturally occur to a Northerner to wonder what these Southern men would have to say of less public characters. Well, the South Carolinians had a poet; his name was

Timrod — reckoned to-day, I imagine, as a very minor poet, and accordingly in the North known chiefly to literary students. His bust stands in a square of Charleston, and beneath it is this inscription: —

THROUGH CLOUDS AND THROUGH SUNSHINE,
IN PEACE AND WAR,
AMID THE STRESS OF POVERTY,
AND IN THE STORMS OF CIVIL STRIFE,
HIS SOUL NEVER FALTERED:
AND HIS PURPOSE NEVER FAILED.
TO HIS POETIC MISSION HE WAS TRUE TO THE END;
IN LIFE AND IN DEATH
HE WAS NOT DISOBEDIENT TO THE HEAVENLY VISION.

It is, I feel, not without interest that nothing is said of his poetry as achievement, nothing of his private life; that no mention is made of fame; that no complaint is leveled and that nothing is mourned. And how much at home we feel with these words. How much

we feel that we are in the presence of a great people. It is, after all, not unworthy of remark that a people should praise its poets for their courage.

In the portico of St. Michael's Church you have on the wall: —

OLIVER H. MIDDLETON.
ONLY SON OF OLIVER H. AND SUSAN M. MIDDLETON;
VOLUNTEER IN THE CHARLESTON LIGHT DRAGOONS, 4TH.
REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA CAVALRY, WHO, IN HIS
19TH. YEAR FELL IN BATTLE NEAR COLD HARBOR, VA.
JULY 17, 1845 — MAY 31, 1864.

THIS TABLET RECORDS THE PATRIOTIC DEVOTION AND HEROIC
SPIRIT OF ONE WHO, DYING, DECLARED, 'I WOULD DIE
AGAIN FOR MY COUNTRY.'

Facing this there is a tablet upon which the lettering runs as quoted below. The author of the couplet is unknown to me.

TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD OF CHARLESTON:
HOW GRAND A FAME THIS MARBLE WATCHES O'ER:
THE WAR BEHIND THEM; GOD'S GREAT PEACE BEFORE.

A little below this are the following words: —

THEY FOUGHT THE PATRIOT'S FIGHT;
THEY KEPT THE FAITH OF THEIR FATHERS;
THEY FELL ON THEIR STAINLESS SHIELDS.

When Robert Young Hayne died,

Charleston celebrated her great protagonist with this inscription: —

BENEATH THIS MARBLE
LIE THE BONES AND ASHES OF ONE
TO WHOSE GREATNESS
NO SCULPTURED STONE CAN ADD.

NO SON OF SOUTH CAROLINA WAS EVER
MORE CHERISHED THAN THE SUBJECT OF THIS
MEMORIAL;
HIS HONORS WERE HEAPED UPON HIM
IN EARLY AND RAPID SUCCESSION.

There follow the many and important offices he held. South Carolina is then spoken of, and so, again, to the epitaph itself: —

HAVING ELOQUENTLY VINDICATED HER PRINCIPLES,
 SHE ENTRUSTED HER HONOR TO HIS KEEPING,
 LAYING UPON HIS SHOULDERS THE BURDEN OF HER
 GOVERNMENT:
 NO SOONER WAS THE SWORD SHEATHED
 THAN SHE SUMMONED HIM TO ADVOCATE
 THE INTERESTS OF HER AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.
 IN THE FULFILLMENT OF THESE TRUSTS
 HE SACRIFICED HIS LIFE,
 HAVING LIVED LONG ENOUGH FOR HIS OWN FAME:
 HAVING DIED TOO SOON FOR HIS COUNTRY'S GOOD.

This, again, is in the conventional phraseology of the period, and yet it is not too much to say that the spirit of a whole people lives in the words. The character of a man is suggested; a race is portrayed. And, once more, how much at home we feel with these lines. How inevitably they appeal to us. There is, too, that certain sobriety of statement, which I feel we cannot too much admire; and with this sobriety there is a great degree of moderation in the praise accorded. And yet what ardor of feeling for the Commonwealth in the quotation, 'Having lived long enough for his own Fame: having died too soon for his country's Good.' Eloquent and able a creature as Hayne was, we cannot continue or revive his reputation to-day. But, for self-evident reasons, one sentence of his remains in the public memory: 'The greatest of all evils is a government of unlimited powers.'

To desert Charleston for a moment, there is in Warrenton, Virginia, a monument to a general of the Confederacy. This soldier is spoken of as having labored and fought, 'not for Empire and Renown: but for Right and Commonwealth.' A stone's throw from this grave there is a granite shaft, and on one face of it are the lines: —

TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD:
 SIX HUNDRED:
 VIRGINIA'S DAUGHTERS TO VIRGINIA DEFENDERS

On another face is an adaptation of the famous line of Simonides: 'Go tell the

Southerners we lie here for the rights of their States.' Following this is a line from Byron: 'They never fail who die in a great cause,' and on the fourth face of the stone: 'God will judge the Right.' The lines speak for themselves, but it may not be superfluous to indicate in passing that there is no argument about States' rights. The fact that these six hundred men died for these rights is stated simply as a fact; and we who read are touched. We may disbelieve in the advisability of the States having any rights whatever, and yet feel that a high and pure taste dictated the words. So a Frenchman standing on the Heights of Abraham may regret the loss of Canada; but if he is a man of feeling he will hardly fail to be moved, and even a good deal moved, by the brief sentence which, on that pillar of stone, celebrates at once the heroic death and the great achievement of Wolfe: —

HERE LIES WOLFE: — VICTORIOUS!

The Southern people, as is well known, made up their minds after the war was over that the cause for which their soldiers had fought and died was a lost cause, and was not something which could be revived. It was done with. After Appomattox, General Lee could not be described as anything but a Union man; and he carried the South with him. The velocity and completeness of the change were astounding, and testified to the immense common sense, the political and moral wisdom, of the

people as a whole. I am frank to say I know nothing like it in history. For the Southern people did not cease to believe in the *right* of secession — they simply faced the fact that they were beaten, and therefore they must be true to the Union. And they were so. Accordingly, when they first began to raise monuments to their dead, they praised them, not for the cause they had espoused, but in the main, as we have seen, for their heroism, their sense of duty. There is, however, a monument in Columbus, upon which the words inscribed do speak of that cause, and speak of it with admirable self-restraint and dignity.

THIS MONUMENT
PERPETUATES THE MEMORY,
OF THOSE WHO
TRUE TO THE INSTINCTS OF THEIR BIRTH,
FAITHFUL TO THE TEACHINGS OF THEIR
FATHERS,
CONSTANT IN THEIR LOVE FOR THE STATE,
DIED IN THE PERFORMANCE OF THEIR DUTY.
WHO
HAVE GLORIFIED A FALLEN CAUSE
BY THE SIMPLE MANHOOD OF THEIR LIVES,
THE PATIENT ENDURANCE OF SUFFERING,
AND THE HEROISM OF DEATH.

LET THE STRANGER,
WHO MAY IN FUTURE TIMES
READ THIS INSCRIPTION
RECOGNIZE THAT THESE WERE MEN
WHOM POWER COULD NOT CORRUPT,
WHOM DEATH COULD NOT TERRIFY,
WHOM DEFEAT COULD NOT DISHONOR.
AND LET THEIR VIRTUES PLEAD
FOR JUST JUDGMENT
ON THE CAUSE IN WHICH THEY PERISHED.

The traditional style of these memorials — that something of Roman which they have, or even, though more rarely, of Greek — is plain enough. But there is an example, and an extraordinary one, of an epitaph deriving from another source. This occurs in the city of Savannah. There is, in one of the public squares of that beautiful and now prosperous town, a shaft of stone dedicated, once more, to the men

who gave their lives to the Confederacy, on which there is a simple and brief quotation from the Bible, the words being a part of the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel — that astonishing chapter in which the Hebrew Prophet endeavors to prove to the people of Israel that nothing is impossible to God, not even that He should raise the dead. The words thus quoted and engraved on the granite are these: —

COME FROM THE FOUR WINDS,
O BREATH!
AND BREATHE UPON THESE SLAIN,
THAT THEY MAY LIVE.

In order to appreciate these words, we have, of course, to recall that they were inscribed many years ago, at a time when the Southern States were wrecked; their economic structure shattered, their young men dead in battle; their civilization overthrown, and their hopes defeated — at a time, therefore, when men's hearts were burning, when there must have been every temptation to say much more than the brief, poignant, and imaginative sentence which the men and women of that period actually preferred.

But even to-day the Southern people continues to abound in its tradition, composing its inscriptions with much the same self-restraint, much the same dignity. Its epitaphs — in many examples, at least — are as impersonal, as public in tone, and as concise as those of seventy years ago. And this is not without a degree of interest, since so much of the writing in the South has been done in a florid and Corinthian tone. The words I shall now quote are modern, and were composed, I am told, within the decade. The monument which bears them stands in the cemetery at Arlington, commemorating once more the Confederate dead in battle.

To
OUR DEAD HEROES
BY
THE UNITED DAUGHTERS
OF THE CONFEDERACY.

NOT FOR FAME OR REWARD:
NOT FOR PLACE OR RANK:
NOT LURED BY AMBITION:
OR GOADED BY NECESSITY:
BUT IN SIMPLE
OBEDIENCE TO DUTY
AS THEY UNDERSTOOD IT:
THESE MEN SUFFERED ALL,
SACRIFICED ALL, DARED ALL!
AND DIED.

IV

The historic event of which I spoke earlier, and to which these inscriptions very naturally lead up, was one which occurred in Charleston in the spring of that year which saw the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. But previous to the narration of it I must speak of the man whose death was the occasion of it, and quote the lines placed upon his tombstone.

There lived in Charleston before and during the first years of the Civil War a certain James Lewis Pettigru, a lawyer and a public man. Knowledge of him has for a long time been confined to the South, or to students of history. His grave is in the yard of St. Michael's Church; and, the epitaph on the stone at the head of it — an epitaph which, I understand, has long been known and admired by the few — awakening the interest of the present writer, he sought out among his older acquaintances in Charleston those who should give him a first-hand account of the gentleman who was the subject of it. Some few persons have seen the man in their boyhood, seen him on the street and in court; their fathers were his personal friends. But, apart from these intimate narratives of eyewitnesses, the man's memory floated in the general atmosphere.

This could hardly be otherwise, since for more than thirty years Pettigru was active in all matters of common interest. Standing high at the bar, he spoke on almost all public occasions. In a time of eloquent men he was among the most eloquent. His probity, industry, and the powers of his mind were of such a nature that there was no office to which he could not have aspired. Office appears to have been little to his taste; but he was a leader in his own way, popular with all classes in the community, rich and poor, black and white — in short, with the whole town and state.

And this is the more remarkable in that Pettigru was a wit; and, as we all know, the power of illuminating the folly and unreason of mankind by those flashes of pure rationality which we call wit is not ordinarily a popular trait. Such men are more feared than loved, more admired than trusted. There was, however, that in this man's make-up which brought men to his feet, and kept them there. Perhaps it was that Pettigru's nature was open, ardent, and generous to a fault. He was outgoing and warm-hearted; and, though he knew men for what they are, he loved them and showed it. There was, in short, nothing of repression or restraint about the man. He expressed himself, his views and his emotions, freely, and with force. And at times, his mind overcast and dark with apprehension for the future of his country, and his whole being in a storm, he loosed the powers of his invective — those powers of irony, sarcasm, and intellectual contempt of which I made mention.

Such was this man, and such his popularity. But popularity is a flower that withers overnight. Mankind in the gross mass is fickle: if the object of its liking pursues a course opposed to its ideas, its interests as it conceives

them, he is reprobate and to be discarded.

Not without amazement, therefore, we learn that, living and working in the very seat of Secessionist feeling, and supporting throughout his entire career, as he did, the Federal Union, Pettigru yet lost nothing of the abundant and glowing regard in which he was held by the people of his state.

There were, to be sure, other men, a small but capable company of them, who were Unionists on principle and labored unceasingly for their cause. Pettigru was, however, decidedly the leader of the movement; and he led it with all his mind and all his heart. To specify his opinions, it appears that he held slavery to be wrong, and a grave misfortune to the South; but he was not for that reason an abolitionist. He thought, apparently, that these sudden drastic and unconsidered solutions of a problem at once moral and economic create as much evil as they abolish, saddling aftertimes with a problem different, indeed, from the original one, but no less fraught with evil. He seems to have cherished a truly Anglo-Saxon respect for justice, law, precedent, and custom, and to have held the opinion that if slavery were left alone it would, in the end, abolish itself.

But he was utterly opposed to the extension of the system. He spoke in public and in private, again and again, of the madness of Secession, and the infatuation of the people of his state. It is said that on the occasion of a political dinner he was imprudently asked to drink a toast to South Carolina, and replied, in no very pacific tone, as he rose, 'Certainly. To South Carolina: and may she recover her senses!'

Passion, it need hardly be said, ran high at the time — the years between

1840 and the outbreak of war. Great financial interests were involved; the system of slavery; the fate of the Union; the future of the South — its prosperity, the form and character of its civilization. It might readily be imagined that such a man, a man so opposed to the popular feeling of the day, would sooner or later have been stoned in the streets of Charleston, as Whittier was in those of Boston. Not a few of the Southern sympathizers in the North — the gentlemen called Copperheads — suffered at the hands of their fellow citizens of the opposite, the Union party. And Pettigru was, relatively, in the same position in South Carolina. He was, so to say, a Southern Copperhead. His sympathies were with the Union men.

It might naturally be imagined that he would be deprived of office, or certainly that he would not have had office thrust upon him, previous to the outbreak of war, and assuredly not after that event. We should guess that he would live under a shadow and die neglected; and, if he died before the close of the conflict, that his funeral would be private, and some degree of obloquy would follow him to his grave.

Pettigru did indeed die before the war was ended, though not before the Secessionist Legislature had elected and appointed him, the implacable foe of Secession, to digest and codify the laws of the state. And this legislature renewed the appointment the following year.

He lies, as I have said, in the yard of St. Michael's, the stone at the head of his grave bearing the epitaph mentioned — the spelling a little difficult to decipher now, as the years have obscured the lettering with green lichen.

The epitaph reads as follows: —

JAMES LEWIS PETTIGRU
 BORN AT
 ABBEVILLE MAY 10TH 1789
 DIED AT CHARLESTON MARCH 9TH 1863
 JURIST. ORATOR. STATESMAN. PATRIOT.

FUTURE TIMES WILL HARDLY KNOW
 HOW GREAT A LIFE
 THIS SIMPLE STONE COMMEMORATES:
 THE TRADITION OF HIS ELOQUENCE,
 HIS WISDOM, AND HIS WIT MAY FADE:
 BUT HE LIVED FOR ENDS MORE DURABLE THAN FAME.
 HIS LEARNING ILLUMINATED THE PRINCIPLES OF LAW:
 HIS ELOQUENCE WAS THE PROTECTION OF THE POOR AND WRONGED.
 IN THE ADMIRATION OF HIS PEERS:
 IN THE RESPECT OF HIS PEOPLE:
 IN THE AFFECTION OF HIS FAMILY,
 HIS WAS THE HIGHEST PLACE:
 THE JUST MEAD
 OF HIS KINDNESS AND FORBEARANCE,
 HIS DIGNITY AND SIMPLICITY,
 HIS BRILLIANT GENIUS AND HIS UNWEARIED INDUSTRY.
 UNAWED BY OPINION,
 UNSEDUCED BY FLATTERY:
 UNDISMAYED BY DISASTER,
 HE CONFRONTED LIFE WITH ANTIQUE COURAGE:
 AND DEATH WITH CHRISTIAN HOPE.
 IN THE GREAT CIVIL WAR
 HE WITHSTOOD HIS PEOPLE FOR HIS COUNTRY:
 BUT HIS PEOPLE DID HOMAGE TO THE MAN
 WHO HELD HIS CONSCIENCE HIGHER THAN THEIR PRAISE:
 AND HIS COUNTRY
 HEAPED HER HONOURS ON THE GRAVE OF THE PATRIOT,
 TO WHOM, LIVING,
 HIS OWN RIGHTEOUS SELF-RESPECT SUFFICED
 ALIKE FOR MOTIVE AND REWARD.
 NOTHING IS HERE FOR TEARS, NOTHING TO WAIL,
 — NOTHING BUT WELL AND FAIR,
 AND WHAT MAY QUIET US IN A LIFE SO NOBLE.

This inscription was, I learned, composed by several hands, and in part, at least, by Northern admirers of Pettigru. As it was set up shortly after the close of the war, we may suppose that partisan passion had somewhat cooled; and thus our wonder that such words could be placed on any stone of that city, at that time, may be somewhat diminished. Doubting a little, then, whether the lassitude and indifference of after-war days were not the cause of this permission rather than a sense of justice or a continuing, obstinate regard for the dead man, we naturally

ask ourselves what happened. How was he regarded at the time of his death and funeral? His death occurred, as his epitaph tells us, in the thick of the war, the funeral taking place March 10, 1863. His body was, I understand, laid out in the Court House, the face being uncovered. An immense crowd gathered and viewed the corpse. Men and women, and among them many slaves, attended the service, following the body to its grave. The only business of the day, in Charleston, was this funeral. The shops were closed. Nothing further was done.

Some weeks later the Charleston bar held a memorial meeting. Once more there was a great concourse of his former fellow citizens. As the room would hold but a few, the people thronged the steps of the building and extended, in their mass, into the street. The leading men of the city and state — lawyers, statesmen, soldiers, orators — were within doors, and spoke in praise of Pettigru. And their eulogies appear to have been as open, sincere, and unstrained as we should have expected them to be the reverse. Yet among those who spoke there must have been men pledged to the doctrine of Secession — life-long, bitter opponents of the man they mourned, who, doubtless, had received hard blows at his capable hands.

Recalling those things which would unavoidably affect the temper and mood of the men who thus celebrated Pettigru, we must not forget that there was almost immediate danger threatening their city. A fleet of ironclads was at that moment anchored in Northern waters, preparing to bombard and reduce Charleston. Had the speakers of the occasion delayed but a few weeks, the town would have been on fire from shells thrown into it; and the ringing gallop of mounted infantry detailed to extinguish the flames, with the reverberations of the concussion of bombs, would have drowned the voice of their praise. But if they were safe for the moment, and perhaps not fully informed, there were other considerations which must have saddened and embittered their minds and which could very easily have rendered them intolerant. There was no speaker present who did not well know that the

issue of the prolonged struggle was uncertain. Hardly a man of them but had lost some youthful member of his family. All Charleston was in mourning, severely impoverished, cruelly anxious, straining nerve and courage to meet the prolonged trial of war and the agonies of personal loss. These were the circumstances of the time and the inevitable emotions of the hour. But the meeting took place. The enemies of Pettigru spoke. The dead leader of a militant minority against Secession was eulogized by the supporters of Secession. His enemies expressed their admiration and their grief.

The scene is surely not lacking in greatness and magnanimity. It could, however, hardly have taken place except at a time and in a place where the people, all classes of them, cherished the same moral and political ideals. There was doubtless no one present who did not admire eloquence and value probity; who did not believe in the State and in service to the State; or who could find anything strange in the phrase, 'He confronted Life with antique courage and Death with Christian Hope.' There were none there who did not believe in patriotism as they understood it; none, doubtless, who did not respond to the sentiment, 'His People did homage to the Man who held his Conscience higher than their Praise.'

That time is long past. Pettigru is a name. But, misty and remote as it all is, we cannot, I think, escape the feeling that a people flourishes and becomes great only when its moral unity is intact; only, or most, when its citizens are in a high degree *like-minded*.

CANDAULES' WIFE

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

I

KING CANDAULES was a lover of the beautiful, and as he was unimaginably rich and therefore able to acquire, arrange, and even bring into being beautiful objects, one would have supposed he must be the happiest of men. And perhaps he was, but if so the level of human happiness is not so high as some persons believe, for Candaules had much to annoy him.

In the first place, he found that his position as absolute monarch prevented the candid criticism and discussion necessary to clarify and ripen his æsthetic ideas. Whatever he recommended his courtiers adopted, or pretended to adopt. Sometimes a courtier would assume an attitude of suspended judgment or even of differing opinion, but it was always with the intention of being convinced in the long run. The artists themselves helped him but little. Generally they were only too eager to discover his views and conform with them. Sometimes if they disapproved his orders they were merely sullen, and made some excuse for abandoning the work. Sometimes he found an artist who differed with him and stuck to his own point of view but could give no reason for it. Candaules was ridden by the idea that beauty is not an accidental thing, depending on the justice of the artist's eye and hand and incapable of giving an account of itself. And then — is 'beauty' certainly the word for what gives us pleasure in a work of art? In

all the world Candaules knew no one who could and would discuss these matters with him helpfully and frankly, yet every day the importance for life in general of having some rational understanding of them seemed to him greater. He knew, it is true, one or two pedants who had an almost mathematical clearness of mind in regard to æsthetics, but they did not know a good picture from a bad one.

Candaules' best friend and most trusted adviser was Gyges, the captain of the King's guards and chief of police of Sardis, a strong, handsome man, as young as he could be and yet have arrived at such distinction. Gyges was quite willing to tell the King his true opinion on any subject. But not only was his opinion of works of art of very little value; he went so far as to disapprove of the King's absorption in these things and to try to divert him to other interests. And the reason why Gyges took this disobliging attitude was closely related to another reason why the King was not perfectly happy.

The truth is that the most absolute of monarchs cannot confine his relations with his subjects to educating their sense of beauty. Candaules' subjects were dissatisfied with him. He was aware of this, and since he was a kindly and a conscientious man he was troubled by it. He felt that his view of life was anything but selfish; he had no wish to keep beauty to him-

self. He gave a great deal of thought to public buildings throughout Lydia, to the planning of gardens, to establishing sound standards in furniture down to the humblest utensils, so that it was practically impossible to buy an ugly object. But here he ran against a fact which disconcerted and discouraged him — some people preferred the ugly, and they considered it a grievance if they could not have it.

And an even greater difficulty than this lay in the fact that many elements of his people's life had no relation to the æsthetic question, and these elements Candaules could hardly force himself to consider with interest. International politics, internal questions of taxation, of agriculture, of education — he acknowledged their importance, but he felt his incompetence to deal with them and grew daily more inclined to leave them to Gyges and his ministers. But he knew the folly and the danger of doing this and felt his greatest pleasures shadowed by it.

Of all the beautiful things which Candaules owned, the most beautiful was his young wife. She was the daughter of a neighboring monarch, trained from her youth up in courtesy and all the graces. Candaules had never seen her do an awkward or an unbecoming thing. The sight of her was a constant gratification to him. But her conversation was less satisfactory. There was warrant in her face for believing that she had a mind, but he had no idea what was in it. However, it seemed to him that the exploration of his beautiful wife's mind was a delightful occupation for life, and he was in no great hurry. The trouble was that in the meantime he got no sympathy from her on the main question. She loved beauty, it was true; her taste was sound if purely instinctive; a lovely present brought girlish

pleasure into her face. But she took the elimination of the ugly as a matter of course; she was a step higher in the scale than Gyges, who was not disturbed by its presence even in considerable quantities, but like Gyges she preferred to talk about other things. Thus Candaules felt himself somewhat snubbed by the two people nearest to him.

On the morning of a beautiful summer day, which seemed much like other days though it was fraught with fate for Candaules, he sent a message to the Queen to ask if he might wait upon her in her apartments.

The brightest moment of his day was always this in which he visited his beautiful wife in the beautiful room he had made for her. The room looked out from the height on which the palace stood over a great stretch of the prosperous land, with mountains on the horizon and the Pactolus flowing down to the sea. The whole north side was open to the air, with great arches to frame the view into manageable parts, for Candaules held strongly that, as seen from a room, nature should be treated as a work of art. There was another point of importance to which he had given much thought without coming to a decision: should a room be lighted by day from one side only, as this was, or should the light come equally from all sides? When he came to visit the Queen, a second of time as he entered was generally occupied by the fleeting thought: would this room be improved if there were a window in each wall? To make such an arrangement would involve the reconstruction of a considerable part of the palace, but Candaules would have been ashamed of himself if he had been swayed by such a consideration.

On this particular morning he met outside the Queen's room a group of

women who had evidently just been dismissed from her presence. They were poor women; each of them carried a child and most of them were accompanied by other children. The children were a sorry-looking crew. All were emaciated, some were languid. One was whimpering, but the rest had already learned the pitiful patience of the children of the poor. Candaules noted none of this, but he saw with approval that the faded garments of the group had reached a harmony of tone they could not have had when new, and he reflected for the thousandth time on the wisdom of Providence that makes the clothes of the poor fade early and at the same time forbids the wearers to discard them when this has happened. He also confirmed an old impression that there is no curve more lovely than that made by the shawl which covers the two heads of mother and child. He was therefore pleasantly impressed by the encounter, and after he had entered the Queen's room and kissed her heartily he said, 'Dearest, your kindly rule of letting me find you alone deprived me this morning of a pleasure. I should have liked to see you giving alms to those poor women. They made a charming group outside in the corridor.'

The Queen was a tall young woman, strong as well as graceful, proud as well as gentle. In her face there was visible not only mind but character, and even a touch of temper, though it was almost hidden in youthful loveliness. She looked straight into the King's eyes when she talked with him, yet her manners expressed due deference.

'Did you notice anything about them but their charm?' she asked.

'I am afraid not,' said the King. 'I kept the nostrils averted by force of habit.'

'Quite right,' said the Queen. 'If it is true that approaching death gives off an odor, as many people say, that charming little group must smell foully, for those children are all about to die.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed the King. 'Not as a sacrifice? We don't allow such things any longer.'

'Well, yes,' said the Queen. 'I suppose they are a sort of sacrifice. They are all dying of the same disease, and it seems to come upon those only who do not have enough to eat. So they are sacrificed to something, it is hard to say what — the whole system of things, apparently.'

'My dear child,' said the King, 'you ought not to know anything about such matters.'

'Perhaps not,' said the Queen; and then she added very gently, 'but perhaps ought you not to know more? Do you know how many children under four years of age die every year here in Sardis alone?'

'Good heavens, no,' said the King. 'Does anybody?'

'Gyges is trying to find out for me,' said the Queen, 'but we have just begun, so it will take a year to get started. And then the count must be kept for many years, and if it is to mean anything we must also know how many children are born in each year, and how many persons there are in all. It is very difficult, and it will cost a great deal.'

'Of course, my dear,' said Candaules, 'you may command what cost you will. But I feel differently now about the visit of those poor women. It would be a great misfortune if you were to take illness from them.'

'It might, of course, damage my looks,' said the Queen.

'Hush,' said the King; 'don't blaspheme. Should you mind promising me that you will not again admit to

your rooms people whom you know to be ill?’

The Queen's face flushed. ‘Would you prefer to have me visit them in their own homes?’ she asked.

The King looked at her inquiringly. Was this simplicity or impertinence? He preferred the former hypothesis.

‘Dear child,’ he said, ‘if you will oblige me, you will avoid illness wherever it may occur. If I were to be ill myself, I should forbid you my chamber. And you should not even think overmuch of these serious matters. Let Gyges bring his dismal information to me, and we will see what can be done.’

‘Oh, sir,’ said the Queen eagerly, ‘if I will promise what you wish, will you promise me to make this matter one of your real interests, to spare no pains to get information, to summon the learned men of all countries, to see how it may be stopped, to do everything that can reasonably be done to stop it?’

Candaules was an honest man; he knew he could not promise these things, and that if he did he should break his promise.

‘Leave it all to Gyges,’ he said. And as the Queen turned away in disappointment he went on quickly, ‘I have to ask your help in something that more nearly concerns us both. You know that the Greek artist comes to-morrow to make your portrait statue, and I have not yet made up my mind what you should wear.’

The Queen's eyes filled with angry tears and she said nothing.

‘Come,’ said Candaules cajolingly. ‘No one has so much taste as you, and this is to be a work of art for the ages. Shall he present you in your queenly robes and diadem? No woman ever looked more truly a queen than you. I should even fear that he might be carried away into the allegorical and

turn you out as royalty personified. Perhaps it would be better to present you in your own national dress as you came to me. My heart beats when I think of it. To me personally nothing else could ever give so much pleasure of association. But we must think as artists. If you have no other engagement for an hour, perhaps you would kindly let your maidens dress you in various ways to help my dazzled imagination.’

Since a queen is always to some extent a slave, this proud girl stood quietly and allowed her beauty to be exploited. Candaules was charming with the maids and they adored him. They entered fully into the spirit of the business and held many discussions with the King concerning stuffs and colors. But the Queen was silent. She placed a foot or an arm this way or that as she was bidden. She posed as queen, as bride, as maiden, as huntress, and finally Candaules, dismissing the handmaids, dressed her himself in nothing but jewels, a cup of gemmed gold over each breast and a girdle of gold and gems.

‘Wonderful, wonderful!’ he murmured as he sat back in his chair and gazed at her; but evidently he was still not satisfied, and a new idea was working in his mind.

He rose abruptly. ‘My dearest, you have been more than kind. I hope you are not too tired.’

‘I am tired,’ she admitted. ‘Whether too tired who can say?’

‘Sit down,’ said Candaules. ‘I have been inconsiderate. Forgive me and tell me what I can do to help you rest. You have been doing what I want; now let me do what you want. What do you want, my dear wife? Let us speak frankly. Your mere existence makes me happy, but you do not love me as I love you. I know that, without bitterness, and I am eager to throw

lover's service into the balance. What do you want, dearest?'

The Queen looked at him searchingly; her eyes were brilliant with emotion and she spoke softly. 'You know what I want most. I want a child of my own.'

Candaules jumped up impatiently. 'That is, you want to spoil a masterpiece. Can you imagine how I should feel as I watched you grow more and more grotesque? No, you can't imagine. I should feel as though I had chipped a piece out of a marble column, or had written my name across the brow of a goddess. Far worse, because you are unique and irreplaceable.'

'You could let me go away by myself to the summer palace,' said the Queen; 'and then, when it is over, perhaps I shall be as good as ever from your point of view—better, perhaps, who knows? And if I am spoiled you can send me home to my father.'

'Ah, my lovely girl,' said Candaules, 'you ask too much of a man who loves as I do. You don't know what love is.'

And with sorrow in his heart, and a strong sense of grievance, he left her.

II

When the King regained his own apartments, he found Gyges waiting to make his daily report. The King always saw Gyges with pleasure, as in fact most people did. He met the primary requirement of being good to look at, but in addition he had an air of being able to cope with life, which transferred itself to those in contact with him. His manner with the King was based on invariable respect, but it was lightened by a sort of irony that played over their mutual relation and made it human.

Gyges' report, however, was not always pleasant hearing, and he had

this morning an uncomfortable item to deal with.

'It seems there's the devil to pay at Agron about the new water supply,' he said.

'For heaven's sake,' said the King, 'what is the matter there now? I've taken pains enough about it, and given them the most beautiful nine-mouthed fountain in Lydia and consequently in the world.'

'But it seems,' said Gyges, 'that there is n't any water. You remember that they came to you to lay before you the insufficiency of the old system. You taxed them stiffly, doubled from your own treasury the amount thus raised, and undertook to manage the whole affair. Then you spent it all on your nine-mouthed fountain and forgot to do anything about the water.'

'Well,' said the King wearily, 'do whatever is necessary, at my expense as usual. I wish you could take the whole job off my hands.'

When the day's work was done, — and both Gyges and the King were glad to make it as brief as possible, — it was a matter almost of routine to order cooling drinks and fall to discussing the fine arts and the Queen. Sometimes one topic came first, sometimes the other, but a profound connection between them made it certain that when one was spoken of the other soon would be. On this occasion the King attacked at once.

'What is this new mania for sick, dirty, poor children that you are fostering in the Queen?'

Gyges looked into his beaker of snow-cooled wine and water for a moment or two before he replied.

'The truth is, sir,' he said at last, 'that, as I have often had the honor to tell Your Majesty, you don't in the least understand the Queen.'

'And, pray, do you?' asked the King.

'Of course I do,' said Gyges. 'In the first place, it is my business to understand everybody; and in the second place, she is quite easy to understand.'

'But too much for my poor intelligence, apparently,' said the King.

'It's your own mania that distorts what you look at. If for one day, for one hour, you could see things as they really are — well, probably on that day we should see the Pactolus flow up the mountain.'

'In the meantime, what about these malodorous infants?' said the King.

'The Queen,' said Gyges, 'has two strong instincts — more, doubtless, for she is a strong person altogether and highly emotional —'

'Emotional!' cried the King, helping himself to a spoonful of snow. 'She is as cold, as pure, as delicious as this snow.'

'And highly emotional,' continued Gyges; 'but I restrict myself to two for the purpose of this discussion. The first is the maternal instinct.' He put out a soothing hand as the King began to fidget. 'I am not going to enlarge on that; we've often been over that ground, and I understand you as well as I do her. One point only in your attitude has never been clear to me: how you can fail, as an amateur, to see how far more beautiful than we have ever known her the Queen would be with a little head nestling in her arm. Can't you see the divine look there would be in her eyes, the new sweetness in her smile?'

'By heaven, Gyges,' said the King, 'that's the first sensible argument I've heard advanced on this foolish subject. Could n't we get the baby ready-made?'

'As I was saying,' said Gyges, 'I don't propose to enlarge on this theme except to point out that if this maternal passion is denied its proper vent it will pour itself out somewhere else —

on the unattractive children of the poor, for instance. And where I come in is that in point of fact too many children do die in Lydia and especially in Sardis. Recruiting grows more difficult every year simply from lack of male children. Of course I think Your Majesty should have an heir. That is the crying need of the realm to-day. Next to that we need a lower death rate among infants, and if you will not employ the Queen's fine powers for the first purpose I am glad enough to quiet her pain by making them serviceable for the second. We are making plans and shall presently ask you to pay the piper. I know I can never hope to interest you directly in so ugly an affair.'

'I think that's a little severe,' said Candaules. 'Do I ever thwart any of your plans? Is n't treasure always forthcoming when you say the word? But don't for heaven's sake let the Queen get the plague, or even contract fleas.'

'I said,' continued Gyges after a pause, 'that the Queen had two strong instincts. I have spoken on one only; the other is harder to define. I have never before met it in a woman. I feel it as an interest in things in general, and more particularly in things that affect the State. With most women, even the cleverest, the interest is personal — the husband, the lover, the son. But this woman — well, she is not perhaps a great success as a queen, but I think she would have made a great king, one of the kings that go down in history as having made their people happy. If I were you, I would keep her quiet with a child or two.'

The King laughed and drained his cup. 'She is going down in history as a queen,' he said. 'She is to grant tomorrow the first sitting for her portrait statue. And that reminds me that I have something really important to

discuss with you. I can't yet make up my mind how she is to be dressed, and an idea struck me this morning which charms me more and more.'

The King rose and began to walk up and down. Gyges sighed his resignation and refilled his cup.

'Why,' said the King, 'are we enslaved by the purely conventional idea that the human body in life and in art should be draped? Of course I grant you that the questions are quite different. That is, I have never heard that art should be representational. I mean to say that, even if we all went naked habitually, the artist might have good reasons, some purely technical and some psychological, for draping us in significant lines and colors as objects of art. But on the other hand, what an influence it would have on health and on morals if the artist could find his effect in showing us as we are! My dear Gyges, the thing grows on me enormously as I think of it. I believe that in some more enlightened age the sculptor's work will deal with the nude, and that it will reflect the fact that the human body is known and respected and perfected in everyday life to an extent we don't dream of with our prudish notions. Good heavens! If one could start a movement in that direction he would most certainly benefit mankind.'

'Well,' said Gyges, 'if you will go down to the council naked, I will.'

'It is n't time yet,' said the King; 'and do be serious for a moment. Will you oblige me with a friendly service?'

'Probably,' said Gyges.

'This affair of the Queen's portrait is in my eyes of great importance. I believe her to be the most beautiful woman in the world. This Greek is a great artist. Something wonderful must come of it. But I have never believed art to be an end in itself.' At this

point Gyges apparently composed himself for slumber. 'The influence of a great work of art is simply incalculable. I want to kill a whole lot of birds with my stone. And I am inclined to believe that in the present case I shall succeed best by having Her Majesty pose for the nude.'

Gyges came to with a start. 'My dear sir,' he said, 'you are quite, quite mad.'

'But I want to be sure first that I do her no injustice. Doubtless she has defects. My eye is too prejudiced to note them, and I do not wish to have them brought to my attention by the artist, either by direct criticism, if he is bold enough, or by adroit management of them in his work. You, Gyges, are certainly a judge of women if not of art. I want you to let me secrete you in the Queen's room to-night so that you may observe her when she quits her clothes and steps into bed. She —'

'Sir,' cried Gyges, springing to his feet, 'accept my sword and let me leave your glorious and indulgent service. There are a dozen reasons against this folly, but what strikes me at once is that if the Queen should detect it — and she would — we are both dead men.'

Candaules laughed. 'You are more afraid of the Queen, then, than you are of me?'

'I am afraid of you both,' declared Gyges. 'In different ways you are both very dangerous people. I wonder that I have dared to live here between you so long. Transfer me, I beg you, to the command of a frontier post where I shall have nothing to fear but Scythians and lions.'

The King was highly entertained by the real dismay apparent under Gyges' extravagance, and he became obstinately determined to make his insouciant friend do something he really disliked.

'Gyges,' he said, 'do not force me to command.'

'Sir,' said Gyges, — and now it was he who paced the floor while the King took a seat, — 'sir, if you have come to consider it no indecorum, but actually in the direction of a public service, that other eyes than yours should behold the Queen's full beauty, why do you not put it thus to Her Majesty and persuade her of her own gracious will to grant the privilege?'

The King laughed aloud. 'Very ingenious,' he said. 'There are, as you know and wish to make me admit, several reasons against that method. But the one that weighs with me is that even if she consented it would defeat my end. For if she knew you were judging her I should never get a candid opinion from you. One shoulder might be an inch higher than the other and you would not dare say so.'

'Candaules,' said Gyges, 'let me tell you again that you don't in the least understand your wife. You think her a plastic young girl. She is really an unusually developed woman with a force of brain and an emotional power that will some day make her master of us all. She is proud as the devil. She does what you order her to do because that is her conception of her duty. But if you play tricks with her, if you subject her to such an indignity as you are hatching, she will never forgive you. And that is the sort of material that tragedies spring from.'

'You seem to admire my wife very much,' said Candaules.

'Who does not?' said Gyges.

'If by any chance,' Candaules went on thoughtfully, 'you admired her too much, how would you respond to my suggestion? Any other man in such a case would jump at it, but I believe it would be your instinct to refuse. I wonder whether that is it?'

The King noted with pleasure that

this speech annoyed Gyges quite as much as it was intended to do. It upset his circulation and he flushed red.

'I am a fool to mind what you say when you are in this mood,' he said, 'but one has one's little self-respect.'

'I should n't blame you, my dear fellow,' said the King. 'When I say "too much," I merely mean too much for your own peace of mind. But frankly, I think it is an error in etiquette to be more solicitous for my wife's dignity than I am myself. You might drive me to suppose that she had entrusted its protection to you.'

Gyges was quite calm again. 'It is your own dignity that I am concerned for,' he said.

'Gyges,' said the King, 'you have finally driven me to command. Oblige me by attending me here at ten o'clock to-night.'

Gyges saluted. 'Your Majesty shall be obeyed,' he said. 'Have I leave to retire?'

III

In the evening of that day the King complained of fatigue and retired early to the royal chamber, taking Gyges with him. The Queen, who was in the habit of almost unconsciously noting Gyges' movements, felt nearly sure that he had not returned to the ante-room where the court was assembled. When she in turn entered the bedroom, she expected to find him still in attendance, but apparently no one was there but the King, and he was asleep. A moment's attention convinced her that he was pretending, and a guarded glance round the room showed her a projection of the tapestry at the side of the door. She stood stock-still for a moment, resisting the impulse to cry out. Then quietly, and even more slowly than usual, she let her draperies slip to the floor, threw her hands high over her head with a simulated yawn, and stepped

into bed. When her breathing became slow and regular, Gyges stole from the room, and the Queen watched him go.

Next morning it was the Queen who feigned sleep, and the King rose early and went quietly into his dressing room. When he was gone, the Queen dressed quickly, and, having assured herself that the door into Candaules' room was closed behind its curtain, she sent for Gyges. He came at once, saluted, and stood at attention near the door. The Queen was sitting in a low chair, leaning forward, her clasped hands hanging between her knees. Her face was very white and her eyes looked enormously large and dark, like the eyes of a sick person.

'Gyges,' she said in a dull voice, 'it would be natural to ask you first, why did you do it? But I know why you did it. I know you men have a theory of honor that covers any infamy, and that while you are in the King's service you believe you must obey him. Why you remain in his service when it sets you such tasks as this is another question. But in a general way I understand that you thought you must do it, and so I am not very angry. I am merely in despair. And I am not very angry with the King, either, for him too I understand. To him there was, one might almost say, nothing personal in the matter at all. He had some absurd abstract question to solve and he forgot all about persons. We all are what we are and we act as we must, and nothing is gained by calling names. But, Gyges, I ask you also to understand me, and to realize that I am speaking the exact truth when I say that either you must kill Candaules or he must kill you, for I cannot suffer that there should be two men alive who have seen me naked.'

'Madam,' cried Gyges, 'on my honor as a soldier, the dilemma does not exist, for I shut my eyes!'

The Queen looked at him long and

incredulously. Finally she said coldly, 'I think I must now put the question, why did you do that?'

Gyges advanced slowly until he was directly before her; then he knelt and handed her the little dagger which was the only weapon he wore. Slowly he opened his tunic and bared his left breast.

'Madam,' he said, 'here is a dagger, and here between my outspread fingers is the place to push it home. The reason I shut my eyes is that I love you. The reason I have stayed in the King's service is that I have not been willing to leave you alone with him.'

As the Queen did nothing and said nothing, he went on. 'I leave his service to-day, whether by your hand or by my own word. I cannot be useful to you any longer, for you have ceased to believe me. But one thing you must believe if we are speaking together for the last time. I have loved you ever since I went to bring you to Candaules; first, no doubt, for your beauty, but so much more deeply every day as I learned to know your qualities, your gentle heart and your strong head, and to watch your proud obedience to this absurd husband of yours and your patient use of the meagre chance he gave you to develop a nature infinitely superior to his. I closed my eyes because to me you are sacred, as I close them now because I cannot bear to see your pain.'

For in fact the Queen was crying, and she seemed not to know it herself. The dagger slipped to the floor and she laid her hand on Gyges' over his heart.

'If I have been patient since I came to Lydia,' she said, 'it was because you were there. Very likely I have been a better wife to Candaules because I loved you. But it is over now: I cannot stay with him any longer. If he will not let me go home to my father, I will go even farther away. Leave me your dagger, Gyges.'

As she spoke, the drapery over Candaules' door rustled a little and a strange noise came from behind it. The Queen caught Gyges' left hand and thrust the dagger into his right. Quietly Gyges laid down the dagger and set her aside. He went quickly to the door, raised the curtain, and let it fall behind him. After a few minutes he came back, looking strangely at her, and said, 'The King is dead. I found him so. And yet I killed him, after all.'

Strangely the Queen looked back at him. 'At last he has done something really beautiful,' said she.

Gyges sent for the King's physician, who was his friend. Between them they wiped up the blood and prepared the body for exhibition. A bulletin was quickly written: —

His Majesty the King, having complained last night of fatigue and retired early, expired this morning at a quarter before eight o'clock of heart failure.

(Signed) BELUS, physician in attendance
GYGES, chief of police

One copy was sent to the Prime Minister, one was wafered on the palace door, and one was posted in the market place. Half an hour later the council of the elders, amid the applause of the people and the wild cheers of the army, offered the crown to Gyges on condition that he marry the Queen.

Thus did one dynasty end in Lydia and another begin. Gyges and the Queen had five children, introduced half a dozen reforms a year, and lived happily to old age. The last king of their line was Cræsus.

THE EDUCATION OF AN ENGLISHMAN

BY ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

WE think in generalities, but we live in detail. To make the past live, we must perceive it in detail in addition to thinking of it in generalities. In this paper I am jotting down recollections of details and generalities of boyhood in an English school, fifty years ago.

Tolstoy has written, as the first sentence of his *Anna Karenina*: 'Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.' Thus what is best in English boyhood of that period is identical with what is best in New England experience, of to-day or of that period. But every nation is bad in its own way. We cannot be social reformers all the time. In our off moments we view our peculiar domestic

mixture of goods and evils with an affectionate tolerance of their incongruities, which we call 'humour.' So please remember in reading English literature that the humorous aspects of English life are in general minor symptoms of social defects.

Any account of a phase of national life must throw light on two things: (a) why the nation is as good as it is, and (b) why the nation is as bad as it is. If it be our own country which is in question, the combined complex fact is the country which we love, with its virtues and its defects.

Personal recollections are limited by personal experience. So these pages are not recollections of English education

passim; but they are typical of one important phase, and apart from knowledge of this phase you cannot understand how England functioned during the latter sixty years of the nineteenth century. The limitations of these recollections can be defined by a reference to Anthony Trollope. His novels refer to the grown-up members of the same society. My recollections refer to the children of the families which he writes about. The fathers of the boys were archdeacons, canons, rectors in the Established Church, or officers in the Army, or small squires in the Southwest of England, or lawyers, or doctors. There was a sprinkling of boys from large commercial families.

Most of the moderate capital behind the professional families had come from commerce at no distant date. For us commerce meant trade, banking, ship-owning. Manufactures belonged to the North of England, of which our knowledge was about as vague as it was of the United States. Of course we knew about it, and it was a subject for pride as a national asset, but we did not grasp what it really meant. Anyone who comes from the North of England can reciprocate this indifference of boyhood, from the opposite end.

The school was in Dorsetshire, at Sherborne, a small town of six thousand inhabitants. At that time there were three hundred boys. We were locally termed 'The King's Scholars,' in allusion to the remodeling of the school in the sixteenth century by King Edward the Sixth. As time was reckoned in that district, this event was still a recent innovation. It was a blot on the scutcheon, introducing a modern vulgarity into what would otherwise have been an unbroken continuity of a thousand years.

Geography is half of character. The soil there is rich, loamy, and gravelly. The climate is formed by

warm currents and warm moist winds from the South Atlantic. My own home was in the Southeast of England, where we are formed by the polar currents and Siberian winds which come down the North Sea, with interludes of South Atlantic weather from the English Channel. But the interludes in the East were the habitual climate in the West. England is the battleground for these opposed currents, polar on the eastern side, subtropical on the south-western side. Dorsetshire was a rich agricultural district, with apple orchards, and woodlands, and ferns, and rolling grass downs. It did not matter which end of a shrub you put into the ground when planting it; the shrub was bound to grow six feet in the next year. The peasantry had an English dialect of their own, which an Easterner could hardly understand. They were a kindly folk; if a schoolboy on a country walk asked for water, he was given cider and no payment taken.

The town and school had all been founded together by Saint Aldhelm, who died in the year 709, after planting a monastery in that spot. Their importance in the scheme of things has been singularly level from that time on. Perhaps the chief importance came in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but minor ups and downs hardly count. The most distinguished of the scholars was King Alfred. His connection with the school was mythical, but undoubted. Indeed; vague traditions of the place went back beyond Alfred and beyond Aldhelm to King Arthur, who was said to have held his court on the site of the old British earthworks, amid the neighboring downs. (Every respectable district in the West of England claims King Arthur.) Certainly when you sat there, on Cadbury Castle, on a warm summer afternoon in the quiet of the dreaming landscape, it seemed eminently probable; and the

school song accepted the tradition without question.

So far as sound was concerned, the chief elements were the school bell — a wretched tinkle by which our lives were regulated — and the magnificent bells of the big Abbey Church, which were brought from Tournai by Henry VIII when he returned from the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and given by him to the Abbey. These bells were a great factor in the moulding of the school character, the living voices of past centuries.

This æsthetic background was an essential element in the education, explanatory alike of inertia and of latent idealism. The education cannot be understood unless it is realized that it elucidated an ever-present dream world in our subconscious life.

Some of our classrooms were parts of the old monastery buildings. My own private study in the last two years at school was said to have been the Abbot's cell. The evidence was vague and devoid of documents, but while you lived there it was indubitable. The new school buildings were in the old style, and built of material from the same quarry as that which, centuries earlier, had furnished the stone for the Abbey and the Monastery. This was the Ham Hill quarry. Old Mother Shipton, a prophetess of the early nineteenth century, prophesied that the end of the world would start from Ham Hill. I disbelieve her, because sheer inertia would keep Ham Hill going long after the rest of things had disappeared. To start anything at Ham Hill would constitute a miracle overtaxing credulity.

We had plenty of evidence that things had been going on for a long time. It never entered into anybody's mind to regard six thousand years seriously as the age of mankind — not because we took up with revolutionary

ideas, but because our continuity with nature was a patent, visible fact, and had been so since the days of Saint Aldhelm. There were incredible quantities of fossils about; more fossils than stones — or rather, the stones were built out of fossils, welded together.

The boys had thorough country tastes, and knew about the birds, and the ferns, and the foxes, and the gardens. Their fathers rode with the foxhounds, and so did their mothers and sisters. Those who did not hunt planted flowers in their gardens, knew all about the archæology of the neighborhood, and read Tennyson. Browning would have bothered them. Between whiles, they achieved a good deal of patronage of their social inferiors, with more or less brutality or kindness, according to breeding and character.

The squire of the district was a very big man, owned half the county, and daily drove his own carriage with four horses — a four-in-hand, as we call it. He was an oldish man then, but he did everything in the grand manner. He and his wife were strict evangelical church people. They must have come under the influence of their neighbor, Lord Shaftesbury, the social reformer. His estates were well managed, with great liberality. This demoralized the neighborhood, because the 'Old Squire' was expected to pay for everything, and did so. He was the chairman of the Board of Governors of the school, and when he died he was succeeded by the Bishop of Salisbury. That sort of alternation had been going on from time immemorial. Nobody thought of it as old habit, or particularly cherished it for that reason; it was just the nature of things — either a Digby or the Bishop; there was no other alternative. Nobody in Sherborne ever did anything explicitly because it was traditional. That is a characteristic of modern progressive societies.

The squire lived in the new castle, a Tudor building of the age of Elizabeth. The old castle was on the other side of the lake in the park. Its Norman keep was blown to pieces by Cromwell's soldiers, after it had been defended against the Parliament by the Countess Digby of that epoch. I do not know why the new castle got itself built half a century before the old castle was knocked down. But after all, the Digbys survived the Puritan soldiers, and so have their political principles of West Country Toryism. To-day the government of England is in the hands of West Country men with an industrial experience, — Baldwin and Austen Chamberlain, — who are endeavoring to adapt the Digby traditions to modern times. Chamberlain is Birmingham and Worcestershire, and Baldwin is a Shropshire man who has been a large ironmaster. When he was first Prime Minister, some of his workmen made a pilgrimage to Downing Street and held a bean-feast there.

In the old-world woodlands and orchards of the West Country, with its reminiscent landscape, a secret has been whispered down the generations: the secret of governing England in days when kindly sense and tolerance are required to heal its wounds.

The staff of the school, the headmaster and his colleagues, were all strong Liberals, classical scholars, and modernist churchmen. This was in strict accordance with the Rugby tradition, which had been established by Thomas Arnold, a full generation earlier. The Tory squires of the neighborhood, who governed the school, were conscientious men, and knew how a gentleman should be educated. According to the tradition, which stretched really beyond Arnold, this could only be done efficiently by gentlemen who had read the classics with sufficient zeal to convert them to the

principles of Athenian democracy and Roman tyrannicide.

We were taught a good deal of history, very thoroughly so far as it went. But it was characteristically limited according to the prejudices shared equally by the Liberal schoolmasters, the Tory parents, and their children who were the scholars. Our reading was closely limited to those periods of history which, if we might trust our national pride, were closely analogous to our own. We did not want to explain the origin of anything. We wanted to read about people like ourselves, and to imbibe their ideals. When the Bible said, 'All these things happened unto them for ensamples,' we did not need a higher critic to tell us what was meant or how it came to be written. It was just how we felt.

For example, in Roman history we stopped short at the death of Julius Cæsar. Freedom was over then. A gentleman could no longer say what he liked in the House of Lords or in the House of Commons — that is to say, in the Roman Senate or to the citizens in the Forum. Strictly speaking, we ought to have stopped when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon; but human nature is always illogical, and we — that is to say, masters and scholars — were urged on by curiosity to see how it ended, and also by secret sympathy with Cæsar, who was very like a great English landed magnate of cultivated mind and of sporting tastes, contesting his county parliamentary constituency, with a good chance of being unseated for bribery and corruption. Pompey was unpopular; he lacked the West Country touch. Cicero needed no explanation — he was the Roman substitute for a Lord Chancellor.

These things were not explained to us: the facts spoke for themselves. We read Tacitus and enjoyed his epigrams, though they were hard to translate into

English terse enough to satisfy our masters, and we were not allowed to use English versions. Tacitus carried our sympathies along with him in his denunciation of a state of society which had lost all close analogy to the British Constitution. So we made no study of Imperial Rome; it lacked political interest.

I am not wandering from my subject. I am endeavoring to explain the direct relevance of a classical education half a century ago to the state of mind of an English schoolboy. The prayer which one of us in turn had to read daily in the school chapel told us that we were being trained 'to serve God in Church and State,' and we never conceived life in any other terms. The competitive conception of modern industry was entirely absent from our minds; also we were ignorant — comparatively ignorant — of the peculiar problems incident in such a society. The terms in which the Greeks and the Romans thought were good enough for us. What had not been said in Greek on political philosophy had not been said at all.

The Greeks reigned supreme in our minds. Roman gladiators, Roman debauchery, Roman grandiosity, the difficulties of writing Latin prose in the style of Cicero, the absence of a definite article in the Latin language, the Roman Emperors, and the Popes of Rome, all contributed to a feeling that Rome lacked any true intimate affinity with us. Looking backward, I think that our instincts were right. The social tone of Dorsetshire in the eighteenth century was really very different from that of Rome at any time of its history, despite the analogies which caught our interest.

But Athens was the ideal city, which for two centuries had shown the world what life could be. I do not affirm that our image of Athens was true to the facts. It was something much better;

it was alive. The Athenian navy and the British navy together ruled the seas of our imaginations. It was not oceans that we thought of, but narrow seas. Oceans are the discovery of the last half-century, so far as English schoolboys are concerned, and putting Robinson Crusoe aside as the exception to prove the rule. Our navy has never ruled the oceans. It ruled the seas. It caught its enemies rounding capes, or moored in bays, just as the Greeks did. Cape Trafalgar, Cape St. Vincent, and Aboukir Bay were read into Greek history. In those days, half a century ago, our main fleet was in the Mediterranean just where the Greek fleets sailed; and Russia was to us what Persia was to the Greeks. Scholars may demur to this analogy; but I am talking of schoolboys fifty years ago.

Herodotus and Thucydides, with Xenophon on the Ten Thousand, were the successful authors. We all of us cherished a secret hope of traveling in the East. The East then meant the eastern Mediterranean, including Syria and Egypt. Years ago, two twin brothers — my uncles, as it happens — met by accident in a back street of Damascus, neither knowing that the other was out of England. Happy men! They were traveling in the East.

Archæology and learning were secondary matters then, and, as I strongly suspect, are so now to many English archæologists. It was the flavor of the East that we hungered after, the product of our classical education. To understand what I mean, read Kinglake's *Eothen*; it is short and very amusing. It is redolent of English mentality during the mid-nineteenth century.

The Greek insistence on the golden mean and on the virtue of moderation entered into our philosophy of statesmanship, sometimes reinforcing our natural stupidity, sometimes moderating

our national arrogance. We conceived India through our knowledge of the East derived from the Greeks. Thus we took an immense interest in Alexander the Great. We forgot the loss of Greek liberty in the thrilling spectacle of a small European army making its way through a vast Eastern Empire. In Alexander at Issus we saw Clive at Plassey.

Decidedly, half a century ago a classical education had a very real relevance to the future lives of these English boys. Among the boys at that small school from 1870 to 1880 were a future commander-in-chief in India, a future general commanding in the Madras Presidency, a future bishop of all southern India. 'To serve God in Church and State' was no idle form of words to set before them.

Our school course was a curious mixture of imaginative appeal and precise, detailed knowledge. We had no interest in foreign languages. It was Latin and Greek that we had to know. They were not foreign languages; they were just Latin and Greek; nothing of importance in the way of ideas could be presented in any other way. Thus we read the New Testament in Greek. At school — except in chapel, which did not count — I never heard of anyone reading it in English. It would suggest an uncultivated religious state of mind. We were very religious, but with that moderation natural to people who take their religion in Greek.

The difficulty as to the Old Testament was surmounted by reading the Septuagint in class on Sunday afternoons, though the lower forms had to descend to the vulgarity of the King James Bible. In this Greek presentation of religion the passion for accurate philology sometimes overcame the religious interest. I remember the headmaster stopping a boy who, when translating into English before the

assembled class, reeled off the familiar phrase, 'Alas, alas, the glory of Israel hath departed,' with 'No, no, laddie: The glory of Israel has gone away as a colonist.'

A few days ago the head of a Canadian university called on me. He turned out to be from the same school; he went there the term after I left. We called to mind these Septuagint lessons, and agreed that in some way they were among the valuable elements of our school training. The Platonizing Jews of Alexandria are mixed in my mind with monastery buildings in Dorsetshire on warm Sunday afternoons in May. When I try to recall how we thought of the Jews, I think that it is accurately summed up in the statement that we believed them to be inspired, but otherwise unimportant.

We studied some mathematics, very well taught; some science and some French, both very badly taught; also some plays of Shakespeare, which were the worst feature of all. To this day I cannot read *King Lear*, having had the advantage of studying it accurately at school. The failure of the science and of the French was not the fault of the masters. An angel from Heaven could not have persuaded us to take them seriously. Again I am not defending us, but am recording facts.

There was a strict monitorial system. In fact, the discipline out of the classroom depended entirely on the head boys in each house. These boys were chosen merely according to their standing in the intellectual life of the school. If the prefects were also athletic and of high character, the system worked very well; otherwise it worked very badly. In my own schooldays, for about half the time it worked badly and for the other half extremely well. There was some teasing, but no gross bullying. When I was 'head of the school,' I remember caning a boy before the whole

school for stealing. Again I am recording, and not defending. I consulted the headmaster privately, and he told me that the alternative was expulsion.

In respect to games we were much more independent than modern English schoolboys or undergraduates at any American university. We had lovely playing fields surrounded by intimate scenery such as, in all the world, only the West of England can provide. We managed the games ourselves, and trained ourselves. We played cricket, and football, and fives, because we enjoyed those games and for no other reason. Efficiency, what crimes are committed in thy name! To-day, throughout English schools, the games are supervised by the younger masters. Fifty years ago at Sherborne no master either played a game or interfered with advice, except by the express invitation of the boy who was captain of the games. We were not efficient; we enjoyed ourselves. Also, perhaps in consequence of that freedom from supervision, we were on the best of terms with the masters, and were always pleased when any of the younger members of the staff accepted our invitation to play, an invitation which was regularly forthcoming on every occasion.

In the particular 'house' — that is to say, set of dormitories — where I

lived, there were ninety boys and four baths. Again I am recording and not defending. Of course there were wash-basins in our bedrooms, the water being put there in jugs. Labor was cheap in those days, and plumbing was barely in its infancy. Fifty years before that time, the boys washed under a pump in the school yard. They also managed to serve God in Church and State, so little are some things affected by modern conveniences.

We rose — nominally — at 6.30 A.M. and were in chapel at 7 A.M., if our state of dress, or undress, enabled us to pass the prefect at the chapel door. If not, we had to write out some lines in Greek. I remember cuffing a big boy over the head because I found him twisting the arm of a small boy; but I apologized afterward, because I found that the small boy had called his elder 'a captain of Barbary apes'; this was unpermissible insolence in the school world.

Altogether we were a happy set of boys, receiving a deplorably narrow education to fit us for the modern world. But I will disclose one private conviction, based upon no confusing research, that, as a training in political imagination, the Harvard School of Politics and of Government cannot hold a candle to the old-fashioned English classical education of half a century ago.

SHOPPING ROUND

BY ZÉLIE LEIGH

I

MY work as a comparison shopper in one of the world's great department stores, an organization which employs in its intricate machinery approximately ten thousand souls, paid me twenty-five dollars a week — a larger salary, it was impressed upon me, than the majority of those doing somewhat similar work on our staff received at that time. The average wage for a beginner was twenty-two dollars, with the magnificent prospect of a rise to twenty-five as a reward for faithful, loyal, and untiring service. This amount, incidentally, does not begin to pay for the wear and tear on clothing, not to say nerves; but, as the 'Chief' blandly explained, he could get any number of refined women of moderate incomes who did not need the money but did want work, because they were bored. That may have been true, but all the women engaged by him while I was there were working because stern domestic pressure or tragedy made employment imperative. And the quality of our work, the importance that was attached to our decisions on merchandise, the influence that these decisions had upon the subsequent policy of the store, were in no way compensated by our weekly checks.

Perhaps it is because women have been the family shoppers for centuries that comparison shopping is looked upon as one of the few openings for women not trained to a profession. Nor was marriage necessarily a drawback in

this field of endeavor. Twelve of the possibly twenty members in the department were tied, more or less effectively, by the bonds of matrimony. Some were traveling as 'Miss' for professional reasons; the majority were frankly 'Mrs. Thus-and-So.' Because I needed a job and the money, and, apparently, because I had qualifications which recommended me to the 'Chief,' I became one of the shopping sisterhood.

Comparison shopping is the development of a system by which a department store is made aware of the business activities of its competitors — 'rivals' is a term never used in this connection — and constantly obtains information, both intimate and accurate, concerning the range of stocks and prices, the color array and method of display and presentation, the equipment, counter space, window treatment, the number of customers in given departments and how and what they buy, and so forth. In a word, the shoppers are scouts whose trained eyes and ears must be quick to seize upon pertinent details in other shops so that those in the home shop may work with greater knowledge and security.

The shoppers are selected with care. It is highly important that the persons chosen should look and act like ladies, for under no circumstances must it be suspected that they are snooping. They must have the air of customers, so

that without rousing suspicion they may elicit information by careful questioning of the clerks or possibly the buyers — for buyers are always called upon to consult with important-looking women — or by listening skillfully to other purchasers. The store for which I shopped was making a distinct bid for college graduates, and a degree was a great asset in getting the job. In addition, the shopper must not only look well in her clothes, which must be fairly smart, for it is the well-dressed woman who gets immediate and full attention from the clerking force, but she must have enough changes or disguises so that she will not be easily spotted. Her costumes then are a sort of protective covering, cloaks of invisibility, permitting her to pass unnoticed in and out of the stores which she must, in the nature of her job, visit more or less regularly. Those in charge of the comparison office must be careful to guard against sending her too frequently into the same departments of the same stores, lest the sales people become suspicious. To guard against this possibility several persons usually specialize in a given general field.

Finally, if, in applying for employment, a woman can show that she has substantial family connections, the entrée to exclusive places, acquaintance in the better shops, charge accounts of her own, she is the more likely to be taken on. Chalked up prominently on the bulletin board of the shoppers' room is the request that each individual designate those stores at which she maintains active personal accounts. Obviously it is easier to return merchandise if it is charged than if it is bought for cash. A merchant is invariably polite to a charge customer, for he knows that he has little comeback; the woman will simply refuse at the end of the month to pay the bill for goods that she considers unsatisfactory.

Yet so eager is he to keep this name on his books, and thus make sure of continuing patronage, that he will carry over a debt rather than have the cash in hand, and he treats this type of customer with infinitely more courtesy and consideration than he oftentimes employs with the cash customer. I might mention in passing that I did make use of my personal accounts in other stores for convenience in my work, and that my purchases for the store that employed me ran from seven hundred and fifty to a thousand dollars a month. These purchases were made either to supplement our own stocks, to furnish models for copying if we felt that we could approximate the article at a lower selling price, or to show our buyers what other establishments were offering that was interesting and different.

To illustrate. Sales were lagging in the fine lingerie sections. I was chosen to 'shop' our own lingerie department and those of other stores about town, and to make a survey of the situation. I was to take the pulse of the trade, as it were; to ascertain what was the cause of this unhealthiness; to learn what others carried which we did not, and why; to study what the customer was asking for, what she was being shown, — for by clever substitution on the part of the clerk gaps in stock may be covered, — and what she was actually buying. I was also to note where the departments were placed — on what floor, adjacent to what other departments, so that we could know by what logical steps the customer would be led to this special department; how many clerks were employed, and of what type; to what degree they were informed, and what were their sales arguments, if they had any; the kind of lighting, how the aisles were spaced, how the department was dressed, the type of counter display and its accessories — that is to say, the trimmings in the cases, the

floppy French boudoir dolls, the sachets, pillows, and flowers; how the stock was kept. In a word, I was to study the countless ways by which trade is stimulated and the customer is induced to patronize and purchase.

Since never being satisfied with the present state if, possibly, there may exist a better is one of the basic principles of expansion, and the very breath of life in the nostrils of Big Business, I was to include in my survey the smartest establishments in order to buy there — or anywhere — novelties, attractions, garments that had in them elements which we could assimilate to advantage. We were willing to pay any price for a new idea, an interesting feature or angle. To pirate designs for subsequent quantity reproduction at a popular price was considered entirely legitimate. During this campaign I bought lavishly for the firm — new materials, new ‘conceits,’ fetching ‘ensembles,’ anything which I thought had tonic value. Our house preserves at all times an open-mindedness, an eagerness to learn and to improve upon its own methods by careful analysis and adoption of the best elements of another’s success. This positive and constructive thinking energizes and vivifies the entire system.

Another time I was called upon to apply these same scientific methods to mourning dresses and coats, and to purchase numbers of garments which after careful study found their way into stock, marked in conformity with our policy of selling at lower prices.

II

To be successful the shopper must strive to keep her fresh, outside point of view. Naturally one’s fund of general information is enormously increased. I have ‘shopped’ everything from wooden rolling-pins, selling at twenty-three cents in the outlying provinces,

to rare Chinese rugs and gorgeously enveloping wraps of Russian ermine! The technique is fairly simple. On receiving a strange assignment, the buyer for the home shop will usually prime his shopper on those particulars or points for which she should keep her eyes open, and she sallies forth, endeavoring to manifest an enthusiasm which she does not always feel, conscious that business demands a certain front if one is to bring home the bacon.

Take the rugs, for instance. A competitor, who has the name in the trade of maintaining an outstanding department, announces a sale. ‘Drastic Price Slashing’ — the copy man’s favorite headline — is the legend carried by the evening papers. It may be that our buyer has been ‘tipped off’ that the other fellow has been collecting cautiously for just this event. The majority of his advertised rugs may indeed be new imports, as he claims; others are probably taken from regular stock; still others are tag ends, held over in the warehouse from a previous sale and thrown in with the lot for clearance. The shopper is instructed to watch for and report on all these possibilities, as well as to note the amount of cotton warp visible on the right side of the rugs, the pile, the pattern, the field, the border, the color, whether the rugs are washed or unwashed, and the size, though this last item is usually listed in the advertisement.

Before we go on our errand, — the editorial ‘we,’ for we seldom hunt in couples, — our rug man will show us from his own stocks rugs which he thinks will be comparable to those his rival is featuring. For it is gall and wormwood to him, as to all clerks, to hear a customer say that she has seen the ‘same, identical thing’ at another store at a lower price, and he knows that he dare not let himself be caught the wrong way.

At the competitor's shop one fairly trips over the piles of rugs assembled for the big event. To the obsequious clerk we explain, with becoming poise,—a slightly bored pose is very effective,—that we are interested. To be too keen for detail would only defeat one's end, which is to impose one's self upon the clerk as a true customer.

Rug after rug is spread before our eyes, some so lovely in their gorgeous blue and purple depths that exclamations of pleasure are honest and genuine enough. Sometimes the sale has been staged for the benefit of a hand-picked list of charge customers, each the recipient of a 'private card of admission' flattering in its implication of exclusiveness. This undemocratic dodge is effective because a germ of snobbishness is latent in most of us, a feeling of superiority over the next fellow; and the clever merchants of the Avenue, understanding the sales value of the personal touch, play up to this trait in human nature.

In this particular rug sale it would seem that the Greek dealers had somehow or other secured the majority of the cards, and were buying in the rugs, no doubt in order to resell at a considerable increase. As one watched them at their shrewd trading it was not difficult to conjure up the picture—almost the smell—of foreign bazars and market places.

'What's the story?' asks the buyer on our return, and we tell it minutely, since every detail conveys subtle meanings to him.

It is the business policy of the store with which I was connected to undersell its competitors in all equivalent merchandise or stocks of like quality, taking competition throughout its delivery district. Since it is manifestly necessary, for the elaborate working out of such a system, to know what the other

stores are offering, and since it is impossible for the buyers, the department heads, or the management to cover the ground exhaustively all of the time, a comparison shopping department is indispensable. All the great metropolitan stores recognize the advantage of such a service, but ours, because of its peculiar needs, maintains the most pretentious in the city. The head man is an authority on merchandising. Three assistants give out the daily work, read and sometimes edit the detailed reports which the shoppers supply, and, finally, relay this information to the various buyers or department heads throughout the store.

In her written reports the shopper must note the date and time of her call on the competitor; the number of customers in evidence, and whether they are buyers or lookers; the price, range, and condition of the stock; where the stock is featured, since naturally it makes a difference whether the display is at Table I, facing the main entrance, or on the fifth floor rear; how the stock is displayed, and whether the article to be compared is identical with that in the shopper's store, or superior or inferior to it. Through such reports the organization has secured a fairly complete statistical account of the investigations conducted by an alert staff.

An important member of the department is the stylist, who reports on windows, on what is seen on the Avenue, at the races, and in smart restaurants, on what is being worn by Madame at first nights or at the opera. The stylist also covers fashion shows, corset reviews, and the 'class' advertising that bids for the patronage of Society.

Besides the stylist and twelve or fifteen shoppers, specialists in certain lines and all usually able to sketch roughly, the comparison department of

the store I served employs a bookkeeper, a cashier to dispense funds for daily purchases, and a marker constantly busy in adjusting prices on outside material bought for comparison. The volume of this outside material is enormous, and before it is put into our stocks we must take off a discount commensurable to the per cent of our underpricing. Several stenographers are necessary, as well as three messengers whose duty it is to distribute this material swiftly throughout the store, since time, especially in mark-downs, is a highly important factor.

Naturally there are certain standards by which to gauge and stabilize this price cutting. The store states frankly that except in four specific departments it does not sell seconds, and therefore we were instructed not to bring in seconds, 'imperfects,' and 'runs of the mills'; that it does not sell 'powdered' crêpes, or silks that have been 'loaded' to make them appear heavier than they really are — a fact which can be easily detected by beating the suspected material gently on the hand to make the fine dust show; that it does not sell pieced furs or garments the facings of which have been pieced. Also there are certain specifications laid down rigidly for the cutting of garments. Only a certain number shall be cut at one time. In our age of high-speed production, many thicknesses of goods go under the knife at one operation. Obviously they cannot all be sized equally; the top 36 will not be the same as the 36 at the bottom of the pile. All garments are examined promptly, and as promptly returned to the manufacturer if they are not up to standard. It is also necessary to note whether the lining matches; whether it is all silk, all cotton, or a combination of both; whether it is hand-tailored or put in by machine. These details

naturally all affect the cost of manufacture and sale.

Especially in rugs is it imperative to report seconds or imperfects. Often, too, we have bought the so-called 'overstuffed' chairs and had them torn apart to see what grade of material the competitor was using, so that we might maintain our faith with our public on lower selling prices for equal quality.

Silks for analysis as to fabric, texture, color, pattern, and quality are bought in three-yard units, — a dress length, — so that, after careful scrutiny, they may be re-marked and thrown on the remnant counter. Curtain materials are purchased in two-and-a-half-yard samples. This length is just enough to curtain a window. These samples also reappear later on the remnant table. All blankets bought outside are sent to the laboratory for microscopic examination. Knitted wear, whether silk, wool, or cotton, is submitted to the same close scrutiny. It is the fineness of the gauge, the number of stitches to the inch, that gives these garments their value and sets the standard by which to judge them.

In shopping for china, the essential points to be observed and reported were: —

1. Is it open stock?
2. The name of the manufacturer.
3. Is it imported or domestic?
4. Of how many pieces does the set consist?
5. Note the gold line on the edge of the dish; its width and general character.
6. Are the handles finished in full mat, half mat, or just gold-lined?
7. Are there any noticeable blemishes on the dish?
8. How large is the competitor's stock?

Always, for greater accuracy, we were urged to buy a piece with a handle, — a cup or a vegetable dish, — for here the proportionate amount of gold used in the set is shown to best advantage.

No mark-down on merchandise in our own stock to meet a competitor's price is considered necessary unless he shows a representative range. It is, of course, unfair to interpret the policy of the house to mean that it will mark down a whole stock number if the other merchant has only one article of its type. The loss to the particular department resulting from this too liberal reading would indeed be devastating. In ready-to-wear clothing, especially, the competitor must be able to show a range in both size and color that will comprise not less than one dozen garments of a particular style. One of the most aggressive of our competitors tried to force a great mark-down in silks where in fairness the reasons for a mark-down did not exist. For instance, in an advertised sale, knowing that we should be sent to shop, and having previously examined our stock, he threw in several bolts of silk identical with what we were showing; but the run of the pieces was generally inferior to the grade which our house carried, and no action was deemed necessary on our part. In justice be it said, however, that we found little misrepresentation of merchandise, either in quality or in quantity, and never on the part of the really big merchants. They are honestly trying to play square, humanizing the service as much as possible and establishing friendly relations between the store and the customer. It is, of course, much better business. 'Caveat emptor' and sharp practice are being driven out by the enlightened spirit of fair dealing.

III

Our shopping routine varied little. A few minutes before nine found most of us in our places, ready for the morning assignments. Money for purchases of comparative merchandise in other shops is given by the cashier, and a receipt is

demanding. Our first duty was to examine the regular and special offerings in other stores, and especially their various sales, such as the January White Sales, the Courtesy Days, the August Fur Sales, — picture to yourselves the joy of trying on a succession of fur garments in torrid weather, — and report our findings instantly by telephone. We were encouraged to buy on our own initiative any new article or novelty priced under five dollars, especially if it seemed to be attracting favorable public attention. If the price exceeded five dollars, we were advised to report on it before purchasing. 'Identicals' of merchandise at our store selling at a lower price at another were to be bought automatically, so that the store buyer might be convinced of the necessity for price revision. Sometimes such an adjustment means hundreds and hundreds of dollars, and a buyer, temperamental tsar though he is in his own petty kingdom, knows he holds authority only so long as he can produce what is politely called 'the goods,' which, translated into plain English, means that he must show a fat margin of profit on his balance sheet.

All purchases on morning 'ads' are brought in by the shoppers by ten o'clock and sent immediately to the various units of the store, where merchandise of our own approximating the new purchases is brought out for comparison. After consultation with the experts of the comparison department, the buyer will mould his plan of procedure.

Although primarily the work consists in shopping on the basis of competitors' advertisements studied in the evening editions of the previous day's papers and comparing these goods with our own, a request may come from a department for information on specific merchandise. The shopper then will

have to visit every store in the district for information concerning goods to be advertised and put on sale in a week or ten days' time; she must list minutely all details bearing on the subject. Or it may be that a customer of ours, Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Abramowitz, has seen something at Blank and Company's at the same price as ours, or — horrors! — lower. In either event a staff member is sent scurrying. Sometimes these ladies are right, but more often they are wrong, for it is perfectly amazing how inaccurate an honest person can be when she is untrained in observation. The wits of the comparison shopper become razor-edged. It is often necessary on 'identicals' to carry many style numbers and manufacturers' numbers in her head, for woe betide her if she is seen to take out her pad and pencil in a rival store. She can never reappear in that department — she is spotted. The fierce antagonism of the clerking sisterhood will be manifested against her. I found that by crooning a list of numbers, making rhythm of them, — 487, 652, 487, 652, 821, 956, 821, 956, and so forth, — I could retain them until I reached a haven of comparative safety, but this sort of thing takes practice.

Delivery tests enabled us to study at even closer range the conduct of our competitors' businesses. We would be instructed to purchase, all at the same given time, but each in a different shop in the delivery district, a certain specified article. It might be a boudoir lamp to cost ten dollars, an iced-tea set, a piece of silk underwear, or an embroidered bedspread. It was our responsibility to record carefully how the clerk checked the sale, — for we were to mention pointedly that we were buying a gift, — how she received the money, whether the receipt was volunteered, whether she asked if the price tag was to be removed, what degree of interest in the sale was shown by the

clerk, and to what extent assistance was given by her to the 'customer' in making the selection.

All the merchandise was ordered to be sent to some private address previously determined upon, usually the home of one of the shoppers, where the time of delivery of each package was carefully noted by someone detailed to receive the goods. Our own wagons then called for the lot and brought it, unopened, to the comparison department. There the packages would be analyzed, examined, and criticized from the points of view of wrapping, packing, design and composition of the boxes, and possible advantages of the rival system over the system obtaining in our own store. When one considers how many shops have to be covered in a test of this kind and the total amount of such purchases, one begins to grasp how eagerly our particular firm responds to the keenness of metropolitan competition and how aggressively its members battle for supremacy!

Price wars we dreaded. Suddenly a merchant would be detected 'digging in.' He might concentrate on some specific article — books, boots, drugs; one never knew what it would be. Then his forces and ours would be all aquiver for the coming battle. If possible we would buy him out. Once a certain store staged a sale of vacuum jars and bottles of a standard or trade-marked make. They were obviously under cost, for we were selling ours 'close' at the time. It was my job to ascertain how many the other man had, what sizes, whether he had a reserve, or if all were on the counter. I was to buy them and bring them back with me.

Arriving at the competitor's, I cruised about, listening to other customers, giving the impression that I was waiting for someone. Having exhausted these means of securing information, I allowed myself to become

interested, and remarked to the clerk that these jars seemed unusually good values. The clerk, thanks be, was more than ordinarily expansive. She volunteered that they had never been sold so low, that they were all perfect, and that she did not know the reason for their sale. (We did, for it was rumored that the store was about to change hands and policy.)

'These containers would be splendid for a girls' club hike, would n't they?' I continued. How many did she suppose they had? She could n't say. Well, two hundred or two hundred and fifty, perhaps? She would see. I waited anxiously, for most stores will not sell in large quantities to individual customers; it cripples service and depletes stocks, which must be kept up to a definite standard.

The girl came back with the information I hoped for. To her astonishment I told her I'd take them all with me, and it was a substantial order. The boxes were packed, loaded on a taxi, and transported to our department, where our original price held, the competitor having been literally cleaned out.

Another man decided suddenly to 'call' us on riding boots, then selling at around seventeen dollars. Daily, then twice daily, then oftener, those boots were 'shopped' by both stores. It was impossible to buy out the stock. Try as we might, we could not discover his range. He was evidently well entrenched and stood embattled for the siege. 'One pair to a customer' was his war cry. Several persons a day were sent by our office to buy. He was returning the compliment, so that what we bought to-day he would probably buy back to-morrow. As soon as his price dropped, ours dipped a proportionate amount. This seesaw continued with grim determination on both sides until the boots were finally selling below five dollars and stayed there, each

store waiting a new move from the other, though the cost price was over twelve dollars and both competitors were losing money by their tactics. At last, one fine day, when we appeared according to schedule, we found that the boots had quietly crept back to normal. What price business supremacy! We all sighed with relief.

A battle, fierce and bitter, conducted on somewhat similar lines, waged around a special brand of imported soap. Twenty-five cents a cake was the usual price. Before that rival merchant got through with us and we with him the public was buying that soap at two cakes for half a cent!

Then there was an ambitious frontal attack by the soap merchant, who decided to assail all departments at the same time and cover us with a really impressive barrage. Challenging, as he did, our lower-priced selling, a policy which he claimed was an impossible gesture, he aimed at our very vitals. By supplying his public with what he considered comparable goods and by selling the goods at a sacrifice, he thought to force us into a precarious condition because of the price cuts we should be obliged to take. But our whole staff, sniffing the smoke of battle in a just cause, descended upon him in a body and bought hundreds and hundreds of dollars' worth of his stuff for analysis, examination, and scrutiny. He had planned badly and the skirmish died almost at birth.

IV

Comparison shopping is naturally looked upon as highly confidential detective work. The utmost precaution is taken by the store to guard the identity of its shoppers. The management even goes so far as to object to the shoppers eating together or walking with one another on the streets at lunch time,

lest they be the more quickly recognized. It is etiquette among the Body not to notice a fellow worker in another shop by even the faintest flicker of an eyelash. Shoppers pass like strangers in the throng, respecting one another's bread and butter. Our success depends upon our ability to remain unknown inside the store for which we work, as well. Even when we shop in our own establishment to gauge the quality of its service — that is, in regard to telephone, new clerks, elevators, delivery, stocks, staples, and so forth — we appear as customers. Mystery enshrouds us. We enter by a separate elevator that dispatches us to dizzy heights usually unattained by the rest of the personnel.

By the same token, we are not permitted to share in the benefits of the many welfare units operating throughout the store. Where labor is low-paid, paternalism usually obtains. The store for which I worked maintains an elaborate welfare system, including a permanent psychologist, a hospital perfectly equipped, and a vacation camp with accommodations for one hundred and twenty-five girls.

Many have asked me if living among extravagant clothes and beautiful appointments and accessories did not make us eager to possess them. Strangely, it did not. It was enough to test, to examine, to feel, to know. We were surfeited, and when it was necessary to remedy gaps in our own wardrobe, which wore out all too soon, we begrudged the extra effort. Shopping for us was a business, not an indoor sport.

I have often wondered how we did it, where strength came from for this ceaseless and weary jaunting in and out of shops from nine to five-thirty daily. Further to sustain our morale, and preserve our esprit de corps, our 'Chief' thoughtfully appropriated the inscrip-

tion which graces the local post office: 'NEITHER SNOW NOR RAIN NOR HEAT NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT STAYS THESE COURIERS FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS.' Elaborately lettered, it faced us from a strategic position as we left on *our* appointed rounds, sometimes to basements, sub-basements, or triple-basements, — for certain ambitious merchants, not content with scaling high heaven to cry their wares, tunnel the bowels of the earth to secure the basement or 'shawl' trade, — or perhaps to the subway or the 'El.'

Zero hour struck for me, I think, while 'shopping' these same basements in a neighboring city on Easter Saturday afternoon. The shawl trade, released from its mills and factories, had turned out en masse. Those hordes of jostling, pushing, wildly gesticulating foreigners, charging the crowds through cruelly narrow aisles packed too full, and trailed by countless screaming progeny, the close, fetid air, the sense of dangerous helplessness which a mob always gives, left me baffled and bewildered, and still fill me with clutching retrospective terror.

Down in these cellared depths, tragically enough, skimmed milk masquerades as cream. Here are found the loud offensive plaids, coats whose quota of shoddy is far too high, the broad sheep's wool collar, dyed in black and tan streaks, the deer skin, stenciled in spots to pass for leopard — a travesty on Fifth Avenue styles, done in cheap imitation for Avenue A. Here they disport themselves boldly on the counters and in the open mart, all these stepchildren of the trade, with whom we are warned not to traffic — the powdered, weighted silks, the seconds, the imperfects, the fakes.

And yet there is a romance, an adventure, about the job. One never knows what will happen next, and one

must be ready for anything. There is that fascinating element of the unexpected, of suddenly being saturated by a thrilling flood of beauty that sweeps away all the tiredness and the wretched monotony of battling with crowds. I had several such experiences. Once, while 'shopping' Japanese kimono on the Avenue, I entered an elevator and found myself suddenly translated into centuries that understood the need of spiritual reinforcement; for the owner, an Oriental, had made of that small space a shrine! Here was Beauty in all her loveliness, and a peace that smoothed out the cares of day. When I reached the second floor, where I had again to take up my rôle, I felt that I had indeed been away on a long, soul-restoring excursion into a new and undiscovered country, and the poignant experience can be repeated when I close my eyes. Or, again, when I was sent to report a competitor's presentation of seventeenth-century brocades and tapestries. To touch them, to be ravished by color that takes on added glory with the ages, to reconstruct a background fitting their grandeur, and to people it with those who, in that far-away time of splendor, knew this richness as a part of their being, was a quickening and dramatic episode.

Those were the high lights, of course. I left after nine months because the prospects of advancement were rather slim. With luck, one might perhaps become head of stock in the art embroidery, or else sell on the floor at thirty dollars a week. That's the hardship. Many of these women become job-tied because a little salary is a dangerous thing. It fosters and encourages that inferiority complex of which we hear and, alas, see so much, and it cripples initiative. They are afraid to move on, to try something new, and so are mired deep in ruts from which it is hard to pull out.

Of course I miss the store. Certain aspects of the job, if your health holds out, are so interesting. I love the changing sights, the crowds, the hum of many voices, the cheery greetings, the bustle, the 'girls' behind the counters whom one got to know and like. For, despite rules, human contacts have a way of leveling regulations, and we became friends, — and what a difference *that* makes! — so that even now, when the nine o'clock gong rings, I report occasionally for duty because I can't help myself, and I wander about the crowded aisles of the old setting, like the ghost of my former, hustling self!

HOUSE-HUNTING IN THE COUNTRY

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

I FELT from the start that my wife was going to have her own way; it was the old story of the compromise on linen sheets. But when we decided to carry our explorations into the country I insisted that the job should be done thoroughly. For years I had done a certain amount of house-hunting in the pages of *Country Life*, but this was to be a different matter. It's one thing to turn the advertising pages of a well-printed, well-illustrated magazine, but it's quite another to go scooting all over England upon the more or less prejudiced suggestion of an estate agent. House-hunting in a magazine is gently stimulating and at the same time restful. Lighting a cigar, you say to yourself: 'This is going to be my busy day,' whereupon you throw yourself into an easy-chair and listlessly turn the pages until you come upon something like this, under a fascinating picture:—

FOR SALE: Freehold. Leweston Manor, Dorset. Some 1083 Acres, Mainly Pasture, Considerable Woodland, and Beautiful Timbered Park. The Estate comprises the ENTIRE PARISH OF LEWESTON, of which the owner is Lay Rector, with a most attractive Private Chapel (about 1600 A.D., old oak, etc.) near to the House. Owner is also LORD OF THE MANOR. Fine Georgian House, facing due south, about 400 Ft. above Sea Level. Three handsome reception rooms (en suite), two or three others, billiard room, about 20 principal bed and dressing and five bathrooms, excellent servants' accommodation and offices. Most efficient central heating. Entirely modern

VOL. 138 — NO. 2

C

drainage (certified annually) and automatic supply of spring water. HUNTING practically every day. GOOD SHOOTING, might be largely increased. POLO AND GOLF NEAR.

One muses to one's self. That sounds pretty good. The owner automatically becomes a lay rector. No examinations into qualifications or anything. Carries with it the right to preach, no doubt; and I'll be blistered if I cannot preach about as well as any rector I have ever heard discourse from a Church of England pulpit. And I have spent more money on Bibles than all the preachers you and I know put together. I wonder, shall I be called on to marry anybody? I know the rules of that game, too. Does not the 'Table of Kindred and Affinity,' 'wherein whoever are related are forbidden in Scripture to marry together,' hang, suitably framed, in our guest chamber at home, and are these rules not rigorously enforced? It saves a lot of trouble for a man to be told plainly that he may not marry his grandmother, and a woman that it is useless for her to cast longing eyes upon her daughter's daughter's husband; no such goings-on in our house: we must draw the line somewhere.

'Hunting practically every day.' That sounds fine: one's ecclesiastical duties done, one slips off one's cassock, and lo! one is in pink. One flings one's self upon one's horse and gallops off to the meet, careless that he arrives upon a tired animal, for has not his man, several hours before, gone on with a led

209

horse which shall be quite fresh at the moment of starting? 'Good shooting,' too, which 'might be largely increased.' 'Polo and golf near.' Golf is a bit too sedentary for me, but polo I love. No fishing, I observe, but one can't have everything; I suppose one could lease a fiord in Norway or somewhere. But, on the whole, I don't think the place will do. It's too big — too much responsibility; something smaller would suit me better. And turning the pages further one comes across this, also under a charming picture: —

BETWEEN CHIDDINGFOLD & HASLEMERE.
A unique Old-World Cottage Residence,
A.D. 1453, charmingly situated and containing Hall, Drawing Room, Dining Room, Seven Bedrooms. Acetylene Gas. Pretty Gardens of Two-and-a-Half Acres. Fine View.

Just the thing, but that it lacks every convenience. There are no bathrooms, no hot water 'laid on,' no heating of any kind; merely an old, a very old house, — damp as a vault, doubtless, — and a view. I like the situation: I would not be too far from my friend Graham Robertson; but, on the whole, I think I'd better look elsewhere. Thus passes a very pleasant morning, without expense or fatigue or regret upon a hasty or labored decision. This, I say, is house-hunting of a kind, but one gets nowhere. We were in England to decide upon a home. We must be up and doing.

It was quite obvious that if we were to accomplish anything we could not depend upon trains; we must have a motor. The question was, should we buy or hire? We decided to hire; and I said to myself, 'Our comfort largely depends upon having a good car and a good chauffeur.' After meditation I decided to call upon the representative of an excellent car, tell him what I wanted, and ask his advice. This I did, and I had the good fortune to hear of a garage that had a 'fleet' of just such

cars as I wanted; it was in the north of London, but it was 'on the telephone': all I had to do was to call up. But somehow my suspicions were aroused. It would be well to investigate; so, taking a taxi, I rode until I noticed with alarm that the clock was pointing to three shillings, about which time I was set down before a garage in which were two old cars, one a tiny runabout, the other such a car as I wanted, but of prehistoric pattern. Had my taxi-driver made a mistake? No, the address was quite right; this was the 'fleet.'

Gently cursing the man who had so low an opinion of my intelligence as to suppose that I would hire a car for a month without looking at it, I entered another taxi, saying, 'Piccadilly Circus,' knowing that I could mature another plan before I got there. Then it occurred to me to seek information at the Royal Automobile Club. So I changed my instructions, and in half an hour entered that great institution in Pall Mall. Here I might have received good advice had I gone to the proper department, but I got to the wrong desk with my troubles, which I confided to a man who seemed deeply interested. 'Quite so, quite so,' he said, 'I know a man who has a fleet of cars of just the kind you want. Wait a moment. I'll get him on the telephone.' In a few moments he returned, saying that he had his friend and that I could talk to him on the telephone; that I could depend upon anything his friend might tell me. 'Where is he?' I inquired. Some distance away, I was told, but I could talk to him on the telephone; he had a fine fleet — I did not like the word 'fleet.' 'What is your friend's name and what is his address?' 'Newton is his name, and his address — but you can talk to him on the telephone.' 'No, thank you very much,' I replied; 'tell Mr. Newton to wait until I call upon him.'

Then I gave myself an illustration of what advertising men call the 'pulling power of the printed word.' I remembered that I had read — I don't know when or where — that Harrod's in Kensington had a motor-hire department, and I did what I should have done in the first place: I went to Harrod's — who also had a 'fleet' of cars, but this time a fleet in being — and picked out a fine Armstrong-Siddeley car, and secured the services of an excellent chauffeur, named Percival. He turned out to be, in fact, Maxine Elliott's chauffeur; that lady being on the continent for two or three months, her man was at a loose end and had taken a job with Harrod's. During all of our journeys, and we made many in all directions, every incident was a pleasant one. We found our Percival to be prompt and polite, a careful driver, and resourceful in emergency. Once something happened to the intestines of our car; an immediate operation proved to be necessary, and it was performed very successfully upon the roadside. Meantime we had accepted a lift of a mile or so to The Hotel, in Church Stretton, intending to stop there long enough for a cup of tea, but we found the hotel so excellent that we decided to spend the night. Church Stretton is a town of one street, several miles long. The church from which it takes its name is not important, but in it is a tablet in memory of the author of *Jessica's First Prayer*. This book fifty years ago had a vogue which would not be understood to-day. My well-worn copy bears an affectionate inscription, and an appalling date: 1869!

II

Theoretically, I am an experienced horseman. I delight in hunting; I ride straight; indeed, I am considered by some a reckless rider: a steep bank on

which grows a hedge with a deep, wide ditch on the far side I regard as an invitation not to be declined. I love the music of the hounds, and the view halloo of the huntsman, and I love a dinner at which all the men are in pink and the ladies — well, bless them, however gowned. But actually I have never been on a horse's back; and at such a dinner, in a black swallowtail coat, I should feel like a Presbyterian in his predestined flames. Of what good to me, then, is my fine collection of sporting books? By them I deceive no one, myself least of all. 'So,' as Anita Loos says, when I decided to become an English country gentleman, I made up my mind not to affect the sportsman, but rather to take up the ecclesiastical line, for which my age and figure are much better suited. I would be seen walking slowly, as if in deep meditation, in a cathedral close: my conversation would be of Bibles and of prayer books. Such knowledge, I felt, could not go unrecognized. I had no wish to become a curate, one whose idea of dissipation would consist in passing cucumber sandwiches and tea to old ladies; and my modesty would, of course, prevent my accepting the Bishopric, but with my war record I thought that I might become a minor canon. I had no idea of the duties of a minor canon, but I was not too old to learn.

Such, in general, were my views when I received one morning in my mail a letter from an estate agent telling of a charming old-world mansion situated not far from Bishops Stortford. It read delightfully: 'A dignified mansion on the east side of a hill facing the rising sun; the oldest part dates from 1728.' This singularly attractive freehold was to be sold publicly upon a certain date, unless previously disposed of by private treaty, which seemed altogether likely. The house stood in seventeen acres of ground; the oaks were famous; more

land could be had if desired. The house contained a lounge hall, three spacious reception rooms, a study, five bedrooms, two dressing rooms, two bathrooms, a servants' hall, and good offices; electric light, company's water, central heating, stabling, garage, and outbuildings. The grounds included an old-world garden, a tennis lawn, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, rookery, and paddock. Such a property would not go begging. Getting a map, I learned that Bishops Stortford was just halfway between London and Cambridge: we must be on our way. Percival was called and responded; we were soon off on our journey.

It is not an easy thing to get out of London in a motor: on and on we went, and were still in London, for the town stretches away interminably to the north, as we were subsequently to find that it does in every other direction. As we were in no special hurry, we stopped in Edmonton to look at the tiny cottage which was Charles Lamb's last home, and from the house we went to the churchyard in which he and his sister Mary lie buried. When we first visited Lamb's grave, many years ago, we found it with some difficulty, overgrown with grass and weeds, but it is now cared for, as I happen to know, by E. V. Lucas, his best biographer, and a well-worn path leads to the spot.

The landscape to the north of London is flat and ugly, getting flatter and uglier as one leaves the city behind him, and we were just a little chilled toward Bishops Stortford before we got there. The house was impossible; there was no bishop, no cathedral, none of the ecclesiastical plant which the name suggested — no anything. The town was a gift from the Conqueror to the Bishop of London, and if you ask me, I don't think it was by any means his best one. The church is of no interest whatever, and the fact that Cecil Rhodes was

baptized in it was only mildly exciting.

The question then arose, should we go back to London or on to Cambridge? We decided in favor of Cambridge, and an hour later we were at The Bull. And here and now I protest at the miserable accommodation afforded by the average English provincial hotel, especially those long-established hostelries which make capital of their tradition. The Bull at Cambridge, The Mitre at Oxford, and Harker's at York, I shall not willingly visit again. One is much better served at the University Arms, The Randolph, and the Station Hotel, respectively, in the towns named; but of all the country hotels in England the best is Lygon Arms at Broadway. But the discomfort of The Bull vanished when, after sending our car to the garage, we began to ramble through the streets of Cambridge. How lovely it is! It has, of course, no 'High,' like Oxford, but then, Oxford has no 'Backs,' like Cambridge; meaning thereby those lovely lawns that slope so gently down to the river. It would be invidious to compare the welcome I have received from the secretaries of the Oxford and of the Cambridge Press; both are fine lads, excellent scholars, and determined Johnsonians, and if I have been delightfully entertained by a fine group of men at Pembroke College, Cambridge, have I not done my best to entertain a similar group at Pembroke College, Oxford?

But lovely as is the city on the River Cam, we soon saw that Cambridgeshire was too flat and damp for us. It was all under water once, and, if the sea ever rose a few inches, might be again. Having a car at our disposal, we determined to visit Holkham Hall in Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. Twenty years or more ago, John Lane published a book in two sumptuous volumes, called *Coke* (pronounced 'Cook') of *Norfolk and His*

Friends. I would advise my readers, if I have any, to throw aside this paper and get a copy of the book from a library and read it: I say 'library,' for it has long been out of print, and I won't lend mine under any circumstances.

We had no idea of leasing Holkham: it is, indeed, one of the largest and finest Palladian residences in England; we had long wanted to see it and were glad of a good excuse to make the excursion. To Holkham, then, we proceeded, stopping for lunch at King's Lynn, where there is much to be seen, but the pleasantest sight was two old friends lunching at the Duke's Head, who were prevailed upon to join us on our expedition. The fates were propitious: on our arrival at the outer park gates, several miles from the house, we found that a lawn party for some charity was in progress, and that by the expenditure of a few shillings everything could be seen. What spacious lives those old birds lived a hundred and fifty years ago! Great wide avenues of old oak trees, several miles long, radiated from the great mansion in four directions; very artificial they must once have been, but they are part of the landscape now and appear to have always been of it. The great Coke, Thomas William, was in his day the richest commoner in England; he was the father of intensive farming, and made not alone two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but two, or more, of everything, including cattle, and hogs, and sheep. For more than forty years the sheep-shearings at Holkham were famous. On one occasion the host entertained eighty house guests, seven hundred people sat down for dinner, and several thousand farmers were given as much as they could eat and drink — and what an English yeoman could eat and drink, a century and a half ago, was a-plenty. Coke was as famous for his hospi-

tility as for his cattle and his crops.

We were anxious to see the house, with its famous picture gallery, and especially the library, which contains many thousands of volumes the world will not willingly let live, and we were conducted from one part to another by the very charming daughter-in-law of the present Earl, the Honorable Mrs. Arthur Young. When life is tuned to such a pitch as it once was at Holkham, it seems a pity that it cannot last forever; but *sic transit gloria mundi*. The great days at Holkham are a thing of the past — and they are never to return.

III

As we left The Bull the next morning, the porter — or was it 'Boots'? — remarked, 'The weather is looking down, but I don't think it will fall.' But fall it did, and the rain made the rather gloomy Norman Cathedral of Peterborough more austere than usual; so, after an indifferent lunch, we pushed on to Melton Mowbray. It seems rather silly to speak of a church in a town where nothing matters but fox-hunting, but I am bound to observe that St. Mary's in Melton Mowbray is one of the finest parish churches in England. Nothing is duller than an empty theatre unless it be such a town out of season, in a pouring rain; even the knowledge that Melton gives its name to a cloth and is famous for pork pies and Stilton cheese does not redeem it. I had thought at one time of taking a hunting box at Melton, but somehow when I got there I did not feel quite up to it. I made a note, however, to discuss this matter with my friend Harry Worcester Smith when I got home. I did n't much like the idea of bringing all my horses and hounds over unless I knew how I should be received. The Prince of Wales monopolizes things too entirely at Melton; yet it is hardly

to be wondered at: it's a great title, no matter upon whom it is fastened.

From Melton we went on to York, and it was while we were drinking tea with two very delightful old ladies, whose family had lived from time immemorial in a charming old house in the precincts of the Minster, that we decided to look no further but to settle forever in York. We had found just what we wanted: a fine mansion which had once been the residence of Laurence Sterne's 'rich and opulent' uncle when he was Precentor of the Cathedral, what time Horace Walpole's friend Blackburne, 'the jolly old Archbishop of York,' kept court there. If the Archbishop was as 'gay and immoral' as he was said to be, quite naturally he would see nothing very shocking in the conduct of a dissipated young clergyman who was later to cut a distinguished figure in the world as an author. So Sterne had lived in this very house with his uncle! We liked the idea: it would do for us; but we had decided without our host — the ladies had no idea of moving; the very idea was as shocking to them as the thought of another war. So we moved on.

But before leaving the neighborhood we thought we would have a look at the house a few miles away in the Coxwold hills in which Sterne lived when he wrote *Tristram* and *A Sentimental Journey*. So, the next day being Sunday, we motored out to the little church of St. Michael and made the acquaintance of the rector, or incumbent, or whatever he was, and with him strolled up the hill to Shandy Hall, where we were welcomed by the farmer who lived in the house, who showed us Sterne's study, the tiny room in which the great books were written, and I thought of his 'most religious way of beginning a book': 'I write the first sentence — and trust to Almighty God for the second.' And that is the

way literature is made — sometimes.

The idea of looking for a house farther from London than York never occurred to us; but, being in active mood, we went on to Edinburgh, crossed over to Glasgow, and came down through the Lakes and the Dukeries. The North of England is famous for its great manufacturing towns, which everyone knows, at least by name; but — and this is not so well known — it is also famous for its great estates. 'What should they know of England who only England know?' sang Kipling, hymning the Empire. The same might be said of those who know England only from a railway train: they never see the baronial halls, the splendid mansions for which England is famous; nor indeed does one see many of them from a motor, but ever and again the highway skirts a wall, or a hedge and a ditch and a fence, and sooner or later one comes upon a pair of highly wrought park gates, and perhaps, at the end of a vista of half a mile or more, catches a glimpse of one of those stately homes which have been for centuries, it may be, the principal seat of some distinguished family. But, seeing them, one cannot escape the feeling that what once was the strength of England is now her weakness. Life on the great landed estates must once have been magnificent, but it is so no longer. How many such estates are there? I have no idea, — an immense number, — but they are done for. No longer can a man surround himself with miles of stone wall, pierced here and there with entrances, scaled in magnificence to the use for which they were intended, and live without reference to the wants of his fellows. From time immemorial England has specialized in fences of every kind and character; high brick or stone walls, hedges in which is concealed wire, or fences made of thin strips of oak overlapping

at the side, which, allowed to weather, finally take the color of the landscape: green where green predominates, otherwise a rusty brown. These boundary lines say more plainly than words, 'Respect my privacy — all within is mine.' The English equivalent of 'Welcome' is 'Private.'

Our greatest jurist, John Marshall, uttered an unpleasant truth when he said, 'The power to tax is the power to destroy.' These great estates are being destroyed; it is inevitable that the right of primogeniture must pass. England is now in the throes of a revolution in which is being accomplished what was only done in France by the shedding of blood. It was while we were meditating upon these matters that there appeared in the *Spectator*, in response to a request from its editor, a brief article written by a Dutchman in reply to the question put to him: 'What is wrong with England?' The question was to be answered in eight hundred words. 'I do not require eight hundred, or eighty; your question can be answered in eight,' said the Dutchman: '*England has idled and played away her position*,' and then he enlarged upon this text, convincingly, if sadly. 'And the remedy,' he said; 'your King gave it, years ago, when still Prince of Wales, in a famous speech at the Guildhall, when he said, "Wake up, England!" By waking up, by putting in more work and less play, all of you, high and low, you will, aided by the many sterling qualities of your race, retrieve a considerable part of the ground you have lost.'

But will they? I hope so, for what nation can take Britain's place in the world? But her problems are terrific; her poverty is appalling, especially in the north. Glasgow is horrible: one could not enjoy its fine picture gallery for thinking of the misery outside, groups of unemployed and unemployable standing about waiting for the

miserable dole on which they subsist. And the worst of it is that a generation is growing up that has never worked and does not intend to. On my return to London, I spoke to John Burns about this and of its dangers. 'Ay,' said he, 'but there are families living in Mayfair and Belgravia who have not done a tap of work for six hundred years!' — which is a retort, but not an answer.

We were glad to escape from a scene of so much misery into the gentle loveliness of the Lakes, but a feeling of sadness came over us again when we visited Chatsworth: its grandeur was depressing; even the romantic beauty of Haddon Hall seemed to have lost some of its charm. Once again, and perhaps for the last time, we called at Hardwick. I make no pretense of being on intimate terms with His Grace, the Duke of Devonshire, one of whose homes this lovely old palace is; but I count his housekeeper a friend, and in her company I have several times explored the Hall from cellar to garret. What an amazing person was Bess, its builder! Married for the first time before she was fourteen, the habit then formed she kept up: she married and built, and married and built, until at last 'Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall,' was completed, whereupon she gathered her feet up into her bed and died, much to the relief of her last husband, as he does not hesitate to record. The old red-haired harridan has always fascinated me: in appearance and in other ways she much resembled Queen Elizabeth, whose unwilling guest she had been in the Tower while her husband acted as gaoler to Mary Queen of Scots.

Widows don't stay widows long in England. With us, as soon as our wives get our insurance money they sink peacefully into rocking-chairs and rock themselves slowly into their graves. An Englishwoman is always ready again to take a chance — to let hope

triumph over experience. It was while sitting in a public house late one afternoon, dressed in my oldest clothes and wearing a cap, — for a hat sometimes makes one conspicuous, — that I overheard a conversation on marriage that might have been taken bodily from one of Hardy's novels. It was a cold, raw day, and I had unintentionally assisted at a funeral in the Abbey Church of the town, warmed only by a few wax tapers. After the coffin had been borne away on the shoulders of six men in weepers, I left promptly for a near-by tavern to have a drop of something hot. On both sides of a tiny grate, in which a fire was smouldering, sat a group of country yokels, one of whom after a time made a place for me. A few words were said as to the funeral, then all was quiet; finally an old man remarked: 'H'I do 'ear as 'ow 'e's left 'er a thousan' poun'.' 'A thousan' poun'!' exclaimed another. 'She won't be a widdy long with a thousan' poun'.' 'I would marry worse nor her for less,' said an old man with perhaps three badly placed teeth in his head. 'Ay, but would she have ye?' said another. 'Ye can't tell,' said the first speaker; 'lonesome is lonesome.' 'She won't stay lonesome long with all that money, and the 'ouse is freehold, I'm told,' remarked another. 'She married for money once; maybe next time 't will be for love. I've no doubt some lively young man is a-consolin' her now this very minute.' And so the talk went on. Why waste your time looking at a genre painting in a museum when you can take part in one?

If ever I had a longing for a large estate, I had gotten bravely over it: for me the quiet life, the quieter and simpler the better, as less likely to be disturbed. We motored from place to place, and I noticed that our spirits rose perceptibly as we neared London. Someone asked us why we did not go

to Broadway, and we did, spending several pleasant days at that delightful hostelry, the Lygon Arms. A good, large, well-aired room, with a comfortable bed and a bath, was given us and thoroughly enjoyed. I am a light sleeper, — that is to say, after the first seven or eight hours my rest is broken, — and often I have wondered of what the mattresses in English provincial hotels are made; a deal table could not be harder, and a deal table would have the advantage of being flat, while the mattresses are studded — with what, I ask you. And I have wondered, too, where the English got their ideas of bathtubs, but that question was satisfactorily answered when I saw a row of stone coffins, dating from Saxon times, standing upright against an old church in Shrewsbury: they furnished the pattern.

We were at Broadway, but that lovely picturesque village of one street hardly charmed me as I thought it would. One feels that it is losing its old-world air — its refinement, perhaps. On Sunday it is crowded with trippers, and while one wishes them well, and is glad that the *char-à-bancs* is able to transport so many people out of themselves, one would not care to live in a glass house, so to speak, for their amusement. A feeling of delicacy prevented our calling on Mary Anderson de Navarro, whom I once knew, and who has for some years made Broadway her home; fearful of troubling her, we scarcely dared look at her charming home.

We had timed our journey to reach London on a Sunday evening, and the sun was just setting when we found ourselves approaching Stoke Poges Church, made forever famous by Gray's immortal *Elegy*. The bells were being pealed and we stopped for a few minutes, although we wanted to get the distant prospect of Eton College

from the terrace at Windsor, and keep an appointment for dinner at the Café Royal. It was fine to get back.

There remained to be explored some charming spots in Sussex and in Kent. We thought of Tunbridge Wells, whence my people had several centuries ago emigrated to America, and of a little Mary Tudor cottage, with a garden, at Stone Cross, only a pleasant drive over the common from the station. It had a lovely old-world garden, as, indeed, what cottage in England has not? No people in the world love gardens as do the English, but, as Kipling says,

... such gardens are not made
By saying 'Oh! how beautiful!' and sitting in
the shade.

The English work for them — and they are assisted by nature as nowhere else. They have no sudden changes as we do: the word 'sudden' indeed exists for them only in the pages of a dictionary. When it rains — and it does rain — it rains gently; with us, it pours: it washes out our paths and our drives, it beats down our flowers, and those that have survived the flood are destroyed by the heat. The cottage at Stone Cross was not to be had, but we loved it just the same, for was it not the home of two of our dearest friends? It stands near what was in the time of the Conqueror a magnificent oak; now it is a ruin, but a stately one, respected for its age. 'Queen Elizabeth once had tea under that oak,' our chauffeur told us, quite indifferent to the fact that tea was not introduced into England till after her death; but tea is now consumed in such quantities that one cannot imagine a time when it was unknown.

The English countryside is picturesque to a degree; except in the manufacturing districts in the north, which are ugly, as they are everywhere, the whole country is beautiful. It has a washed and combed and brushed

appearance, entirely lacking in our newer land. But it is not to be forgotten that what is picturesque may be very uncomfortable and unhygienic. Think, for example, of living in a cottage built of porous stone, without a cellar, the floors of which are of stone, laid directly upon the cold damp earth. Whenever I visit Dove Cottage, the home of Wordsworth, for instance, I can never free myself of the idea of the self-centred William calling to his sister Dorothy of a winter's morning to heat and bring up his shaving water, and of her paddling about on stones as hard and cold as lumps of ice.

We looked at several little villas near Tunbridge Wells, we explored the Thames country, and were fascinated by its loveliness, but somehow we had lost heart in the undertaking. If the truth must be told, we were a trifle homesick. For all our many friends in England, we felt that we should not be welcome. Americans are cordially disliked; and the reason is not far to seek. We have thrown Europe out of balance; the globe is no longer round like an orange, but elliptical like an egg. As Galsworthy makes one of his characters say: 'The world would have been a much cosier place if Christopher Columbus had been less inquisitive.' Had we remained in England, we should have spent the rest of our lives in making explanations which would hardly have been understood. We had a perfectly good house at home, — full of ups and downs, like life, — built from time to time to meet what we thought were our requirements. We had grown into it like a suit of old clothes: we wondered why we had ever thought of leaving it, and felt just a little bit ashamed of ourselves. We decided to return, taking to heart a remark we had one day heard an old caretaker make, that 'it takes a 'eap of living in a 'ouse to make it 'ome.'

OFF HIS BEAT

BY MORRIS GRAY, JR.

STANTON tossed the evening paper to the floor and looked sombrely about the room. It was a large room, high-studded, paneled in dark dull oak, with bookcases built in flush and running up to the ceiling. He wondered idly what books those were, out of reach and forgotten, on the top shelves. Once, many years before, he had brought a ladder and climbed up, but he could n't remember their titles now. There they were, lost forever, lifted far aloft like a little ledge of cliff dwellings.

The furniture was also of dark oak, with several imported and authentic antiques, bought by his wife from a very fashionable dealer, to replace the old mahogany that he had inherited from his father. There was a long, scarred refectory table, glowing like old port; a smaller table of the gate-legged type, holding a lamp adapted from a brown pottery vase, several novels, a silver cigarette box, and the current issue of *Punch*. Jaccbean tables — were n't they a little alien to America, a little conscious, perhaps? He preferred the familiar old mahogany that had seemed indigenous to the soil.

A bright wood fire burned on the hearth, and beyond it, half reclining on the green upholstered sofa, his wife Ethel was reading a novel. She looked very charming as she lay there, the warm light from a saffron-shaded lamp falling on her fair hair and rather child-like, narrow face. A white, manicured hand rested on the edge of the sofa, and he caught the flash of the diamond he had given her when they were engaged.

Fifteen years. It was a long time. They had three children now, three little girls tucked up in bed upstairs. Well . . .

He got up and moved slowly about the room. There were his grandfather's books, lined up in the dark oak shelves. The old boy had been a lover of good literature, something of a scholar. How the devil had he found the time for it? He had been a successful merchant — died rich, thank God. On the shelf at a level with his eye were the *Spectator*, Gibbon in handsome leather, Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, and higher up some classical Frenchmen and three translations of the *Iliad*.

He took down a volume here and there, and turned over the leaves. There was a musty smell about them; the fine ribbed paper, indestructible as parchment, was yellowing at the edges. Pepys's *Diary*, Boswell — there was treasure in these volumes, the reflections of rich and mellow minds. But how to get at it, men like himself? One had n't the time, these days — even the sustained inclination. It was like a soft-handed man digging for gold — gold buried fifty feet down through frozen slag. One had to keep in training for that sort of thing. Fit. Sometimes on a wet Sunday afternoon he would take down several volumes and lie on the sofa. The prose was the best: it had more dignity and power — the servant rather than the master. Gibbon. . . . Sonorous, stalking sentences, rich and full like chords from an organ.

He moved along a few steps. The novels of Miss Charlotte Yonge: they ought to be on the top shelf. Alphonse Daudet in the original, bound in red morocco. He pulled out *Sapho* and turned over the pages. He had read it as a boy, and remembered how the young man with the blond beard carried the woman upstairs — four flights. Some schoolmate had had the book in a translation. They had all read it. His grandfather must have read it, too; there on the flyleaf was his name in the thin, sloping script of the time, and the date. The old chap must have been close to eighty.

‘What are you looking for, John?’

He shoved the book back into place and brushed the dust from his fingertips.

‘Just pottering about.’

His wife closed her book. ‘We’re dining with the Folwells to-morrow night,’ she said.

‘What — again?’

She looked up at him. ‘We did n’t go the last time. You had a men’s dinner. Don’t you remember?’

He moved over and stood with his back to the fire.

‘Don’t you think we overdo this social business a bit?’ he asked. ‘Four dinners this week! And how many next?’

‘Well, don’t you want to see people, your friends?’

‘I know, I know; but — they’re always the same people. It’s getting to be a routine, just like the office.’

His wife swung her slim silk legs to the floor.

‘Would you like to go away?’ she asked. ‘We could go to Hot Springs for a week. The Hammonds are there, and you’d get some golf.’

‘Hot Springs? Lord, no! I don’t want to go away. And I can’t leave the office. There’s a new issue coming out.’

Her white brow, delicately troubled, smoothed out, and she got up gracefully, a rather thin figure in blue, a string of pearls about her neck.

‘There was something I wanted to ask you about. What was it now?’

‘God knows.’

‘Don’t be a beast! Oh yes — the new car. What color shall we have it painted? They telephoned to-day.’

‘Paint it black, and if you can induce Martin to keep the tires pipe-clayed you’ll have the smartest car in town.’

‘I rather like blue.’

‘Well, blue then. Blue, by all means.’

He turned to the door. ‘I think I’ll go out and get some air before bed.’

Stanton strolled northward along the familiar street — blocks of conventional stolid houses of brownstone and brick, no two alike, their heterogeneous façade set back and protected from the commonality of street and sidewalk by little plots of grass, enclosed jealously in stone copings. He knew who lived in many of them. Old Ashley, in the big corner house there, he saw downtown; with others he rarely exchanged more than a nod, although for years now he had been meeting them on his way to and from the office. He glanced up at the drawn yellow shades, smooth and noncommittal as the faces of men about a directors’ table.

Across the street, a man in evening dress stood in the light from an open doorway, while two fox terriers ran about on the pavement. Jeffries. He’d seen him that afternoon at the club.

‘Hi! Come in and have a drink.’

Stanton waved, quickening his step. ‘No, thanks. Not to-night.’

But a few blocks farther on he paused before a small, neat house. The light

from a street lamp fell on a brass plate which bore the name, 'Richard Bentham, M.D.,' and by the curb stood a small enclosed car.

'Must be in,' he thought.

He rang, and stood tapping his stick until a gray-haired manservant in a black alpaca coat opened the door. The man smiled when he saw Stanton.

'Come in, sir,' he said. 'The Doctor's upstairs in the library.'

Stanton tossed his hat on a bench and went up one flight, to find his friend stretched out in a large leather chair, his feet in another.

Bentham rose heavily. 'Hullo, there,' he said. 'Come in.'

He was a robust, powerful man with thick graying hair and close-clipped moustache. He and Stanton had been classmates, but he looked ten years older.

'I saw your car outside and thought I'd stop in for a moment.'

'Good. Sit down.' He rummaged in a drawer for a box of cigars.

'You did n't come to Stevens's dinner,' Stanton remarked.

'No. I had a case out of town.'

'Stevens spread himself. Twenty men, champagne, and all the fixings.'

'He must have been making money.'

'Looks like it.'

Bentham bit off the end of his cigar and struck a match. 'How's business?'

'Oh, well enough. I get fed up at times — the routine. And this dining out, and bridge. Ethel likes it.' He looked over at his friend. 'I don't suppose you could take six weeks off — five, at a pinch?' he asked.

'What's on your mind?'

'Oh, I had a vision of you and me in the South of France somewhere. Sunshine, palm trees, French cooking, atmosphere of elegant depravity. Damned agreeable, by George!'

'It would be.'

'Well, think it over.'

'I'm afraid not. . . . Another year I might manage it, though.'

The telephone on the table interrupted them. Bentham reached for the receiver.

'Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, I'll come right up.'

He turned to Stanton. 'Sorry, I've got to go out.'

'Right.'

The two men went down the stairs together and stood by the car.

'Come along if you like,' Bentham said. 'I may not be long, and you can walk home from there.'

They crossed the avenues and entered a district of ill-lighted, narrow streets, finally drawing up before a dark, three-storied house in a remote quarter of the city. Bentham went up the steps and was immediately admitted.

Stanton began to pace to and fro. It was another block of brick and brown-stone houses, but these were sooty and neglected, and there was no protecting row of grass plots; the steep, narrow steps led directly up from the uneven bricks.

Once more he looked up at the house. The shutters were closed, with only a dim glow showing through the fanlight. Bentham might be there an hour. He'd better get home. But his ear caught the clanging of a gong far down the street. Fire? Patrol? A long gray vehicle glided round the corner, the man beside the driver scanning the numbers on the houses. It drew up behind Bentham's car. The men jumped down, pulled out a stretcher, and went up the steps. They were greeted by a young woman.

Bentham must have found things in bad shape. He'd wait a bit; there was a certain drama in this. Presently the young woman reappeared on the threshold, pulled at a catch, and the double door swung open. The first stretcher bearer moved slowly through, and

stopped. The steps were exceedingly steep; and Stanton heard Bentham's voice from within call, 'Wait a moment.' Then Bentham himself edged past and beckoned to him. 'Lend a hand here,' he called.

Stanton sprang up; and the four men, each holding a handle of the stretcher, moved down to the ambulance. As they slid the stretcher into place, he glanced at the face below him. An elderly man, muffled in the blankets, with dark cadaverous cheeks and glistening forehead.

Bentham drew Stanton aside.

'I'm going in the ambulance. Would you mind driving his daughter to the hospital in my car?'

'Of course not.'

As the young woman came down the steps, Bentham led him over to her. 'I'm going with your father in the ambulance,' he said. 'My friend here will drive you to the hospital.'

He handed Stanton the key of his car and climbed briskly into the back of the ambulance. Stanton turned to the girl. 'We'd better keep up with them,' he said.

They glided through endless rows of narrow brick houses, houses shuttered for the most part, with occasional dingy delicatessen and tailor shops in the basements.

'I hope your father is n't seriously ill.'

'We don't know. He's very weak — and his heart —'

Her voice had an agreeable quality, poised, yet a little shy. In the glare of an arc light he saw she was looking straight ahead, as if fearful of losing sight of the ambulance. It turned down a side street, and was lost to view. Stanton increased their speed.

'Bentham's a first-rate man,' he said.

'Yes, I know.'

They found the ambulance drawn up before a great brick building with stone

facing. The attendants had already withdrawn the stretcher and were shuffling with it through a wide lighted doorway beyond the main entrance.

'They're taking him up in the elevator,' Stanton remarked. 'We'd better go in here.'

But she had slipped out of the car and run ahead. He saw her standing by the stretcher as the doors closed. What should he do now? Wait? Or leave the key of the car at the office, and get home? He went into the entrance hall. The air had a heavy, acrid smell — disinfectants and steam heat. No one was about, but a few steps down the corridor a door stood ajar, a bright light shining within. The office, no doubt. Well, he'd wait for a few minutes. Bentham might come down. He took out his cigarette case, looked at it, and thrust it back.

There came a click of an elevator in the passage, the door opened, and Bentham and the girl stepped out. They turned in at another door, a waiting-room apparently, and he could hear Bentham's low, even tones. Presently they ceased, and Bentham came out alone and crossed to where he stood.

'Much obliged, old chap,' he said. 'No use your waiting about. See you in a day or two.'

'How's the old fellow upstairs?'

'Bad. We've got to operate. His heart's the trouble.'

'Here's the key to your car.'

'Oh yes; thanks.'

'I'll wait for a bit. Can't smoke here, I suppose?'

Bentham smiled and shook his head. 'No, you can't smoke.'

Stanton moved about the empty hallway. Who were these people? The gaunt old man upstairs, breathing in the ether, and his daughter there — waiting. . . . But it was n't his affair. Why not get home?

A man came leisurely down the

corridor, a stoutish pale-faced fellow in a nondescript gray suit, brown hat, and an overcoat unbuttoned, the collar turned up. He carried a thin leather bag, and was illegally smoking a cigarette. The door slammed behind him.

Doctors! He knew several besides Bentham fairly well. And he had had a good deal of experience with them professionally, particularly the fat, soft-spoken obstetrician who had brought his three daughters into the world — and charged him twelve hundred dollars a head. Service — service to humanity. That was their slogan — just like the automobile people. Service — and twelve-hundred-dollar fees. Well, why not? They spent a few years acquiring special knowledge and a little skill, and sold it to people who needed it — perfectly legitimate, just like plumbing or drawing up a deed. Funny how they all looked alike, though. Even without the leather bag you could spot them a mile off.

Slowly he paced the overheated, empty corridor. Through the half-open door of the office he saw an elderly woman in a nurse's uniform busy with some papers. He glanced into the waiting-room. The girl had taken off her hat, and sat relaxed in a green wicker chair. What was her name? Bentham had n't mentioned it, or he had forgotten. She looked up, without change of expression. He went down to the street to smoke a cigarette and see if Bentham's car was all right.

This part of the city was far from his accustomed beat; it had a foreign quality. He felt a certain freedom. Freedom. Pity Bentham could n't get away for a month or two. But why should n't he go alone? Two months? Six months, by George! To sit in the sunshine amid the olives and palm trees, with the blue Mediterranean beyond, and well-dressed, leisurely people taking the air preparatory to an apéritif —

people commonplace enough, doubtless, if you knew them, but he did n't know them — did n't have to. Freedom. And he'd read some of his grandfather's books.

He went back into the entrance hall. That girl, now. How old was she? Twenty-three, perhaps. She probably worked at something. . . . He glanced at his watch. An hour had passed. They ought to be through by this time. Why had n't he gone home at once? There was that new issue to-morrow; he'd have to be on his toes.

He found the girl sitting in the green wicker chair. There was something gallant in her quiet control; only her eyes were harassed and restless. But it could n't be long now. He moved across the room and sat down, the chair creaking under his weight. On the mantelpiece a small gilt clock ticked steadily, and then struck twelve brisk strokes.

The girl stirred, and there was a new intentness in her face; her eyes, unseeing, were focused on the glow of the lamp. Perhaps if he went out and spoke to the night superintendent he could get her a cup of coffee. He got up and, moving softly behind her, went out into the corridor. The office was empty; the gray-haired nurse was making her rounds, no doubt. He moved on a few steps. There might be a sitting-room beyond for the nurses on night duty. All the doors were closed, but he heard a step on the stairway. Bentham came slowly into the corridor.

'Well?' Stanton said.

'No use.'

'You don't mean he's dead!'

'Yes.'

Involuntarily Stanton looked down toward the door of the waiting-room.

'You'll have to go and tell her,' he said.

'Naturally.'

Stanton watched him move down the corridor and turn in at the door.

She would n't grasp the full significance at first. No one ever did. What would she want to do? Go back to that house, or stay here in the hospital for the night? Bentham would arrange things. He'd better get home. But he'd have to pass the door of the waiting-room.

There was no sound of voices as he approached. Bentham, competent and watchful, stood by the mantelpiece, and the girl was on her feet, facing him. As he reached the hallway, he felt reluctant to leave, but what could he do? He'd only be in the way — an intrusion.

Slowly he went down the broad steps and turned westward. But from the corner he looked back. That gray façade with lights showing here and there. Those narrow rooms, the long dim wards. Life coming, life going. . . . A little old lady, settling into her pillow: 'Oh, the morphia's so good, so good, dearie.' Amid the fumes of ether, a bandaged, broken figure stirring, groping. . . . A dark face staring out above the housetops. Cancer? They had n't said it, but he knew it — and they knew he knew it. Quite so: one did n't call these things by name; it would be like uttering an obscene word in a lady's drawing-room. Someone was whistling in the next room. It was that boy. He was going out to-morrow, so the nurse said. Going out — back to the world of toiling, and getting, and begetting. Youth? What did it matter? But he would like for an hour to lie in warm grass on a cliff, and look out at the blue level of the horizon. For an hour — and smoke a cigar.

Somewhere, in some corner behind that gray wall, the stiffening body of that old man.

Stanton strode away — fled, the narrow empty street echoing to the sharp click of his footfalls. A district

of dingy rooming-houses gave way to rows of cheap modern apartments with shining brass bells in lighted vestibules. He crossed a railroad bridge and entered a broad square flanked by a church — a towering, dank cliff. The streets beyond widened out, their smooth, clean-swept pavement gleaming like ice. He followed an elm-lined avenue and turned into his own street. There was old Ashley's house on the corner, a window on the second floor open a few inches; old Ashley in there, snoring.

Slowly he went up the steps of his own house, feeling for his keys. Freedom? Before the outer door he paused and looked up and down the street. That girl — he would like to have said a word to her.

He let himself into the secure, warm hall. Freedom. . . . He felt as if he had come back from a great distance. The South of France? Two miles, scarcely, that hospital, that district of slatternly rooming-houses. He looked up at the mellow Dutch painting above the low fireplace of Caen stone. Reality? Unreality?

There had been a light in the library. He turned abruptly and went up the stairs.

His wife was lying on the sofa, the novel tossed on the floor beside her. She yawned delicately.

'W-ell,' she said, 'I thought you were lost!'

'No. Just chewing the rag with Bentham.'

She sat up and smoothed her hair. 'I've decided to have the car black.'

'What? . . . Oh, yes — the car. Black?'

He looked down at the hearth. The fire had gone out, leaving two charred sticks like gnawed bones lying across the irons. He kicked them back.

'Black, my dear. Black, by all means.'

SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN OF THE CIVIL WAR

II. LINCOLN AND GRANT

BY GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

THE public which gives its sons to fight is in time of war subjected to a novel and exhausting strain. Even the more phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon peoples tend in such times to become neurotic, and are apt to be aroused to enthusiasm or indignation on very slight grounds. This is one of the difficulties with which the statesmen of modern democracies must reckon. The experienced soldier knows how manifold are the chances and the uncertainties of war, how incomplete in normal circumstances is the information on which he has to make decisions; he is only too aware that with the highest skill and the best judgment he cannot hope to guess right all the time. It is the duty of the statesman to know this, too, for the public does not read the *Maxims* of Napoleon and is not aware that the victory falls to the general who makes fewest mistakes; it judges by results and readily becomes intolerant of any error which has caused loss of life. The statesman who understands his business will stand between his soldiers and hasty popular judgment. Both Lincoln and Davis have it to their eternal credit that they did this, and prevented the outstanding military figures of the war from being swept by blasts of popular criticism into oblivion in the early days of the conflict.

McClellan's easy success in Western Virginia caused the Northern public to

hail him as a hero. The Southern public expected, when Lee was sent to the same theatre, that he would return with greater glory than had been won by the Northern general. It did not, it could not, know that Lee's problem was entirely different from McClellan's. Lee failed to obtain results and therefore was condemned. So it happened that, while he was in the act of preparing those masterly combinations which saved Richmond, Davis had to support him against the outspoken and sarcastic comments of the Southern press. In this case Davis, knowing Lee, backed his own judgment against that of the public, to find it triumphantly vindicated.

Lincoln had not had Davis's opportunities of becoming acquainted with the officers of the army of the United States. He did not know Grant, and could only judge of him as the public did, by his performances in the field. On April 6, 1862, Grant made, at the battle of Shiloh, a blunder which could be retrieved only by a heavy sacrifice of life. Public feeling was immediately stirred. Stories of the failing which had caused his resignation from the army were revived, and it was even said, on no evidence at all, that he had been drunk during the battle. Lincoln was pressed to remove him, but the President remembered that at a time when his other generals were finding abundant reasons for inaction Grant had

captured Forts Henry and Donelson, and that, if he had made a mistake at Shiloh, that mistake caused him not to retreat but to attack. His answer came pat to those who sought Grant's disgrace: 'I cannot spare this man. He fights.'

As late as March 1863, when the remarkable campaign which ended in the fall of Vicksburg had begun, Grant was still being pilloried in the Northern press. His troops, struggling with the floods of the Mississippi, had a hard life. 'Visitors to the camp,' Grant tells us, 'went home with dismal stories to relate; Northern papers came back to the soldiers with the stories exaggerated. Because I would not divulge my ultimate plans to visitors they pronounced me idle, incompetent, and unfit to command men in an emergency, and clamored for my removal.' Lincoln said at this time: 'I think Grant has hardly a friend except myself.' He wanted a fighter, and, believing that he had found such a one in General Grant, he stuck to him against all opposition.

In May 1863, before any decisive success had been won in the campaign for the control of the Mississippi, Lincoln had grasped what Grant was at, and had him informed that he had 'the full confidence of the Government.' 'With all the pressure brought to bear upon them,' Grant writes, 'both President Lincoln and General Halleck stood by me to the end of the campaign. I had never met Mr. Lincoln, and his support was constant.' Such should be, but too often is not, an invariable rule with statesmen in their relations with commanders in the field. The generals must be supported or removed; to keep them in command when they have evidence that they are distrusted at home is to place upon them a burden which may break them, and will certainly make it harder for them to win

victories. Yet in 1917 we find the French Government, on the eve of a great campaign, making it evident to the French commander, General Nivelle, that it had no confidence in his plans, while retaining him in military control and directing him to proceed with his battle. The story of Lincoln's early relations with Grant is evidence that it was no eagerness on the President's part to do the work of his soldiers, nor any dislike of soldiers in general, which brought about the friction between himself and McClellan.

Neither Lincoln's support nor the triumph of Vicksburg made Grant a popular hero. The critics had been chanting too recently upon one note to change enthusiastically to another. Indeed, few at the time realized the full significance of Vicksburg and of Gettysburg. The memories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville were too fresh to let men rejoice without fear of some early disillusionment. But when, in November 1863, Grant put energy and decision into the halting operations of the Union forces in Tennessee and won the victory of Chattanooga, the first genuine Thanksgiving since the outbreak of the Civil War was made possible, and the North realized that it had found a man. The rank of Lieutenant-General was revived for Grant, and he was summoned to Washington to be Commander-in-Chief of the Union forces.

I

In his account of his first interview with the President, Grant says Lincoln told him that all he wanted or had ever wanted was someone who would take responsibility and act and call on him for all the assistance he needed, and he pledged himself to use all the power of the Government in rendering such assistance. 'The President told me he

did not want to know what I proposed to do.'

It needed some severe self-control on Lincoln's part to say that. He had formed the habit of going daily to the War Department, and there, studying the latest telegrams and the maps with the position of the troops marked, he had taken to reading books on strategy and had been accustomed to make suggestions for their military movements to his generals. His brain was of that not uncommon type which finds delight in the intellectual exercise of framing military plans. Even now, when he had found his man and given him his complete confidence, he could not resist the temptation to produce a plan of campaign.

'He submitted,' Grant goes on, 'a plan of campaign of his own which he wanted me to hear and then do as I pleased about. He brought out a map of Virginia on which he had evidently marked every position occupied by the Federal and Confederate armies up to that time. He pointed out on the map two streams which empty into the Potomac, and suggested that the army might be moved on boats and landed between the mouths of these streams. We would then have the Potomac to bring our supplies and the tributaries would protect our flanks while we moved out. I listened respectfully, but did not suggest that the same streams would protect Lee's flanks while he was shutting us up.' That little story should be on the desk of every minister who finds himself in office during war.

When Grant assumed the chief control of the Union forces, effective unity of command was for the first time achieved in the North. He planned a great campaign against the Confederacy from the north, from the west, and from the coast, and decided himself to

accompany the Army of the Potomac, commanded by Meade, in its operations against Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. By thus keeping his most formidable opponent under his eye, and by selecting for the Army of the Potomac a line of advance which he believed would sufficiently cover the capital, while the Shenandoah Valley was controlled by another force of Federal troops, he allayed the anxieties for the safety of Washington which had proved the undoing of others. Halleck became Chief of the Staff and remained in Washington to act as the channel of communication between Grant and the Government, and as the interpreter of the soldier's military language. This arrangement, arrived at early in 1864, was not merely practical and sensible: it was ahead of any system for the conduct of war which had been devised in Europe until von Moltke, in 1866 and 1870, displayed the Prussian methods to an astonished military world.

The encouragement which Lincoln had given Grant when the soldier was in the West naturally tended to make relations between them easy when they met. But, apart from this, Grant was exactly fitted by character and mentality to coöperate with the President. He had not Lee's extraordinary skill in manœuvre, but he had the vision to see the military problem of the Union as a whole, the imagination to draw his plans on a big scale, the courage to stick to his plans in adversity, and a real understanding of the responsibilities and anxieties of the Government. He was not a talker, though he could express his ideas on paper clearly and succinctly; he was a man of action who thought before acting and knew his own mind, and that was the type of man for which Lincoln had been seeking.

'You are vigilant and self-reliant,'

wrote the President to him soon after Grant had taken the field, 'and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. . . . If there be anything wanting in my power to give, do not fail to let me know. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you.'

The pages of the *Official Records* are a clear indication of the change which Grant's appointment made in the conduct of the war. Until the Lieutenant-General entered upon his functions the correspondence between Lincoln and his generals had been frequent and voluminous. On the part of the soldiers it often consisted of complaints of the inefficiency of the administration or of requests for guidance upon matters which they should have decided for themselves; on Lincoln's part it comprised too frequently suggestions for military manœuvres forced from him because his generals showed doubts and hesitations. From March 1864 all this ceased. The bulk of Grant's correspondence was addressed to Halleck; he and the President rarely exchanged letters, and the latter, relieved from many worries and perplexities, became definitely master of his house. Grant took an early opportunity of assuring the powers in Washington of his gratitude for their zeal in supplying his needs, a pleasing change from the usual tenor of correspondence from the army. Soldier and statesman set about their business without interfering each with the other, and consequently the work of both prospered. This does not mean that Lincoln handed over to another his responsibility for the conduct of the war. The statesman cannot divest himself of such responsibility, and Lincoln made no attempt to do so. He read every line of Grant's reports and followed all his movements with the closest attention.

II

Grant's plan was to combine all the forces of the Union, naval and military, east and west, in one great co-ordinated effort, and with these forces 'to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our community to the Constitutional laws of the land.' The Northern forces were to work together with one object, that object being to deprive the centrally placed enemy of his chief weapon, manœuvre, by fastening on to his armies and compelling them to fight often and to fight hard. Some of the details of the execution of this plan may be criticized as lacking in finesse and as causing avoidable loss of life, but it gave to the Union forces a definite goal and a precise purpose for their efforts, which had been lacking heretofore, and was the simplest method of bringing the superior military power of the North into play.

Grant's appointment had been hailed with enthusiasm in the North, and the hopes which it aroused ran high. The appearance of a new commander in war is generally the signal for an outburst of popular acclamation. But a public always greedy for results quickly becomes impatient if it does not get them, and impatience is apt to change to disappointment and anger. When Grant's eagerly expected advance began and was followed by the long lists of casualties from the battlefields of the Wilderness, of Spotsylvania, and of Cold Harbor, grief produced anxieties which turned to grumblings against the new Commander-in-Chief. These grumblings had their political reactions, which, with the approach of the presidential election, were of importance. On July 2, 1864, Congress

moved the President to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer.

The situation was, indeed, not unlike that which, in 1916, followed the close of the battle of the Somme. That great battle, the first in which the British Empire was engaged as a whole, brought mourning into thousands of homes, and opened the eyes of the British public to the cost of a struggle for national existence. In return for the terrible price paid, the gains which the map showed appeared insignificant, and the exhaustion of the German armies, which Ludendorff has since disclosed to us, was unknown to the citizen if it was more than suspected by the soldiers. It is not surprising in the circumstances that the Allied statesmen wavered in their confidence in their generals, and determined to have 'no more Sommes.'

With the recent memory of those days in our minds, we may the more admire Lincoln's firmness and constancy. A few days after the ill-planned and costly assault at Cold Harbor he told Grant: 'I have just read your dispatch. I begin to see it. You will succeed. God bless you all.' Here was a reinforcement to Grant worth many thousands of men. Lincoln, having made up his mind to keep Grant, supported him when he most needed support; he saw that Grant was wearing out Lee's army and holding to it so tight that it could not manœuvre, and he told him that he both understood and approved. Two months later, on August 16, 1864, when Grant's assault upon Lee's lines at Petersburg had failed, when despondency in the North had again become general, and the demands for a peace of accommodation were increasing, Lincoln again wrote: 'I have seen your dispatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with

a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible.' This message, which gave Grant as clear an endorsement of his policy as any soldier could desire, is the more remarkable in that it followed on a mistake of Grant's which might well have shaken the President's confidence in him, and was sent at the time when Lincoln's political difficulties probably were greater than they were at any other period of the war.

III

When Grant moved the Army of the Potomac across the James to the siege of Petersburg, he was no longer well placed to supervise and direct the other forces of the Union. He had left a force in the Shenandoah Valley to block that favorite line of Confederate invasion; but this force, unskillfully handled, had been manœuvred out of the Valley in the middle of June by a Confederate contingent under Early, who promptly marched for the Potomac, crossed it, and moved on to Washington, arriving before the capital on July 11.

Now Early's force was far more formidable than Jackson's, which had created such alarm two years before, and the garrison of Washington in July 1864 was far weaker than that which McClellan had left when he sailed for the Yorktown Peninsula. Yet the contrast of the effect in Washington of Early's and Jackson's raids is remarkable. Grant had, of course, been informed of Early's progress and had dispatched troops to cover Washington, but the information had come to him somewhat tardily, and the troops had not arrived when Early was in Maryland and within a day's march of the scantily garrisoned forts covering the capital. In spite of this there were none of the hectic and ill-considered orders which Lincoln and Stanton had

showered upon their perplexed generals in 1862. Instead we find Lincoln telegraphing to Grant on July 10: 'General Halleck says we have absolutely no force here fit to go to the field. He thinks that with the 100-days men and the invalids we have here we can defend Washington and scarcely Baltimore. . . . Now what I think is that you should provide to retain your hold where you are certainly, and bring the rest with you personally, and make a vigorous effort to destroy the enemy's forces in this vicinity. I think there is really a big chance to do this if the movement is prompt. This is what I think upon your suggestion and is not an order.'

The calls upon Lincoln for help against the bold raider came from all parts of Maryland and of Pennsylvania in 1864 as they had in 1862, but they were very differently answered. Here is his reply to one urgent appeal for troops: 'I have not a single soldier but who is being disposed by the military for the best protection of all. By latest accounts the enemy is moving on Washington. Let us be vigilant and keep cool. I hope neither Washington nor Baltimore will fall.'

Neither Washington nor Baltimore fell, though it is possible that Early might have been able, on July 11, to get some troops into the capital for a few hours. Actually, he retreated on learning that the transports with Grant's troops had arrived off Washington. Grant well knew that the reinforcements he had sent would be ample to drive Early back, and he knew too that the purpose of the raid was to cause him to weaken his pressure on Petersburg. Therefore he replied to the President's suggestion that he himself should come to Washington with more troops: 'I think on reflection it would have a bad effect for me to leave here.' Lincoln accepted that decision without

question, and that acceptance, indeed the whole incident, displays his implicit confidence in Grant — a confidence due not to blind trust but to the effect upon Lincoln's mind of close and continuous observation of the soldier's methods and actions. Most of Lincoln's correspondence with Grant begins with the words 'I have seen' or 'I have read your dispatch'; and as proof that very little escaped the President's eye it may be mentioned that once, when — during the siege of Petersburg — the usual supply of Richmond newspapers did not reach Washington, Lincoln promptly telegraphed to know the reason for the intermission. Grant was well aware that there was in Washington one ready to support him when he needed help, to give him a hand if he tripped, to remove him if he failed. Lincoln left Grant to his task, but he did not leave him without control and assistance.

Early's raid, which might under a looser system of conducting war have saved Richmond, as it was saved in 1862, had no military results for the Confederacy save the material and supplies which he captured, and this was due to the relations Lincoln had established with his Commander-in-Chief. In fact, the one serious military consequence of the raid was Grant's determination to close finally the famous covered way from Virginia into Maryland, which had so vexed his predecessors and eventually himself. For that purpose, and at Lincoln's instigation, he personally supervised the preparation of Sheridan's expedition, which not only prevented the Confederates from again using the Valley as a means of relieving the dangers to Richmond, but also deprived Lee's army in the lines of Petersburg of its most convenient granary.

I have said that Grant personally directed the preparation for the last

campaign in the Shenandoah Valley at Lincoln's instigation. He had told Halleck from his headquarters before Petersburg what he wanted done, and on reading this communication Lincoln had at once telegraphed to him: 'I have seen your dispatch in which you say, "I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field with instructions to put himself south of the enemy and follow him to the death. Wherever the enemy goes let our troops go also."' This I think is exactly right, but . . . I repeat to you that it will not be done nor attempted unless you watch it every day and hour and force it.' Promptly came the answer: 'I start in two hours for Washington.'

But the sequel showed how truly Lincoln had understood the situation and the men around him. One visit from Grant did not suffice, for the cautious Halleck and the nervous Stanton were holding Sheridan's ardor in chains. Grant gives us an account of his second visit. 'On the fifteenth of September I started to visit General Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. My purpose was to have him attack Early and drive him out of the Valley and destroy that source of supplies for Lee's army. I knew that it was impossible for me to get orders through Washington to Sheridan to make a move, because they would be stopped there, and such orders as Halleck's caution (and that of the Secretary of War) would suggest would be given instead. . . . When Sheridan arrived I asked him if he had a map showing the positions of his army and that of the enemy. He at once drew one out of his pocket, showing all roads and streams and the camps of the two armies. He said that if he had permission he could move so and so (pointing out how) and he could "whip them." . . . I asked him if he could be ready

to get off by the following Tuesday. This was on Friday. Oh yes, he said, he could be off before daylight on Monday. I told him then to make the attack at that time and according to his plan.'

Again we see the fallacy of supposing that Lincoln left Grant entirely to himself. Sheridan's Valley campaign was due primarily to the President's initiative and judgment. He no longer intervened as he had done in May 1862; he had learned how to intervene wisely and opportunely.

IV

But I must return to the message of August 16, telling Grant to play the bulldog. If the one military result of Early's raid was to bring Sheridan down upon him, it had serious political consequences. The appearance of Confederate troops nearer to Washington than they had ever been before, and in more formidable guise, caused many in the North to despair of victory. These persons held that Grant's campaign had demonstrably failed, and that his fierce assaults upon Lee's lines had been so much useless butchery. Early in August, Horace Greeley had gone to Niagara Falls to meet a party of Confederate Commissioners, and a few weeks later he was imploring the President 'to inaugurate or invite proposals for peace forthwith,' while two other unofficial negotiators went to Richmond, where they met Davis. The wily Southern President, well aware of the feeling of depression in the North, was at pains to explain to them how much more favorable was the military situation of the South. Furthermore, the opposition to the Conscription Act, which had recently become law, threatened to provoke serious disturbances in several states. Even the gallant Army of the Potomac was at the time

depressed by the failure of its assaults on the Petersburg lines; while, to crown Lincoln's embarrassments, McClellan was preparing to take the field as a rival in the presidential campaign, with a plank in the party platform declaring the war to be a failure. The one bright spot was Farragut's victory on August 3 over the Confederate fleet at Mobile Bay.

Now Grant had undoubtedly been to blame for not preventing the cause of this public unrest, the appearance of Early before Washington. He had not watched events in the Shenandoah Valley closely enough, and he had not made sufficient provision for the protection of the capital, and he had timed the arrival of reinforcement to meet Early too finely. In such circumstances the head of the Government might well have said to him, 'You have let me into a pretty mess. For God's sake stop your bloody assaults; the public can't stand any more losses at present. Give me some showy success somewhere to enable me to restore confidence.' Instead he told Grant to play the bulldog and 'chew and choke,' and in so doing he thought of nothing but what was the right military policy, when he had every temptation to urge what was politically expedient. In every prolonged war there arises a time for both contestants when the strain has all but reached the breaking point. Victory then falls to that side which has the man with the courage and the vision and the skill to splice the rope and call for another pull. Such a man was Abraham Lincoln.

The President had not long to wait for the reward of his constancy. Within three weeks of his telling Grant to hold on, Sherman had entered Atlanta, and within five weeks Sheridan had twice defeated Early in the Valley, at Winchester and Fisher's Hill. On September 3, Lincoln was able to reply to

the demand for a day of humiliation which Congress had made two months earlier by calling for a day of thanksgiving for the victories of Farragut and Sherman, victories which had resolved political doubts and made his reelection certain.

But even when the success of Grant's combination against the Confederacy was becoming patent to the most pessimistic, Lincoln continued to watch his general as carefully as he did when fortune seemed to be withholding her smiles. I could furnish many proofs of this, but will be content with one more. In February 1865, Sheridan had completed his task of clearing the Shenandoah Valley, and Grant wanted his cavalry to move toward Richmond and help in the process of gradually overlapping Lee's lines around Petersburg. A part only of this correspondence appears to have been seen by Lincoln, and that part announced Sheridan's departure from the Valley. On February 25 the President telegraphed to Grant: 'General Sheridan's dispatch to you of to-day in which he says he "will be off on Monday" and that he will have behind him about five thousand men causes the Secretary of War and myself considerable anxiety. Have you considered whether you do not again leave open the Shenandoah Valley entrance to Maryland and Pennsylvania or at least to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad?' Grant's answer explained that Sheridan was referring to his cavalry only and that ample troops had been left to close the Valley entrance to Northern territory. This message actually crossed another from Lincoln, saying that he had discovered Sheridan's meaning and apologizing to Grant for having troubled him. This little incident, due to a misinterpretation of correspondence speedily rectified and trifling in itself, shows at least that Grant was under no illusion that even

the smallest of his actions were unobserved; and, while he had every reason to be confident that the President would not interfere with his military functions, he knew that he might at any moment be asked to explain either a commission or an omission.

V

But it was not only in his correspondence with Grant that Lincoln showed how nicely he appreciated the functions of the civil and the military power in war. As the hold of the Union upon Southern territory grew firmer, attempts were made to organize some form of government in the occupied territory. Certain of the Northern generals found themselves in difficulties when confronted by the, to them, unwonted task of reconciling military necessities with civil government. In August 1864, General Butler proposed to settle such difficulties with the inhabitants by taking a popular vote. Lincoln promptly wrote him: 'Nothing justifies the suspending of the civil by the military authority but military necessity, and of the existence of that necessity the military commander and not a popular vote is to decide. Whatever is not within that necessity must be left undisturbed.' Similar problems arose in West Mississippi, where General Curly was in command. To him Lincoln wrote: 'I do not wish either cotton or the new state government to take precedence of the military while the necessity for the military remains, but there is strong public reason for treating both with so much favor as may not be substantially detrimental to the military.'

Lincoln had in fact worked out a definite formula for the relations between statesmen and soldiers in a democracy at war, and that formula has not since been improved. That

he was fully conscious of the dangers of an excessive exercise of his dictatorial powers, and of the necessity of adjusting to a nicety the claims of military necessity and of popular control, is shown by a little speech which he made on November 10, 1864, two days after his reelection to the Presidency, to a party of supporters who had come to serenade him: 'It has long been a grave question whether any government, not too strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion brought our government to a severe test, and a presidential election . . . added not a little to the strain. . . . In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this, we will have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged.'

It is in the belief that 'the incidents of this' may still be studied 'as philosophy to learn wisdom from' that I have prepared these papers.

Before I say good-bye to Lincoln and Grant I must give a last example to show how clear was the line which the President had drawn in his mind between the functions of policy and strategy. In the last days of February 1865 the agony of the Confederacy was nigh and there were suggestions for a conference between Lee and Grant with the object of reaching a settlement. Grant applied to Washington for instructions and the answer came from the War Secretary, but it had been drafted by Lincoln himself: 'The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee unless it be for the capitulation of General Lee's army or on some minor and purely military matter. He

instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions.'

When that famous meeting between Lee and Grant took place at Appomattox Court House, Lincoln made no attempt to dictate to Grant the terms of surrender to be imposed upon the Army of Northern Virginia, that being a 'purely military matter.' But it is hard to believe that Grant's noble generosity was not inspired by those yet more noble words with which, just a month before, Lincoln had closed his second inaugural address: 'With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'

VI

'Fools,' wrote Bismarck, 'say they learn from their own experience. I have always contrived to get my experience at the expense of others.' We might have learned from the experience of Germany how to create a system for the conduct of war. We did not do so, because we did not fully understand what that experience was. We were disposed to think that Germany's striking military success in 1866 and 1870 was due entirely to her methods of training soldiers and the organization of her General Staff. When, toward the end of his life, von Moltke said that, in whatever direction other nations might develop their strength, Germany would remain superior in the command, most of us thought that he was referring to

the German General Staff system. We were, I think, wrong in this. Von Moltke meant that Germany had thought out a system for the conduct of war and the other nations had not. When mobilization was ordered the old King William, Bismarck, and von Roon knew their duties and places as thoroughly as did the humblest reservist tramping to his place of muster. This was not because they wore the *Pickelhaube* instead of the top hat, but because they had thought about the matter.

We know now that there was a defect in von Moltke's system. It did not provide for the fact which von Moltke had not foreseen: that in the modern nation in arms the military part in the combined effort is but twenty-five per cent of the whole. So that when the system was directed by second-rate men in 1914 the immediate military advantage to be gained by violating the frontier of Belgium was seized and the consequences of tearing up a treaty in the eyes of the world were overlooked. There was at no time much fear that we should give the military element in any system for the conduct of the war excessive prominence, and we might, had we been ready to learn from the experiences of others, have taken the good in von Moltke's plans and adapted them to our use. That good was the outcome neither of militarism nor of Prussianism, but of thought and common sense.

Were we shy of turning to Prussia for lessons in political science, we might have learned from the experience of Abraham Lincoln, who, when he visited the armies of the Union, did wear a top hat. We had gone into the war against Russia in 1854 with a system which invited defeat. 'The expedient,' says Kinglake, 'of dividing the control of our army between the Sovereign and the Sovereign's Government

continued to work its effects upon our military administration throughout the time of the Regency, throughout the two reigns that followed; and even after that time, during many a year, there was no removal of the constitutional deformity, no abatement of the evil it caused.

'A due sense of justice, however, commands us to remember and own that before our quarrel with Russia, and indeed until several years afterward, the idea of constituting a War Department upon sound principles had not passed through that long ordeal of discussion which is commonly required in England for the ripening of great public questions.'

The 'long ordeal of discussion' lasted more than fifty years. It left us eventually with a reorganized War Department and General Staff, but we had not, in August 1914, reached the position at which Lincoln had arrived in March 1864. We had not got so far even as considering the organization of the great General Headquarters of the Empire, the establishment of a system for the conduct of war.

One of the reasons why we did not learn what to my thinking is the chief lesson of the American Civil War is that this subject has been curiously neglected by British students of war. Hamley does not mention it. Henderson, who more than any other has moulded modern British military opinion, in his *Life of Stonewall Jackson* is concerned with the least fortunate period of Lincoln's war administration. He devotes a good many pages to the evils of civilian control and makes but a brief reference to Lincoln's abdication of his military functions in Grant's favor. The consequence of this is that it has been a common practice for British writers on military matters to fulminate against political interference in strategy, and it has not been difficult

for them to find numerous instances, both in the history of the American Civil War and in the history of other wars, in which political interference has been utterly mischievous. These fulminations leave the statesman cold because he is aware that there must be civilian control of strategy, and he is therefore apt to ascribe them either to military ignorance of political science or to the soldier's lust of power.

I think it is true to say that the general impression in the minds of students of the American Civil War is that Lincoln, great as he was, failed as a war minister save when he handed over the entire direction of military affairs to Grant. I have endeavored to show that this is not a correct judgment. The fathers of the study of strategy, Jomini and Clausewitz, both recognized that political control is not merely unavoidable but essential. Clausewitz, who wrote the military gospel of the most militaristic of modern Powers, said:—

'None of the main plans which are necessary for a war can be made without insight into the political relations, and people say something quite different from what they mean when they talk of the harmful influence of policy on the conduct of war. It is not the influence but the policy which they should blame. If the policy is sound—that is, if it hits the mark—it can affect the war only in its own sense and only advantageously; and when this influence diverts the war from its purpose the source must be sought in a mistaken policy.'

We can, I think, carry Clausewitz's conclusion a stage further and say, from the experiences of the American Civil War and of the Great War, that it is necessary both that policy and strategy should be sound and that statesman and soldier should mutually understand each other's functions and needs.

Jefferson Davis had no clear policy, and a brilliant soldier could not win victory without that aid which policy should have given. The Confederate President cannot, as I have tried to show, fairly be charged with undue interference with the operations of his generals in the field; the charge, rather, should be that he did not interfere enough and in the right way. Abraham Lincoln had a very definite and an entirely sound policy from the beginning of the war, but he did not know how to translate that policy into instructions to McClellan, and McClellan did not know what advice to give his political chief, nor indeed was he aware that it was his duty to advise him at all.

The Clausewitzian method of the abstract study of these problems is not one which is calculated to rouse much interest, save in a few professional students, and that does not suffice. If we are to deal effectively with that great evil, war, when it comes, then the methods of dealing with it must be understood by all men and women of intelligence who have the interests of their country at heart. If we leave the organization of government in time of war to be evolved by experience, then we shall, history tells us, have to buy that experience at a terrible price.

I have great hopes that the authority and influence of the League of Nations will eventually be such as to make war on a great scale impossible. But no one can say that this is so yet. Even the Covenant of the League envisages the possibility of war, and while war is a possibility it behooves the many among us who have had experience of war to ponder these things, and to leave to our descendants a better system of conducting war than we enjoyed.

There is another reason for seeking to create some greater interest than is at present taken in this all-important matter of relations between soldiers and

statesmen. Public opinion has become an element of the first importance in the conduct of war. I am among those who believe that in future wars the prime object of the contending nations will be the destruction, not of the opposing forces, but of what the Germans call the 'will to victory' of the opposing peoples. The immense extent of the increase of the zone of danger due to the introduction of aircraft has, it is generally admitted, brought the civil population into a jeopardy almost, if not quite, as great as that which confronts those who bear arms. The moral of the nation is therefore likely to be as important a factor in war as the moral of armies has always been. The defeat of the enemy's main forces, hitherto held to be the first aim of strategy, becomes only a means to an end, which may even be obtained without that means. For a people may find the continuance of war to be intolerable. The statesman who can hold a nation to its purpose, as Lincoln did in July and August 1864, is to-day as necessary as was and is the general who can rally the drooping energies and spirits of a weary army for a further effort. In a long and fiercely contested war there comes a time when exhausted human nature craves for any alternative to conditions which seem beyond endurance. Then the most gallant spirits lose confidence, the less brave become craven; and it is then that 'the spark in the breast of the commander must rekindle hope in the hearts of his men, and so long as he is equal to his task he remains their commander. When his influence ceases and his own spirit is no longer strong enough to revive the spirit of others, the masses, drawing him with them, sink into the lower region of animal nature which recoils from danger and knows not shame. Such are the obstacles which the brain and

courage of the military commander must overcome if he is to make his name illustrious.'

The qualities which Clausewitz required of his general at the beginning of the nineteenth century are to-day also required of the statesman — leader of the nation in arms. But if statesman and soldier are to accomplish their hard tasks they must be protected against the pressure and abuse of the ignorant. The mischief which an ill-informed public opinion could do in wars of the past, in which it was subjected to no such strain as it may have to endure in wars of the future, is clear to anyone who cares to read the history of war. Clamor in the press for the removal of this statesman or that soldier may, if it is made without knowledge of what the conduct of war is and requires, cause the downfall of a Lincoln, a Lee, or a Grant.

As long as war is a possibility, we need, as a beginning of preparation, a system of government in time of war that is known and understood by statesmen, soldiers, and people, or at least by those who guide public opinion, and in which the precise functions of ministers and military chiefs are clearly defined. One of the reasons why almost every war upon which we have entered for the last hundred and fifty

years has begun disastrously for us is that we have never understood the difference between government in peace and in war. We have tried slowly and painfully to adapt the peace machinery during the struggle to purposes for which it was never intended. War may be likened to epidemic disease. The first object is to prevent the occurrence of the evil. That is the task of one kind of expert, who discovers the cause of the disease, isolates the germ, and prepares the antitoxin. If the evil comes, specialist and general practitioner work together, each in his own rôle, to drive off the disease with the least possible loss of life, but the task of both is rendered tenfold more difficult if they are dealing with an ignorant people, who know not the virtues of cleanliness and sanitation, who mistrust and resist their efforts to heal. So it is with war. The first task of the statesman is to prevent it by discovering and removing its causes. In that task he needs the intelligent coöperation of the people. If war comes, he calls on the soldier practitioner, but again the coöperation of the people is required. The three — statesman, soldier, and people — can only work together in harmony when the duties and functions of each are understood by all.

THE ALTERED BASIS OF RELIGIOUS AUTHORITY

BY DAVID E. ADAMS

For many people the question of religious authority is one of the most perplexing problems in our whole modern thought about religion. It is a perfectly natural human tendency to desire to find authority. We turn instinctively in any field to the person who knows, or who seems to know, what he is talking about.

Before the time of Jesus the Jews had their Law, the recorded deliverances of priest, prophet, and historian, which represented to them the total impress of their God upon the life of their nation, issuing in the Decalogue and the great mass of legal elaboration and interpretation which had accumulated down through the years. The appeal to authority on the part of the religious leaders was always to this body of accumulated tradition, to the historic cases of 'thus saith the Lord.'

When Jesus appeared on the scene, however, He spoke in a very different manner. While He frequently referred to the historical background of the Jewish faith, and showed Himself completely familiar with the literary material in which that history was enshrined, He did not appeal to the Jewish Law as an authority. He spoke directly to the people, uttering truths and teachings which found such a response in the hearts and in the minds of His hearers that they at once and instinctively recognized Him as a competent authority in the field which He had chosen. Even the least learned of them could see at once the difference

between the scribe, pointing back to Moses, and Jesus with His ringing 'I say unto you.'

After the conclusion of the earthly ministry of Jesus, there were bound to be difficulties about this matter of authority. We find traces of that difficulty, and of the effort to solve it, all through the Book of the Acts and the Letters of Paul. We must remember that the very early Christian group were practically all Jews, brought up under the Law, and believing implicitly in all its ordinances. The question immediately came up with these people — did the old Law hold for them in all its aspects? What about the cases where Jesus' words seemed to conflict with it? Was Christianity a new religious system, complete in itself, or was it to be regarded as a development of the old, carrying the body of the old along with it?

At first it is plain that the followers of Jesus for the most part continued to observe the Jewish Law, and to worship in the temple and in the synagogues. The real complication came, however, when Gentiles began to turn to Christianity. In a brilliant recent discussion of this period Dr. McGiffert, of Union Theological Seminary, points out that these early Gentile converts had behind them none of the traditional Jewish religious background. To them Jesus was everything, and His teachings the sum total of the new faith. Their difficulty was not at all in accepting so winsome a gospel, but in taking on with it the vast mass of Jewish tradition and

observance. To many of them, Jesus was the Lord — and they knew little and cared less about the ancient God of the Hebrews. And so there shortly came to be two parties in the early Church, one party headed by Peter, which demanded that the new converts conform in every respect to all the requirements of the Jewish Law, including circumcision; and another party, headed by Paul, which claimed that for Gentile converts all this was not necessary, but that acceptance of Jesus as Lord, and the effort to live according to His teaching, were the essential basis of the Christian Church. Paul finally won his contention, and the Church stepped out into the Greek world, freed from the fettering bonds of Jewish legalism, though carrying over, through its acceptance of Jesus, that which was really essential in the spirit of Hebrew monotheism. At that point the basis of religious authority shifted from the Jewish Law to the teachings of Jesus.

The new Church developed a literature of its own — the Letters of Paul, the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the rest. But during the period before this literature became generally accepted, and before the Church extended very far beyond Asia Minor and Greece, there was a time during which the Church itself did not yet appear as the source of authority, because it had not yet become sufficiently institutionalized or traditionalized. And it is during this period that we find the effort to restate the idea of Christianity so as to make it clearer and more acceptable, not to Jews, but to people whose intellectual background was that of Greek philosophy. John's Gospel represents that effort. The authority of Christianity for this writer lies, not in a traditional body of law, and not solely in the words of a man, Jesus, but in an Idea proceeding from God, and

expressing itself in the *life* of a man, Jesus.

The Church continued its westward progress. All roads led to Rome. The generations rose and fled away. The centuries rolled by. The Church developed as an institution, hardening into a form modeled upon Latin imperialism. In due time Paul was largely forgotten, and the Church harked back to Peter, the Rock of Christianity. The head of the Church at Rome came to be regarded as his successor by direct apostolic inheritance, the vicar of God on earth, endowed with the power of the keys. The legalistic tradition once more came uppermost, and authority rested, not with the Jewish Law, not with the teachings of Jesus, not with the Idea made manifest in flesh, but with the Church — an authority expressed in the *papal decrees*.

Again the scene shifts as the centuries intervene. Just as the Jewish Law became an increasing burden upon the Jews, so the requirements of the Church, arising to a large extent out of its temporal necessities, became a burden upon thoughtful men of the Middle Ages, until the time came when it seemed to some that the temporal outweighed the spiritual, and that the great organization was dying at the top from dry rot. This feeling burst into expression as the Protestant Reformation, a revolt against the assumption of power and authority by the Church. The Church of Rome went on its way little altered by these events. But there came into being a great protesting group, which followed Martin Luther in the declaration that the authority of religion lay in the Bible. This conception has dominated the Protestant branch of the Christian Church from then until now. Paul came into his own again, and upon his speculations as to the meaning of the life of Jesus, and of His death, there

was built the magnificent structure of the Calvinistic theology, with its austere doctrines of salvation, of divine election, of eternal punishment — doctrines which have set their stamp upon the thinking of all the early period of New England, and which still linger in many of the hymns we sing, and in many of the ideas which intelligent people to-day have uncritically inherited along with the other antiques which came over in the Mayflower.

But there is going on to-day a tremendous revulsion in the religious attitude of thinking people. We are not as ready as we once were to accept either antiques or ideas without critical examination and evaluation. We want our mental as well as our mahogany furniture to be genuine. And we don't care to have anything put over on us in the name of tradition, either by a merchant or by a minister.

In other words, as the horizon of man's knowledge has broadened, he has come to realize that he has been willing to accept a good deal, under the guise of sanctity, which will not stand the test of historical investigation. He throws out the sham antique which he bought in the callow ignorance of his early collecting days. And he likewise quietly discards some things which he was taught to believe in Sunday school when he was a boy. 'There are about one hundred and fifty things,' said a young man the other day, 'in the Old Testament that *could n't* have happened.' He understated it.

The point is this. The basis of religious authority is again shifting. Intelligent people can no longer accept the whole Bible as it stands as having implicit religious authority. For we have learned through the study of history what the Bible is and how it came to be, and we have come to the point where each man must decide for himself in the light of his own best

knowledge and experience what there is in that Book, what there is in the Church, what there is in the Christian faith, that is valid for him, in the light of conscience, in the light of his own best moral judgment, in the light of that little spark of the divine which God has lighted in his soul.

The final basis of religious authority for you is yourself, your mind working on all that has come down in the religious tradition of Christianity, and selecting and making your own those things which satisfy the requirements of your intelligence, of your moral judgment, of your spiritual hunger.

That is a big step to take if one has not thought about it. And yet, as a matter of fact, there are few people who have not unconsciously taken it long since in the practical application of their Christian faith to their workaday life and affairs. Is there anyone who accepts even the teachings of Jesus as his absolute religious authority, to such an extent that he is, to the best of his ability, applying every single injunction of the Sermon on the Mount to all his daily affairs? Yet the reader was doubtless surprised at the statement in so many words that the basis of religious authority is shifting from the Bible to the individual. Each one of us exercises his personal judgment constantly as to what portions of the teachings of Jesus are valid for him, in these days, under the conditions in which he is placed. And he exercises that right of private judgment far more in regard to other parts of the Bible than he does with regard to the Sermon on the Mount. He uses his knowledge of history and of science and of comparative religion to check up, to allow for mistakes, to discount exaggeration, to recognize the human element through which certain great divine truths have been expressed and handed down. He does, in other words, exactly what Jesus

did with the history of His people as He knew it — he applies to it the test of intelligent study, and reserves the right to interpret it in the light of the best judgment God has given him. And the man who does that may speak as Jesus did, with an authority born of his own sense of religious certainty, and not as did the scribes, depending solely upon a traditional body of rules.

The modern man, therefore, who insists that he shall be free to use his private judgment in matters of religion, is coming directly back to the stand which Jesus took. 'Ah,' one may say, 'but this modern man is n't qualified to judge. He is n't the Son of God — he has n't the qualities of mind and heart that Jesus had.' No, he has n't. And that is why, save in the exceptional case, he is not trying to set himself up as a messiah. But he has enough of these qualities, if he will develop and use them, to serve for his own guidance in religion. No man is the Son of God in the exact way that Jesus was. But Jesus himself pointed out that every one of us is a child of God, with the divine spark in his breast. That is the very centre of Jesus' whole gospel. And as such we are kin to Him to an extent that gives us the right, if we follow Him truly, to claim the same privilege that He claimed, as to finding our own basis of religious authority.

Thus we have come back around the circle: the basis of authority passed from Jesus to the Church, from the Church to the Book, and now has passed from the Book back to the individual, taking his stand at the side of his Master in the earnest search for divine truth.

That is a large conception, and many will not accept it, but in that direction lies the solution of those difficulties faced by the man of to-day who sees a fundamental inconsistency between large parts of the Bible and his knowledge of the history and nature of the world, and who feels a certain incongruity between the total ideal of Christianity as preached in the churches and as practised in the ordinary affairs of so-called Christian people. The solution lies in the right of every high-minded man to work out his own conception of moral and religious truth, preserving only those phases of traditional precept and practice which he can intelligently accept as valid, because they approve themselves to his own best judgment. The final basis for religious authority for each one of us lies in his own soul at its best, the spark of God within himself, whereby he recognizes truth and beauty, and comes to feel that he too, in his small way, may speak as one having authority.

CONCERNING REVIEWERS OF SORTS

BY MARGARET LYNN

I

I HAVE just finished reading an article in a recent review, a somewhat extended criticism of a new philosophical work. Neither the subject nor the discussion of it interested me greatly, I confess, and yet I followed to the end with growing eagerness and came to the conclusion with some regret. I was counting the mistakes in grammar, and, with the enthusiasm of one pursuing research of any kind, I wished to see result mounting to a maximum. There were only four, however, and with the baulked zeal of the faultfinder on my hands I was perhaps a little disappointed. I had scarcely found the quest fruitful enough to meet my expectation. But the grammatical erring was supplemented with a quality of diction, a warping past its aim, — what one might define as a general waviness of locution, — which blurred before the mental vision and which combined with the grammar to establish the typical quality of the writing.

I had a bad gratification finally. There was much use of 'transcendental,' to be sure, and of 'homiletic' and 'idealism' and other terms which seem to belong to philosophy and which certainly always do give an air to writing. They impress me. But how can I be impressed with the writer's 'transcendental' when a little three-lettered word like 'due' eludes his handling? And how can I be sure of his recognizing any relations in pure thought when a definite and logical matter like coördi-

nation of phrases is beyond his ability? I cannot at all be certain that he is qualified to speak of reasoning or of mental processes when mere correlative structure is too much for his management.

'Methinks,' as Boyle says, 'this should suggest to me some reflection or other.' And it does. It suggests a reflection on the body of reviewing of which this article is representative, and thus reminds me of sister grievances. For, however much pleasure there may be in having an opinion justified, there is not necessarily pleasure in forming that opinion initially. It may arise out of literary annoyances, out of the rasping and scraping of one's mental surface and what one calls one's taste. And there is nothing pleasurable in that. To be sure, we put ourselves in the way of irritation frequently. Few persons are really required to read book reviews. And yet we do it. We read them, I suspect, largely in the mood in which we listen to gossip about persons, diverted with the chitchat, tentatively half-acceptant, but intending to form our own opinions anyway. And yet, with no compulsion whatever, we continue to read them. Weekly we glance at three or four critical periodicals, with their offering of praise or blame; monthly or quarterly we read more carefully a more serious body of criticism. The quantity of comment on current books is steadily and zealously increasing. How many more weekly

reviews are there than there were ten years ago? One must go cautiously in saying that we have no more critics of authority and seasoned judgment than we had two or three decades ago. But certainly we do increase enormously, with the fecundity which seems to belong to the unnecessary, the body of applied judgments. Criticism lingers, but reviewing comes — and comes often like Dian's kiss. Is it possible that in time the marginal notes will exceed the text? Shall we see only a meander of books in a marshy meadow of criticism? One who wishes to turn confidently and occasionally to a guide which will help him to pick his steps among the publications of the season finds himself beset with clamorous mentors. He discovers it easier to choose among books than among opinions of books.

Some of all this we do take seriously. We often suspect that we are thought to take it all seriously. Somebody, somewhere, must think that he is assisting our opinions and directing our selections and omissions and perhaps forming our taste — nay, more than this, that he is lending encouragement to one meritorious or original development in literature or sternly and authoritatively frowning upon another less worthy. Well, no doubt he has his influence, whether for the good of literature or not. But often we criticize the critics. Judgment stimulates reciprocal judgment.

No one can say that there is anything novel in this. Since the pleasure of criticism was first discovered there has been known a corresponding pleasure in biting the biter. And it must be acknowledged that the critic has generally presented a more pachydermatous front to stings and fangs than his own subjects commonly do. It would be nothing new to point vindictively or restively to his errors of judgment, to

his vagrant taste, to his limited scholarship and his faulty theory. That has been done, sometimes justly, sometimes unjustly. Several recent articles have discussed, more or less reasonably, the limitations of the reviewer. It is not really necessary for anyone to add to this body of lively retort. Yet temptation is always jogging one's elbow with a 'Now, while you feel like it!' and thrusting a pen into one's titillated fingers.

It is true that one does often feel like it, as for example when one reads such an article as I have cited. And there is satisfaction in yielding to temptation once in a way. But the objection which I wish to offer deals with a very plain and prosaic matter. I lift no exalted tone. I raise no question of poetic or dramatic theory, of free verse or rime, of plot or chaos, of realism or unrealism. My first complaint is on a very humble scale. I venture to find fault initially, not with the reviewer's utterances, but with the medium through which he tries to express himself. I asperse his parts of speech.

II

For the reviewer logically turns our attention to matters of style and phrase, and opens our mind to the whole theme of rhetorical expression. While we read his judgment of a book, the writing which is under our eye becomes in turn, through the alert mood he causes, the subject of our own comment. The gods *are* just, and the easy and lazy vices of his composition in their turn furnish the material for remark upon himself. He hands us his own cat-o'-nine-tails. He provides us also with a warm impulse. We have been misled. Why are we reading judgments from the hand of one who perhaps line by line and sentence by sentence is writing himself down unskilled

and unobservant — in style, in structure, perhaps even in diction? We know that we are not cast as critics, but the sharper his comment, or the more dogmatic, the more critical we in our humble turn become. That the matter of our objection lies in points which the reviewer perhaps despises does not make our exasperation the less irking, or the reading of his work the less difficult. After all, what constitutes a critic? Who gives him his warrant and to whom has he given bond for honesty and ability? Of course the answer to that is, no one. No warrant, no bond, is needed. The field is an open one, for the publisher or editor who wishes to establish a new critical journal as well as for the man who writes for it.

It is not fair to enter an arraignment without citation of misdemeanors, and complete and apt illustration takes much space. But to furnish sufficient would be easy. It is a pity to clutter a good page in a literary magazine with what looks like a list of phrases for correction in a disciplinary exercise. But I have said that my comment would begin with elementary matters and I must hope that the blameless page will bear with these trivialities. On one leaf, for example, of a long-established and generally respectable review are to be found such utterances as the following: 'To anyone interested in writers or present-day letters *Be Good, Sweet Maid* cannot fail to interest' . . . 'even when she is most ludicrous, which is often' . . . 'Just why she elected to write her story backward is not easy to guess or justify' . . . 'While Miss Kelley achieves some interesting effects through the angularity of vision she employs' . . . (Perhaps one should explain that the writer here means 'angle' of vision.) These seem trivial enough, as quotations, but I put them together because they occurred within two columns of one of the older

reviews. In another number I discover: 'A shell-shocked soldier whom the doctor thought should be put to farming' . . . 'the man who was kind of alien among them'. . . 'It is a plethora of astonishing images all based on a Gargantuan scale and which follow each other with a consistent rapidity.' To illustrate the sensitive ear of the reviewer I might cite, 'One has written this who has heard the tide's sound along hollow wooden sides.' It may not be important to mention such slips as 'a modern phenomena,' 'onto,' 'most unique,' 'neither of them know,' of a type which one may pick up in any highway. I am not quoting from obscure and provincial reviews, but from the best of metropolitan weeklies. In one half-hour of recent reading I came upon 'fiction and otherwise,' 'satire which resembles annoyance,' 'a human.' I read no more criticism that night!

Nor are these plain departures from accepted use more annoying than the frequently appearing inexactness of diction. Any reader might give sufficient illustrations of that. But to give them in their context would require too much space; and objection to them could not be established without the context. Whoever reads the articles I am citing knows how often the word is used out of its meaning, how often it is beside the mark instead of upon it, how often its placing has no warrant in accepted use. No higher degree of exasperation enters into one's common moods than that which accompanies such reading. It is like being set down to face badly matched wall paper, like driving forever past crooked corn rows, like being housed with curtains hung askew. This inexactness, to be sure, is often accompanied by a pleasant — or labored — picturesqueness of phrasing or by a show of literary terms or figures. The most of us readers can be impressed momentarily with a ready and

easy summoning of 'colophon' and 'mordant' and 'macabre' and 'Marinism,' with the pen that every moment seems to have 'Gargantuan' or 'Rabelaisian' near its tip. But such promising and flavored terms do not keep our eyes long from the hazy surface of the general statement of the criticism. There is a love of precision in language which is hardly separable from the love of truth. And should we be offered criticism which does not attempt, however fumblingly, to speak truth? Reverence for language is to the writer what expectation of pure tone is to the lover of music, what hope of the inalterable line is to the artist.

But we do not seek far before we find a logical reason for this slackness of speech; we discover it in the current utterances upon style, representative of the writer's standards. When the present reviewer discusses style he usually means only phrase making. His comment is often only comment on striking phrases. Vivid adjective-noun combinations please him, borrowings of all forms and frames of the concrete, — that visualization may pass for thought, — words jauntily poised on half-meanings, snatchings at borrowed connotations. These things have their sensational or impressionistic effect. They have their place, we readers all agree — sometimes an honest place. But pleasure in them should not set them too high. They are rarely actual conductors of the current of thought — rather, striking floats upon its surface. Imagism seldom includes predication. A higher satisfaction in reading comes from recognizing clarity and precision in the statement of thought than from observing the ornaments of it. There is less gratification in saying 'How striking!' than in saying 'How complete!' It is hardly fair that in critical comment the sensational, perhaps crudely sensational, style of one

writer should so often be praised and the unhurried faithfulness of another be passed without mention. If the reviewer made sterner requirements of his own diction and his own phrasing, would he be more aware of the relative values of these widely differing styles which he discusses?

The cant terms of reviewing — how wearisomely well we know them! They move along in a steady procession in time, but each one takes far too long in passing a given point in our vision. There was 'intriguing' — how hard it was finally to restrain impatience at sight of it, and how long it remained in vogue! There was 'flair,' there was 'nuance' — faded flowers of yesterday's reviewing. To-day there is 'gesture' — what critic sits down to his desk without it! There is 'cerebration' — one needs exclamation points in speaking of them! They go in flocks. The linotype knows them and rattles them off automatically: 'outstanding,' — preferably 'most outstanding,' — 'convincing, inevitable, ruthless, mid-Victorian, relentless, arresting, erotic, exotic, stark, impregnated.' Folk poetry is not more fully composed of stock expressions. And its use of them is scarcely more ingenuous. I wish that — for example — everyone who avails himself of a scornful 'Victorian' could be challenged to define what in the history of society and literature 'Victorian' really stands for. Little does he seem to know, usually, of the great mid-nineteenth-century period. The word has slipped into his vague vocabulary, and when he reaches half-blindly for a term it rises to his hand. It is little wonder that the language of an author passes with but slight objection or with praise when the critic writes from the same dictionary.

Some men wish to write as if the language they use were their peculiar possession, as if they might neglect

meanings or formations, or scorn established relations or history found in linguistic custom, or disregard the niceties of speech. A man may do so, as he may assert his originality or superiority by wearing his hat in company or performing the arts of the toilet in public. His assertiveness and consciousness do not make him the less a boor. Nor does one's manhandling of language — which is by no means his to manhandle — make him less a churl in letters.

III

It is doubtful whether, in the matter of ordinary prose virtues, style is improving in current writing. Fecundity, of which we have enough, does not seem to mean excellence. Mere love of phrasing, in popular writing, is crowding out plain logical merits, the kind of merits which should be taken for granted in prose. If a man is a gentleman you do not tell him so, and in fact he is surprised if you do. He supposes that certain qualities or habits are mentioned only if their absence is notable. Likewise certain prose qualities should be so much a matter of course that the lack of them furnishes matter for remark. But organized sentence structure — to speak again, if I may be allowed, of a fundamental and elementary subject — is to many writers of the moment a negligible thing; mere coherence and unity are musty fetishes of the rhetorician. In *Jacob's Room* Virginia Woolf speaks of the 'sentences that will not budge though armies cross them.' The favorite sentence of the current novelist, both British and American, will budge. It will open a gate at a complaisant comma and let all the world through. No composition can have the most satisfying and clearly defined movement if it proceeds by throwing two or three unrelated statements into one sentence,

merely bunching predication. I apologize for introducing an utterance so purely didactic. But all that many a writer seems to require in his sentence is clubbable clauses; to him parallelism or dependence is unnecessary. Though armies cross it! Such a sentence flies asunder at a mere shake. And the sentence is the vehicle on which all statement must move.

But when do the critics of passing prose speak of this? And how often do they themselves err! There is no simpler or more practical test of a man's logic and his organized thinking than his use of coördination in composition. Prosaic though it is, the placing of the semicolon is exponential of high virtue. It is a sign — in the present system of punctuation — of civilization and sophistication in writing. When this period of cluttered composition has passed, someone may well write an ode to the semicolon. A recent book of very wide publicity, and one might say notoriety, was discussed in almost every periodical which publishes criticism. Only one review, so far as I know, — my examination was very likely incomplete, — made any objection to the style. And the book reads like a first draft — executed, even at that, by an untrained writer. When it was discussed in conversation — I add this to show that I am not merely opposing my judgment to that of the reviewers — its slovenliness of language and of form was invariably mentioned. I have heard a dozen persons of letters condemn its quality. Why did the critics, at the very utmost, tacitly condone it? Whatever the final placing of the work may be, the initial handling of it is a blot on American criticism. But unfortunately such quality as this may often be paralleled in criticism itself. How often does the commentator make faith in him impossible by means of his own confused form of statement!

IV

One more matter gives an irking dissatisfaction. A reader does long for perspective in judgment, perhaps especially in admiration. Whoever utters it should recognize scales of expression. But where is scale to be found? If a book is praised, as it most frequently is, an experimental first novel may draw the same degree of commendatory terms as the solid work of Conrad or Hardy. 'A wonderful book,' you read, 'a radiant book,' 'one finds fresh ecstasy on every page,' 'epoch-making,' 'the most outstanding book of the year.' Superlatives crowd superlatives. Of a story by a current novelist, whose work inclines much to the sentimental and whose charm is in a certain slight quaintness, a reviewer says, 'The story moves to its inevitable climax with all the starkness and beauty and majesty of a Greek tragedy.' Now can you believe it? Has he really read the Greek tragedies? In another place I have found, thus worded, 'The tragedy the writer depicts are the dark poignant emotions of an everyday existence.' How long, I ask, does existence maintain everyday character if it is filled with dark poignant emotions?

At this point of writing I paused to examine two recent numbers of a very good periodical, one whose serious judgments are by no means to be scorned and whose purpose is in general honest and acceptable. In the first I looked at thirteen consecutive reviews. In five of these the books discussed proved to be of superlative or even of unique value. In the second number I read ten discussions, taking them as they came in order. Out of these ten, five dealt with works supreme in their class or at least in a supreme class. 'One of the few greatest' was as mild and judicial a term as was used of them. 'One of the greatest novels ever written in

America' — ah, that saving 'one of'! How it protects the critical integrity! I did not count 'the best publisher's success of the author' among the ten. Mr. Louis Bromfield, writing on this point in a recent article, states that examination of reviews of novels in all American periodicals of one year shows that they pronounced one hundred and thirty-seven each to be 'the best novel of the year,' in some cases even the best of the decade or the century.

When one views the welter of adjectives and phrases that have been applied to the swarming poets of the young century, one wonders what would be available should a Shelley or Milton arise. How many of them have 'pure lyric beauty'? How many more have 'sheer stark loveliness'? Excellence has ceased to dwell among the rocks. It is underfoot everywhere. In 'The Cunning Speech of Drumtochty,' Jamie Soutar, the cautious and exact, reproves the extravagant Mr. 'Opps for calling the sunset 'glorious.' 'Man,' he says sternly, 'ye 'ill surely keep ae word for the twenty-first o' Revelation!' Does the critic have 'ae' word in reserve in case a Shakespeare should return, or a new Apocalypse overtake him? What poverty would be upon him, and he with no language on deposit! He should have a few phrases laid by for the needy day when a new Dante or Browning descends.

The last question, of course, is, will he be able to recognize a Dante at all? That question one is inclined to leave with the jury. Criticism is not necessarily literature. The graces and charms of literature are not required of it. But what is required of it? Of what value is it when by the very tools it uses it raises the question of its authority and its importance? What should be the equipment of him who places his dicta before the public?

I have not touched on the reviewer's

tastes and opinions in general. Many articles have been written, doubtless are now being written, which point out errors, crass or subtle, in taste and judgment and in the whole theory of reviewing. Many men, many women, many children, know just how reviews should be written and why they should be written. I am not venturing on that plane of discussion. As I said at the outset, my complaint is of the simplest and is not leading me into subtler literary theories. And yet even I am not without impulse, repressed impulse, to utter broader opinions. There are things I could say, if I were to allow myself the privilege. It would afford me almost equal gratification to hear someone else make the same suggestions. I should be pleased, for example, to have some critic of critics urge that the sweet one-time virtue of reticence, reserve, come into the light of praise again. It used to be a powerful as well as, at the best, a natural element in writing. It was not necessarily a moral element, but a literary one, even a literary device at times. We have much in current fiction about natural instincts and appetites and their gratification. We have comparatively little about the instinct for reserve and the appetite for privacy and the power of control. And yet those things have been an ideal slowly developed through many upward centuries. All at once we seem to want to throw it away. An avidity for completeness of statement and picturing possesses the current novelist, at least the one who has most praise in print. He finds anyone less explicit than himself finicky and mincing. In comparison with his shouting of particulars, even the Restoration writers were merely whispering in corners. He does n't seem to know that shyness may be one of the loveliest things in the world, that omission may show power and control, that delicacy

may be as great a literary element as the strongest grossness he can muster. Nor does his critic seem to know it either. While the author is struggling to announce himself completely, offering you the very scrapings of the bottom of his mind, the reviewer stands by congratulating. Greasy Joan only keeled the pot, but the writer thinks the world should have more and goes to the very dregs of it. If greasiness is communicated, why, let grease be!

Sometimes you think that the critic is going to protest. But your expectation is usually disappointed. For once that you find a protest at such method, ten times you find praise. The protest is more likely to be the opposite one. 'He is afraid of his big scene,' says a reviewer, of such a dramatic elision as Hardy would have made. I am avoiding implication of moral aspect here, out of regard for those who are convinced that art and morality cannot take shelter under the same shed. The great writers as well as the great critics have known that an art that is successful must have its reserves and its signs of control, which are signs of power. When will the juveniles in fiction writing and in criticism learn this?

That is a thing I should like to say myself if I were venturing on the broader view. I think I should wish to speak also of the critic's view of the history of literature. In spite of his readiness with Rabelais and Greek plays, does n't he often really think that literature began about the time he began to read, or perhaps to write reviews? I should be tempted also to ask — But those questions are not for me. It is better to keep only to the humbler part and to things well established. It requires less courage as well as less subtlety to deal only with what lies beyond dispute. It requires least courage of all to give evidence and leave deductions to the jury.

ABSENCE

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

How should not absence from thy presence change me,
 since in thy presence all my future is,
and in my absence all that does estrange me
 from that, and binds me to past miseries.
I, like a shadow, when the lighted candle
 is snuffed, into a little pool of black
shrink in a second, but if you rekindle
 your flame, then on the instant I am back.

O my bright candle! since it is your virtue
 and use to shine, and set your shadow moving,
shine! well assured that naught in him can hurt you,
 and least his small and ghostly way of loving.
Ghosts with God's word are laid, but mine with less
who only needs for that a woman's 'Yes.'

A KITCHEN PARNASSUS

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

HENRY ADAMS was, in at least one respect, less fortunate than my sister Cynthia. At three years old he first became aware of sunlight on a yellow kitchen floor; but he was sitting in that sunlight, whereas she, at the same age, saw its broad, dazzling shaft from the top of our old secretary. I saw it, too, and from the same vantage ground; but it was not with me, as in the case of Henry Adams and of Cynthia, my first sense impression. I was five. Already I had known the drowsy scent of red peonies in a hot corner of the garden, the friendly odor of cool apples. Taste I knew, too — the puckery, restraining taste of forbidden chokecherries, the taste of sulphur and molasses, lingering and powdery long after it should have gone. And the yellow of a floor was to me never so yellow as a great ball of dandelions which my father had once made for me and which he rolled to and fro, hither and yon, across the clipped green grass. I always used to imagine that the sunlight on our kitchen floor had somehow got into Cynthia's eyes — she used to gaze at it so steadily from the top of the secretary. My own eyes never shone like that. I too early forgot the glories of 'that imperial palace' whence I came.

Of course, it might have been different with me had my mother thought two years earlier of the old secretary; but she did not. That inspiration was coincident in family history with the unexpected marriage of our one servant, already at middle age, to an exacting fisherman, the arrival of a new baby,

and an especially bitter winter. My mother, beset by accident and Fate, and yoked, however happily, with a husband manually ineffective, had need of inspiration. She always said in after years that the idea came to her in the middle of a winter night when, fearful lest her bread was not rising as it should, she had come downstairs to replenish the kitchen fire. Then and there, as the dying embers caught the dry bark of a stick of birch and as thin, bright circles of light outlined themselves upon the black range, the thought of the old secretary leaped into my mother's mind and raced about there until she fairly laughed aloud in her quiet kitchen. As she started upstairs, she gave a defiant little kick to the rug rolled tightly against the outside door to keep out the draughts of cold air. No more, she told herself, would coughs and croup slink across the kitchen floor to Cynthia and me playing there on cold winter mornings; and this, with all the rest, she told my father also, waking him out of a sound sleep to do so.

Accordingly, the next morning, before he left for his office, my father moved the secretary from its place in our shabby, overcrowded library to the west wall of the kitchen, just between the wide baking board and the cellar door. It was a huge piece of furniture, topped by two broad shelves, one just far enough below the other to serve as a convenient and comfortable foot rest. Between these shelves there were tiny drawers with glass knobs, and below the lower there were more drawers, so long

and roomy as to make one think that the secretary was only a chest of them after all. But just between the second and third, if one touched the springs on either side of the polished edge, the green baize top of a desk began to come out, and lo! the secretary was complete. No one felt quite certain as to its age. My mother could remember how, when she was a little girl, her grandfather had sat, cravatted and stern, by the desk part and read the Bible at family prayers.

The very novelty of my mother's idea made memorable our first morning on the secretary. It was a cold January day of high wind and bright sunlight, glaring against the deep snow of our driveway and orchard. The yellow painted floor of our great old kitchen was cut by broad bands of light on whose shining surfaces were reflected leaf and flower shadows from the plants on the window ledges. My father and mother lifted Cynthia and me, laughing and in high feather, to our places at either end of the wide top shelf and secured us firmly to the stout upright posts by roller towels, which, passed double under our arms, assured our perfect safety. Our feet rested comfortably on the shelf below, our knees at just the most perfect angle for the roomiest of laps; between us was an assortment of puzzles, picture books, and some old, orange-colored fashion magazines from which to cut paper dolls. After my father had done laughing at us, he kissed my mother twice instead of once. Then he left for the village through the snow-blocked driveway, and she watched him quite out of sight.

That morning was but the first of a five years' tenure for me as winter resident of the old secretary, and yet the details of it are sketched indelibly upon my memory. Beyond the frost of the windows, and visible through the clear, uneven spaces at the top of the panes, stretched the snow-covered fields with

the dark, delicate branches of trees above them; within the kitchen the fragrant warmth of the bright air and the even singing of the fire; on the floor the sunlight. My mother bathed the baby by the fire while we watched from our eminence, and carried him to his cradle in the library for his nap. Then she hurried about with her baking, for once free from children underfoot. It was not long before there was a downy patch of flour, like the frailest of snow crystals, upon her pink cheek, and as she worked she sang about a bright and shining river, by which sometime we were all to gather and which in some way became confused in my mind with the sunlight on the floor. When the great clock in the dining-room struck ten, she brought us fresh ginger cookies and some milk in our new mugs, on which blue children in white sunbonnets gathered blue flowers in a white field.

Of our activities that morning I do not recall so much. The unusualness of the situation, perhaps, contented us with doing little. I suppose we cut dolls and worked at puzzles; but I remember most clearly the fascination of the sunlight for Cynthia. At last she fell asleep in her encircling roller towel and was borne away to quarters more luxurious for a nap. But, like Henry Adams, she never forgot that sunlight. I know. For twenty years later, when we read together of his education and came to the yellow kitchen floor, I saw her face.

Just as soon as single words, laboriously conned, began to lose their personal identities in the teasing rhythm of sentences, I began to read to Cynthia on the top of the old secretary. But it was not long before she outdistanced me. For purposes of reading we were encircled by the same towel, and, sitting thus closely, she could follow with her eyes my somewhat halting phrases. Mere letters she eschewed with fine scorn — she had no time for them. It

was words she wanted, and she learned them with the fabled ease of young Alexander in conflict with Homer.

No longer did I hold the book when once she had learned to discover what lay concealed within those neat symbols, pacing so sedately across the plain white pages. Years afterward she told me that the most overpowering thing about first learning to read was the sudden understanding that those unostentatious, orderly marks might be stories — stories which, indeed, baffled sleep and chimney corners; and thus early did she acquire that dissatisfaction with ear-reading only which ever belongs to the true lover of books.

At seven I was sent, protesting, to the village school, to the same building and the same teacher that had nurtured my father and mother, while Cynthia stayed at home and on cold December mornings read to the baby, both of them securely tied to the posts of the secretary. But in those halcyon days of municipal poverty there was relief in the long vacation which occupied the months of January and February. Then, on mornings when the weather forbade long hours of coasting or when we were needed as nursemaids, we mounted with assistance to our Parnassus, submitted to the roller towels, which now bound not only us to the posts but the baby to us, opened our battered red copy of Grimm, and were off!

I am sure Grimm was our favorite. We were blind in those earliest days to the greater delicacy of Hans Andersen and to that wistful, all-pervading pity which makes wise and kind his simplest tale. We loved Elsa, to be sure, with her poor, nettle-stung hands, and the cruel concreteness of the Klauses, Little and Big, delighted us; but the Tin Soldier was a tin soldier, and his steadfastness in succeeding misfortunes was wearisome when compared

with Hansel and Gretel, standing hand in hand before the gingerbread house of the wicked witch.

Oh, that house of houses, made with magic hands! With what light, beneficent and perpetual, have the shining eyes of countless children surrounded thee — thy roofs of crystal sugar, thy doorposts of striped candy! For translators — contrary, indeed, to custom and tradition — have for once improved upon the original by a more lavish and concrete rendering of that phrase *mit Kuchen gedeckt*, penned with much smacking of the lips, we may believe, by those good and scholarly brothers of Hanau, who could forsake even the interchange of consonants for such a house as that! Only a few weeks since, when, in an endeavor to bring home to a class of college freshmen the appeal in concrete imagery, I asked them the one thing in 'Hansel and Gretel' which they remembered most vividly, I was answered by a chorus of twenty-five voices, crying, 'The witch's house!' And never shall I forget how the geraniums and heliotrope of a Berlin *Platz* suddenly became a blurred and colorful mist when I, a homesick student, standing alone before the bright windows of a *Konditorei*, saw the little house, resplendent and satisfying, atop a three-tiered cake!

Gulliver we had in words of one syllable, a prose arrangement which early annoyed Cynthia. She used to point with amused tolerance at such disjointed words as Em-man'-u-el Col-lege and Glum'-dal-clitch; and I feel sure that not even the terrifying experiences of Gulliver in the arms of the Brobdingnagian monkey ever quite dispelled from her mind the patronage of that particular editor. But for me the tale was the thing, and such insults I willingly brooked. I early discovered that, as a narrative, 'Lilliput' was far inferior to 'Brobdingnag' in incident, character-

ization, and descriptive detail—a childish criticism which the years have but strengthened and justified; and on Gulliver days, as soon as we had once freed our hero from the strings, the showers of arrows, and the scouts scouting across his chest, and had witnessed his triumphal capture of the enemy's fleet of ships, we, spent our time in Lorbulgrud. The adventures with the spaniel, the frog, the giant rat, and the wasps, which hummed 'louder than the drones of many bagpipes,' the story of the jovial dwarf who threw Gulliver into the bowl of cream, and the climaxing and terrible incident of the eagle with the ring of Gulliver's box in his monstrous beak—of these we never tired. The great Dean was, I think, responsible also for the birth of literary appreciation in the baby, for at two he laughed quite hilariously at the idea, expounded to him laboriously by Cynthia and me, of a baby's rattle 'filled with great stones and fastened by a cable to the child's waist.'

I have never been able to concur with Stevenson in his opinion of the Robinsons, whom, one will remember, he calls a 'dreary family.' Prayerful and pedantic though they were, they were never dreary to Cynthia and me. Their 'plethora of goods' did not disturb us, nor did their many devotions. The latter, indeed, to New England children of the early nineties, still beset by Puritanism, seemed but right and proper, though always a whit embarrassing. Moreover, there clung in those days to *The Swiss Family Robinson* a romance which none of our other books possessed. It marked our entrance into that charmed and luminous circle of those who buy books, not to give away, but to have and to hold. For we had bought *The Swiss Family Robinson* at the grocery store for the price of twelve soap wrappers, taken from the cakes of yellow laundry soap and hoarded with

jealous care in one of the little glass-knobbed drawers of the old secretary.

The memory of that Saturday morning when Cynthia and I, soap wrappers in hand, stood in delightful indecision before the shelf in the grocery store which held the books will long remain untarnished. The cheapest of editions then meant nothing to us, the rusty cloth covers, the tiny, half-blurred print on the worst of paper. We took long to choose between *The Three Musketeers*—which we pronounced, in some show of humor, with the accent on the second syllable, and which contained some bad pictures of fights, many and single-handed—and *The Swiss Family Robinson*. The opening paragraphs at length decided us. To children reared on tales of the sea there was more of immediate excitement and interest in the details of a shipwreck than in those happenings, however unprecedented, which were heralded in front of The Jolly Miller on that first Monday in the month of April in the year 1625.

As we grew older and the old secretary included yet another on its broad topmost shelf, many were the books we read thereon. Jane Porter, Marryat, George Macdonald, Harriet Martineau, Dickens in *Great Expectations* and *David Copperfield*, and Thackeray in all those absurdly delightful doings of the royal family of Paflogonia—these and others, their compeers, were the names we conjured with. Nor must I for a moment forget the inimitable Alice, following the gloved and waistcoated White Rabbit into the hole and drinking that equally inimitable potion flavored, one remembers, with cherry tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast! For, indeed, the names of Lewis Carroll and of John Tenniel, his illustrator, were not writ in water!

But besides these there were others—bits of driftwood on uncharted seas, books borrowed from schoolmates or

from the meagre Sunday-school library, always a prey to the questionable generosity of the spring housecleaner. These belonged no doubt to a quite inglorious race; they were written by unknown authors and have long since passed out of circulation; yet Cynthia and I have not forgotten them. Their pale deathbed scenes are imprinted on our minds as was that of Clarissa Harlowe on the mind of Lady Mary; their voluble moral precepts recall twinges of conscience; their lofty and impassioned cries of valor, love, and revenge still sound in our delighted ears.

There was one — what would I not give to know that some garret or village library still harbors its prototype! — entitled *Duke Rollo and His Mighty Deeds*. Its date and author are alike unknown to me; it doubtless was the least among books; and yet to it I owe the birth of a great desire and its incomparable fulfillment. That volume of faded blue, with a mace and a battle-axe crossed on its frayed cover, chronicled in grandiloquent phrases the life and times of Duke Rollo of Normandy. From it we learned that, after Duke Rollo was exiled from his northern home and ere he journeyed southward, he lived for a season among some picturesque and romantic islands known as the Hebrides. I must at this point unblushingly state that Cynthia and I called these islands the He'brides. Indeed, it was not until ten years later, when with Wordsworth we listened entranced to the song of that solitary reaper,

Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides,

that we regretfully understood what loveliness had for so long escaped our willing ears. We were sadly conscious of the insult we had accorded a place so beautiful. For Wordsworth's lines, tender and haunting with suggestion,

but added weight, as well as a much needed grace, to the blustering and pompous assertion of Duke Rollo, every ringing syllable of which after thirty years is as clear as it was then.

'And I would,' cried the great Duke Rollo, raising his mighty battle-axe on high before his armed hosts, 'that I need not conquer. For I know of no land under the skies of God more to be desired than these same islands, lying like purple grapes in these dark blue seas!'

It was that figure of Duke Rollo's that stayed long with Cynthia and me and that finally, five years ago, carried us up the high Scottish coast north of Oban, of Port Appin, of Loch Eil. Late one August afternoon, sailing west from Mallaig, whose gray, desolate houses cling like barnacles to the wind-swept cliffs, we saw rocky islands, near, far, dim in the hazy distance and in the hovering twilight. Purple they were, from blossoming heather, or from the evening light, or from years of dreams, and they rose from the dark blue sea like a great bunch of loosely hung grapes.

'I suppose,' said Cynthia, watching a last shaft of sunlight as it lay on the most distant island, 'I suppose Duke Rollo left for France on just such an afternoon as this.'

My mother was directly responsible for an original but not wholly commendable habit which, through her precept and example, early fastened itself upon us. Reacting, as she did, strongly and unmistakably to persons and situations within or without the covers of books, she quite naturally encouraged in us, not only those reactions themselves, but upon occasion the means of registering the same. While we were still very young, it had been her custom, in reading to us, to pass the book solemnly to Cynthia and me in turn, so that we might give tangible vent to our indignation toward some particularly hateful

character by loudly slapping the picture of him and his cruelty. If there were no picture, we slapped the monstrous words that chronicled such dark behavior. Thus the wicked stepmother in 'Snow White,' in the guise of a peddler, with her fatal apple and her poisoned comb, was early and often rewarded by a shower of serious and righteous blows, as was also dastardly Big Klaus who slew his grandmother, and the wolf who drew near, with mincing step and heart of darkness, to the home of Red Riding Hood.

In recent years my mother has apologized for this teaching. She fears now, she says, that it inculcated prejudice and intolerance; but, being in league with the Comic Spirit, she claims an excuse for it on the modern grounds that she married before she had had time to 'express herself' sufficiently! The habit stayed long with Cynthia and me; indeed, it was not so many years ago that I discovered my hand pounding away in fury upon the Thwackum and Square pages in *Tom Jones*; and I doubt not that the custom might have lingered up to this very day were it not that the old and completely satisfying villains have passed out of books and of life, and that all conceivable modern behavior, actual or fictional, has become, in the light of the new learning, neither righteous nor unrighteous, but merely problematical!

With the old secretary and mornings thereon is the habit indissolubly associated. Reading in *The Scottish Chiefs* of the cruel death of the Lady Marion, the Sweet Lady of Ellerslie, at the hands of that venomous Heselrigge, tyrant of Lanark, her small, high voice vibrant with contempt and anger, Cynthia, her hand poised to strike, moved the book toward me, and together we thundered upon the picture or the page just retribution. Thus we dutifully gave visible and vigorous sign of our disgust for all

meretricious behavior on the part of witches and stepmothers, elder sisters, grudging schoolmasters, and wicked kings, although it is but fair to say that we were often impatient at the necessary interruption.

But there came a morning, and that early, when there was seemingly no place to slap, when Cynthia's tear-filled eyes looked at mine and mine looked at Cynthia's, and when there drifted about our warm, quiet kitchen, above the sunlight on the floor, within the fragrance of things cooking, a shadowy perception, strange and disturbing. We had been reading a new *Hans Andersen* which had come for Cynthia's birthday, in gay red covers with eleven white swans winging their way toward Elsa and her magical shirts; and for the first time we had become acquainted with the Little Match Girl. There she sat in the cold dawn, — with red cheeks and a smile upon her lips, — in the corner, leaning against the wall, frozen to death on the last evening of the Old Year, so pitiful a figure we both forgot that in her death she had visions for her company.

And who was there to blame for it all — who to slap? Not the boy who had run away with her slipper, cruel though he was. Not her father, who, if she went home, would surely beat her. No, it was not they who had done this thing.

Then, as to Job in the Land of Uz and to Sophocles by the Ægean, there came thus early to Cynthia and me on the top of the old secretary the dim knowledge of that sad and eternal questioning, encircling and uniting all mankind. But for a short moment, a little while, it was clearly better with us than with Job and Sophocles. For we in those days could turn at once to the witch in 'Hansel and Gretel,' who was surely to blame for it all, and slap away to our hearts' content.

EGYPTIAN MILESTONES AND ZAGHLUL PASHA

BY CAPTAIN OWEN TWEEDY

I

It is perhaps a mischoice of words to attempt, as we propose, to discuss Egypt and its recent history in the terms of Egyptian milestones. For in Egypt there are still only a few of the arterial roads which have become so great a feature of communication in other countries, and such few roads as there are are unadorned by milestones, or, indeed, by any other indication of distances. This phenomenon is eloquent of the Egyptian mentality even of to-day. For time and distance mean little or nothing to the average dweller in the delta and valley of the Nile. He rises with the sun and retires at night-fall, and he gauges distance, not in terms of miles or kilometres, but by the time it takes him to patter on his fast little donkey from one village to another.

So, just as the everyday housewife would not discuss with her cook the merits of her oven or gas stove in terms of heat calories, no student of modern Egyptian history would discuss with a native of Egypt the historical development of that country during the last century in terms of milestones. But in Western circles a review of the history of the land of the Pharaohs from 1800 until the present time can be lucidly and conveniently contemplated as if it were the passage of the political coach over the long and perilous road of Oriental pomp and circumstance, with its spurts and disasters, its hopes and despairs.

Modern Egypt dates from the rise to

power, in the early years of the last century, of Mohammed Ali the Great, an Albanian adventurer, whose first connection with Egypt has come down in the record of his rescue from drowning in 1801 by British bluejackets then operating against Napoleon's Army in Cairo. Fortune favored him then and continued to be his friend for the next forty years, during which, by a process of intrigue and ruthlessness, he rose to be master of Egypt and the Sudan; to be the conqueror of Arabia and the deliverer of the Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina from the power of a heretic Moslem sect, the Wahabis; and finally, after a successful military campaign against his suzerain lord, the Sultan of Turkey, to become a menace to Constantinople itself and sufficiently formidable to range against himself the concert of Europe, under threats from which he was forced to retire once more within the original territorial boundaries of the then Turkish province of Egypt. But, though thus rebuffed, he received lasting and practical compensation. He had had to reaffirm his tutelage to the Sublime Porte; but in return the Sultan recognized him and his heirs as the hereditary governors of the province of Egypt, under Turkish suzerainty and paying a yearly tribute, and since that time the house of Mohammed Ali the Great has been *de jure* as well as *de facto* the controller of Egyptian destinies. That is the first milestone in

modern Egyptian history. The date was 1841.

Egypt then had thirty-eight years of independent freedom under two very unsavory rulers and a third remarkably clever and ludicrously extravagant one. The last-named was Ismail Pasha the Magnificent, who has to his credit the sanctioning of the building of the Suez Canal, but who otherwise ruined Egypt. His extravagance was unbounded and almost Bourbonnesque. He made futile wars here, there, and everywhere; he built palaces, built roads, built canals, built anything, and, having pauperized and tyrannized his people and country, whose resources were totally inadequate to compete with such fantastic schemes, he turned to foreign capital for assistance, borrowed right and left, and finally went bankrupt with his country. He was deposed in 1878, when, on the demand of his European creditors, an international control of Egyptian finance was imposed on the country. For four years this inevitably unwieldy control worked somehow, though hampered at every turn by smouldering Egyptian nationalism, which eventually, in 1882, burst into flame in the Arabi rebellion. Chaos ensued, and on May 11, 1882, there was a massacre of Christians in Alexandria. The result was the bombardment and capture of the town by the British fleet, and the subsequent British occupation, by way of the Canal, of Cairo and the Nile Valley. This event constitutes the second milestone in modern Egyptian history.

The occupation was not a conquest, and did not alter the status of Egypt. The suzerainty of Turkey was confirmed, and indeed the occupation was really only the natural corollary to the institution, four years before, of international control of finance, to which Turkey had been a consenting party. The payment of the tutelar subsidy to

Constantinople and the interest of the European bondholders was resumed, and the house of Mohammed Ali, which during the Arabi agitation had been reduced to complete impotence, was rehabilitated and restored. The moral and financial regeneration of Egypt dates from 1882. Under the patient and farseeing guidance of Lord Cromer, the Egyptian army was reorganized and rejuvenated; Egyptian credit was reestablished in Europe; the masses — mostly illiterate — of the Egyptian proletariat were raised from the abject poverty and servility into which they had fallen under Ismail Pasha to prosperity and content; agricultural and irrigation schemes were inaugurated and developed; and finally the Sudan, which had been allowed during the decadent rule of Ismail Pasha to pass into fanatic anarchy under the Mahdi, was patiently recovered under British leadership and reorganized under a benevolent and liberal government of its own, as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. But, as was perhaps inevitable, the recovered prosperity and tranquillity of the country revived that feeling of nationalism which is after all the prerogative of every nation. Those who were mere children in the bad old days grew up in an atmosphere of freedom and emancipation. They were citizens of a modernized country, no longer puppets of an autocratic line of selfish rulers; and as they came to realize that independence of opinion was no more a menace to their existence, there arose an agitation against all form of control by a foreign Government that was Christian and not Mohammedan. For, whatever may be said on the banks of the Nile by Egyptians, the Egyptian question is at bottom the problem of religion.

Lord Cromer had marked the development of Egyptian nationalism during the close of his proconsulship.

He had repeatedly checked the dangerous intrigues of the new young Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, who had no memories of the past and vast ambitions for the future; and although up to 1914 the agitation for independence had kept within legitimate bounds, it persisted throughout as a vivid and ever growing force. British policy during this difficult period was one of gradual disengagement from executive control. As the country righted itself, more and more responsibility was placed on native shoulders, and it cannot be denied that progress was being made — faster, maybe, in some spheres than in others, but sensible.

The outbreak of war at once drew attention to the importance of Egypt's strategic position, lying, as she did, athwart British and, to a lesser extent, French communications with their wide and essential Eastern colonies. The British garrison was strengthened against invasion, — and, as justification of these precautions, be it noted that Egypt was the first object of Turkish attack, — and the British Government publicly declared that it would guarantee the integrity of Egyptian frontiers against encroachment by land or sea. Meanwhile Abbas Hilmi, the Khedive of Egypt, who had never ceased to scheme for the advancement of his personal ambitions, was at Constantinople — ostensibly on a summer holiday. He never returned. The Turks soon entered the war on the side of the Central Powers, and, in the mistaken idea that they were bound to win, he ranged himself and his ambitions on their side. He was deposed in November 1914, and simultaneously the British Government declared a protectorate over Egypt. We have reached the third milestone in modern Egyptian history.

The declaration of the protectorate severed Egypt once and for all time

VOL. 138 — NO. 2

E

from Turkey; it assured her position through the period of hostilities, and it changed to an amazingly small degree the existing methods of her government. The new ruler was of the house of Mohammed Ali, and a native ministry remained in power. The change from Turkish suzerainty was accepted with absolute calm, and indeed throughout the war the behavior of the Egyptian people was highly praiseworthy. But the calm of the country did not mean that the old nationalistic ideas were dead. They were only dormant in the minds of all Egyptians, who suddenly found their whole attention concentrated on the abnormal prosperity which came to them from the war. Egypt became a huge base for British and French effort in the Near East, and money flowed into her coffers. On the other hand, it cannot be overlooked that the Allies owe Egypt a debt of gratitude. She supplied vast labor corps in more than one theatre of hostilities, and she placed unreservedly the products of her fertile land at their disposal. But as it is true that Egyptians never remember the benefits and advantages which accrued to them from the immunity they enjoyed, thanks to the Allies, from the horrors of war, so it is equally a fact that, amid the strain and stress of post-war developments in Egypt, there was a corresponding inability in Great Britain to appreciate at its true value the help Egyptians rendered to the Allied cause.

The three years from the outbreak of the Egyptian rebellion in March 1919 up to March 1922, when the war-time measure proclaiming a British protectorate over Egypt was revoked by Mr. Lloyd George's Government on the advice of Lord Allenby, were years of tension and disappointment, of sporadic outbreak and repression, difficult and harassing for British and Egyptians alike. But though, at the time, the

situation often appeared well-nigh hopeless of solution, these years were not barren and eventually bore fruit.

Slowly a section of the Egyptian political world came to realize that the British Government was vitally interested in the integrity of Egypt and the maintenance of that integrity against aggression from without, and that, as guardian and sponsor of the rights of all Europeans in Egypt, it would not abandon its obligations in this direction. At the same time there developed in British circles a readiness to appreciate the advance which Egyptians themselves had made, under British guidance, toward a capacity for independent self-government. The result of these mutual adjustments of ideas was the famous declaration of the British Government to Egypt of February 28, 1922, which was accepted by the existing Egyptian Government and by the Sultan, who after an interval of a fortnight proclaimed Egypt as an independent sovereign State and himself as her first king, to rule as a constitutional monarch with a free parliament which would be elected by popular suffrage. Thus a new state of things was established in Egypt, a great advance registered toward her complete independence, and a partial solution reached of the vexed Anglo-Egyptian question. In its declaration the British Government reserved for future discussion and solution four points, on which no decision was possible at the time. They are as follows: (1) the safeguarding of communications through Egypt, particularly the Suez Canal; (2) the British Government's retention of the control of the Sudan; (3) the protection of British and foreign interests in Egypt; (4) the defense of Egypt against foreign aggression.

The promulgation of this declaration marks the fourth milestone in modern Egyptian history.

II

The reader who has persevered thus far through what can only be a cursory study of modern Egyptian political history may perhaps be wondering at the absence of reference to Saad Zaghlul Pasha, who is, and has been for the last ten years, by far the most prominent figure in Egyptian politics. His power over his countrymen is undeniable, but the absence of reference to his activities has been intentional. This article is set forth to register the political emancipation of Egypt since 1800 — milestone by milestone. Zaghlul Pasha has not materially contributed to this advancement. Such a highly controversial statement calls for elaboration and explanation, and we feel that the enlightenment of our readers will best be effected by a summary of the career of this very remarkable and personally sympathetic old man. For he is very old.

He was born about 1850, the son of farmer parents, in the Nile Delta — an origin of which he is justly proud. He is and boasts himself to be an Egyptian of the Egyptians, a son of the soil and, in his own vernacular, a *fellah* of the *fellahin* (a peasant of the peasants). He did not, however, remain on the soil, but early migrated to Cairo, studied the law in the great Moslem university, El Azhar, and, once qualified, started a practice in the courts and dabbled in Arabic journalism. He soon attracted attention both as a lawyer and as a pressman. It is said of him by his own people that he has a tongue of gold, a pen of fire, and an eye bright as the stars; and the description is not excessive. He has tremendous personal magnetism. As an orator, he is amusing, persuasive, and impulsive, inspiring and combative, and his early training in the Mohammedan law has left him with a unique knowledge of the

Koran, which he will quote, appositely and dramatically, with great effect to his fanatic Moslem audiences. His writings are marked by similar features. And in appearance — though we must now speak of the post-war Saad Zaghlul — he is commanding and eminent. He is tall, — about six feet, — spare, and broad-shouldered, and carries himself deliberately, though with a slight stoop, due to his advanced age. His features are of the Mongol type — high, flat cheek bones, a slightly receding forehead, and blue tilted eyes set widely apart. His complexion is sallow, but not in the least swarthy, and his broad, firm mouth can harden with determination or relax under a very attractive smile, when his clear eyes sparkle. He has a pleasant, ringing voice and graceful, courteous manners.

Such is the man; but we must now return to his career. He witnessed the deposition of Ismail Pasha in 1878 and the rise of the military dictatorship of Arabi Pasha, and in that turmoil he participated until finally he found himself a British prisoner charged with incitement and sedition. But, after summary punishment, he was quickly released to devote himself once more to his legal practice. His reputation as a lawyer had been enhanced rather than lessened by the advertisement of his arrest and penalty, and he quickly advanced in his profession and was shortly absorbed in the Egyptian political world. But in those days he was no extremist. His first wife had died, and in the nineties he contracted a most advantageous second marriage with the daughter of the then Egyptian Prime Minister, Mustafa Pasha Fahmi, who was perhaps the foremost of all the Egyptian politicians of that period. He was the friend and ally of Lord Cromer, and his policy for Egypt was one of cautious retrenchment and development along conservative lines.

He quickly enlisted the support and collaboration of his brilliant young son-in-law, who entered the government service and in due time rose to ministerial rank.

Lord Cromer was a man sparing in compliments where they were not deserved, and highly critical and observant of those who worked with him or within his sphere. He liked and admired Zaghlul Pasha, appreciated his ability, his independence of thought, and his constructive powers; and when, on the conclusion of his long mission to Egypt, the great proconsul delivered a public speech in the Cairo opera house, he went out of his way to mention the services which Zaghlul Pasha had already rendered to Egypt, and recommended him to his countrymen as a future leader of their destinies.

Zaghlul Pasha was in those days the head of an Egyptian political party, — the People's Party, — which, with a moderate programme, had come into being to combat the extremism of the other political party in the country — the Nationalists. This fact is remarkable, though now almost forgotten. It throws a light — an illuminating light — on the Zaghlul of twenty years ago, the brilliant and respected politician, the leader of the moderate party in Egypt, and the firm friend of the British representative.

But Zaghlul Pasha's success and the position which he had won for himself made him a target for intrigue. Intrigue is endemic in Egypt. Fathers will scheme against sons, sons against fathers; the office boy, when he can, against the managing clerk, the scullery boy against the head cook. The reason may be that Egypt is overpopulated, and that, to an extent which cannot exist in roomier quarters of the globe, there are always too many candidates for every post, however lowly. Those who have lived in Egypt will

remember the tension and excitement in domestic circles when the news goes forth, as it does like wildfire, that the master has sacked Mohammed the boot-boy. Applications rain, supported by dazzling testimonials from generals and pashas galore, and in the end a new Mohammed is selected at the princely salary of seven dollars a month — for in Egypt we talk of dollars.

And jealousy and intrigue attacked Zaghlul Pasha insistently from 1905 to 1915. On more than one occasion he held ministerial rank, but he had a jealous enemy in the Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, whose ambitions did not appeal to Zaghlul, and the result was frequent eclipse and finally retirement altogether from direct participation in affairs of State. This period also records the drift of Zaghlul Pasha from intimacy and friendship with British circles in Egypt.

British policy had changed in 1906 under a Liberal Government in England, and its new line was to dissociate British influence from direct interference in purely Egyptian affairs. Zaghlul Pasha's differences with the Khedive fell into this category, and when he sought support against his royal master in British quarters it could not be given him. He was humiliated and disillusioned. His eclipse became a topic of discussion in the press and clubs; the Khedive triumphed openly, stressing the inability of the British to help his victim, and Zaghlul Pasha himself had no counter-weapon. He had fought a losing battle with the same courage and determination that had marked his early career, but in the struggle the iron had bitten into his soul and he emerged after the war an extremist, intensely hostile to the British, and full of vindictiveness against those Egyptian politicians who during his overshadowment enjoyed and benefited from the fruits of office.

A story is told of a very garrulous and obese Egyptian pasha, who in the old days prided himself — he was slimmer then — on his close resemblance to the best type of English manhood. He had, he would say, learned to sing in his bath and to eat bacon and eggs every morning for breakfast. But one thing he could not accomplish: he always looked a boulder in a bowler. During the war he received a decoration. By mischance one of his enemies — also an Egyptian — received a higher grade of the same order. Now the man is blindly Anglophobe.

III

Egypt, as we have said, benefited from the war, but she also suffered — though, in comparison with other countries, to a negligible extent. There were grievances against the methods of recruiting for the labor corps and the system of collecting cereals and supplies for the fighting services. Traveling facilities were restricted and the movements of individuals controlled. The post and the press were censored and paper money was introduced. In his scheme for a return to power Zaghlul Pasha constituted himself as a clearing centre for all such grievances, however trivial. He listened to all, promised redress to all, and contrived to exaggerate in the minds of his countrymen the extent of their suffering. As can be imagined, he soon had a mighty following in so credulous a country as Egypt; and with this support he formulated a programme for the redress of Egypt, constituted a delegation of which he was the head, and demanded from the British representative the right to lay the grievances of his country and his programme, which involved a total British withdrawal from Egypt, before the British

Government in London. His request was refused. He had not legitimate claim to represent his country. There was a tried and conscientious Egyptian Government in being, whom the British Government did consent — though tardily — to receive. But Zaghlul Pasha and his friends were *imperium in imperio*; they had no status, no official qualifications to negotiate on behalf of Egypt, and their following, though vast, was mainly illiterate and certainly did not then or since grasp the full meaning of his programme.

Zaghlul Pasha took up the refusal of the British Government as a challenge, and, with a subtlety and an application that deserved a better cause, set himself to undermine the authority of the Egyptian Government in power. He enlisted in his support uncontrolled and unoccupied hordes of students and young officials and dispatched them throughout the country to spread the propaganda that Great Britain was about to seize Egypt for her own imperial and commercial ends and that the existing Egyptian Government were but puppets in British hands and had sold themselves to the foreigner. Zaghlulist committees were formed in every town and hamlet. Incidents occurred, the government machine faltered, and, in March 1919, Zaghlul Pasha himself was arrested by the British, with three of his leading supporters, and deported to Malta. His removal was the signal for the outbreak which his lieutenants had been organizing for three months. It lasted three weeks. Outrages of the most brutal nature were perpetrated, communications were cut, and the life of the country was temporarily paralyzed. Zaghlul Pasha's internment at Malta lasted only a month, but he did not return to Egypt for two years; and although in his absence Zaghlulist propaganda, organized from his head-

quarters in Paris, kept the agitation alive, somehow progress was made toward a settlement. Lord Milner, on behalf of the British Government, conducted an inquiry into the causes of Anglo-Egyptian friction and subsequently negotiated personally with Zaghlul for a treaty between the two countries. Agreement was practically reached, when at the eleventh hour Zaghlul Pasha evaded signature of terms to which he had previously raised no objection, and once again the question was thrown into the melting pot.

The following year further efforts were made to reach agreement. A strong Egyptian Ministry took office, and invited the coöperation of Zaghlul. He refused the responsibilities of office, but demanded presidency of the treaty delegation over the head of the prime minister himself, who was to be a mere member. It was once again *imperium in imperio*. His demands were refused; he declined to collaborate on other terms, and the negotiations took place while he stayed in Egypt and pursued his tactics of intimidation and intrigue. The negotiations in London did not succeed, but the experience gained by both parties from them, and from Lord Milner's previous negotiations with Zaghlul Pasha himself, provided a degree of accord which was embodied in the British declaration of 1922, from which dates the independence of Egypt as a sovereign State. But before this was accomplished Zaghlul Pasha was once more deported.

On the failure of his rivals' mission to London, he had intensified his propaganda to bring the Government in being into contempt, and to reduce it to impotence by incitement to agitation and subversive tactics within the various departments. He had no constructive policy, and his insistence, like a true Oriental bargainer, on his

maximum demands had provoked, first, unrest and agitation, and finally murder. He did not return to Egypt till the autumn of 1923. By that time the new régime of independence was well in the saddle, the constitution had been promulgated, many outstanding questions had been settled with Great Britain, and finally the first elections ever held in Egypt took place. Zaghlul Pasha was returned with a sweeping majority, and in January 1924—at long last—he had to take official responsibility for the government of his country. His record as prime minister was pitiable. In the short space of ten months he had fomented riots in the Sudan, had exasperated the British and foreign colonies in Egypt to breaking point, had lost the sympathy of the Socialist Government then in power in London, and had produced a state of excitement and indiscipline in Egypt which culminated in the terrible murder of the British sirdar of the Egyptian army. The result was the severity of the British Ultimatum delivered by Lord Allenby in November 1924, and Zaghlul Pasha's own inglorious disappearance from the political arena.

The last eighteen months in Egypt, if politically unsatisfactory, have at any rate restored the country to calm and prosperity. And now, as a result of the latest elections, Zaghlul Pasha is once more at the head of a sweeping Parliamentary majority. Events and the intrigues of others have greatly assisted his rehabilitation, but the sober fact remains that his countrymen have elected him to be their representative, and it is yet to be seen in what mood he contemplates a resumption of official responsibility. It is vain to attempt to anticipate what his attitude will be, but it is not impossible to assess his problems of the future. His former programme is known, and it proved disastrous to his

own country, impossible of realization, and dangerous to the peace and good order in Egypt. The British Government endured much during his previous tenure of office in the hope that good might come out of evil, and that he might eventually abandon his attitude of barren *intransigence* and come to a sane agreement on the questions outstanding between the two countries. Their patience was unproductive of any result, and, as they have already shown, they do not intend again to allow conditions of life and safety in Egypt to deteriorate into the state which rendered possible the murder of Sir Lee Stack.

There can be no question that Zaghlul Pasha realizes these hard facts as clearly as do all Western students of recent Egyptian history. But, we repeat, he is an old man, and old men do not quickly change their ideas. He is also a hero to his own countrymen and owes his position—apart from his personal magnetism—to his obstinacy. He is vain and enjoys his popularity, which, he fears, might disappear were he to compromise in a statesmanlike way. He is selfish in that he is indifferent to his country's ultimate welfare, so long as he maintains his position. He is vindictive, too, and has many accounts still to settle. But let him, as the lesser lights of this world all must do in their turn, from time to time pause to consider facts and their relation to policy, and then perhaps he may be reckoned in the eyes of the world as a great man.

Great political agitators of the past have either compromised and failed or compromised and won, but they have never earned a place among the truly great without compromise. Zaghlul Pasha may have few or many years of life before him, but he has yet to demonstrate his appreciation of the power of mutual arrangement and good will.

THE HOLDUP THAT FAILED

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I

WE are living in a novel by H. G. Wells — the early Wells, who had not begun to repeat himself; and as truth is usually better than fiction, so is our present life far better than anything that 'H. G.' has imagined.

In the first place, we are not hampered by the middle-class 'intellectual' with his perpetual howl for free love — as though freedom in love were a novelty. The lower class, with nothing to lose by an informal attitude toward this question, and the upper class, who are similarly released, always have practised free love. More often than not, it has meant sticking to one wife or one husband with a perfect loyalty. It is only the restless middle class, or the half-baked, who stand and argue and drag this pink herring across the path of progress. Or, perhaps, it is only the middle class who read novels and are represented by the popular novelist.

Well, on Tuesday, May 4, it began, and it has been going on the whole week, and it seems likely to go on a bit longer. Tuesday was something like the first day of the Great War; but whereas the war was tragedy, this thing is comedy. I do not mean that it is funny or humorous; I use the word 'comedy' in its classic sense of a tragedy reversed — as Meredith used it in his essay, and as the old dramatists used it. The youth of the nation is not being killed, nor is it going to be killed. There may be a few broken

heads and so forth, but not more than are usually broken in our boxing rings and playing fields. There may even be some killed and badly damaged, but probably less than the number which is a constant of our twentieth-century civilization. With rare trains running, roads empty, mines and factories closed, there should be fewer casualties than the average.

On Tuesday we woke up to a changed and, in some respects, a better world. I am living about thirty miles from London; we have a little town close at hand and a larger town twelve miles away. Most of us get our living out of milk, meat, eggs, and poultry. There are a few orchards and hop gardens; but milk is the great industry. Our one factory is 'the tanyard,' as we call it, a prosperous affair, run by a family which has risen from the ranks, and which, therefore, understands and is on excellent terms with its workpeople. Some of us are commuters and go up to London daily from one of our three railway stations. Our great swell is the Astor who controls the *Times* and the *Observer* and whose sister-in-law, Lady Astor, sits in Parliament. We have a sprinkling of old ladies and gentlemen who have retired from active work and who cultivate their gardens and mean well by everything and everybody — plain, average human beings who have seen a wide bit of the world and whom we like. Our only aliens or foreigners are three citizens of the United States

who practise their art in a furnished cottage which they have taken for a year. We have no immigrant Jews, Irish, Italians, Negroes, or other difficult neighbors whatsoever, though in all probability many of us have such among our ancestry.

In a little world like this you can see the whole thing at your leisure; in London, or any other big city, you see too little or else too much, and in the end you see nothing. This is what is the matter with our politicians, agitators, and other maniacs. Here, surrounded by a vast population of cows, bullocks, chickens, ducks, geese, sheep, horses, pigs, dogs, cats, and bees, who all do their work without much fuss or speech-making, we manage to keep sane. Nor are we without culture or the distractions of a big city. We have books in plenty and the time wherein to read them; we have wireless and gramophones, and therefore music; our picture galleries are nature's own, and just now, with every orchard in blossom and every tree breaking into leaf, they can knock the Royal Academy into a cocked hat as far as landscape painting goes; and being full of songbirds — lark and thrush and nightingale, blackbird, wren, and robin, to say nothing of cuckoo, ringdove, woodpecker, and chaffinch — they have the Louvre and the National Gallery fairly beat, and you can throw in the Metropolitan, Prado, and Pitti. At least, that is how we feel about it.

And, thinking deeper, we feel that modern industrialism, in so far as it holds men back from God and nature and locks them up in hideous cities, must inevitably breed riot and confusion; so that the autocrat can do no other than send his subjects forth to war, or the agitator than spur them on to revolution. Henry Ford has seen this, and Cadbury, Mond, Leverhulme

— all the great employers. So too have the destroyers.

But I must get back to Tuesday morning and the changed world which awaited us.

The railways and the local bus services had stopped running, no newspapers arrived, and we were all rather in the dark. I cycled over to Southwell, our nearest town, where I know everybody and everybody knows me. It was something like the first day of the war. The weaker vessels exploded, but most of us sat tight.

Clibborn, our local justice of the peace, who has a general store and who governs our water and gas services, had an official notice pasted up in his shop window, asking for volunteers. I went inside to explore, and Evans, the assistant, a mild little man who so far has always paid due and overdue respect to my exalted rank, received me with a burst of maniacal laughter, which meant either 'Here is another poor deluded devil come to sign away his birthright,' or 'Why, even *he* is turned against us; everybody is against us!' I dare say Evans feels that he is underpaid and exploited by the capitalist, and that now, at last, has come his chance; and that here am I, — with others like me, — walking up and volunteering to take his job and the jobs of his fellow workers. He recovers with a start and tells me that Mr. Clibborn is in the office behind the shop; so, merciless and implacable, I go on, prepared, according to Evans, to grind the faces of the poor — to save them from their own lunacy, if that is possible, according to my own view of the situation.

Mr. Clibborn is a substantial Englishman, with a sound head on his shoulders and a good record of public service. He represents fair play, self-control, and fitness for his peculiar function. Evans, on the other hand,

is a temperamental Celt, who could no more run a store than I could, and who, were it not for a romantic wife, would consider himself in clover.

Our Government must have been ready for the Communists, or whatever they are. There is the printed notice in the window, and next Mr. Clibborn hands me a printed form, which I fill out; and so that's settled. I have registered my name, address, military rank, and readiness to deal with any matter relating to what soldiers call 'Supply and Transport' in any part of the country. Or, in plainer English, I am prepared to handle food and fuel or to move them from one place to another. This offer goes to district headquarters, for, like the 'Bolshies,' we have commissars all over the shop now, and no half-witted demi-semi-Orientals either, but ordinary fellows with the usual British notion of things, who use a bathtub in the morning.

I decline to be a special constable for three reasons: I am six years over the age limit; I feel that the younger men, and especially the 'wangers' who shirked service in the war, should go first (I am willing to bet that the latter will fight like blazes when it is a question of guarding their own shop windows); and, to be honest, I have done it once—and was utterly and completely bored by it. I have four women and eight hundred chickens and ducks to look after at home, and that's all the police work I intend doing for the present. If things get really bad—Mr. Clibborn sees my point and I sail out again.

In the street I see the idiot whom we call 'The Bolshie'—almost affectionately, for he makes us laugh. Nominally a visitor sent down here for his health's sake, in reality he is an emissary whose business it is to prepare us for the greatest of all Revolutions. When it breaks out he, I presume, is

going to take charge of us. Just now he is haranguing Tom Ade, the postman, a perfectly impermeable and hopeless case. Ade winks at me and I wink at Ade. The Bolshie drives his right fist into the palm of his left hand and tells us what is wrong with the world. To-morrow he will tell us that the Welsh Guards have mutinied and that Mr. Saklatvala is in Buckingham Palace. He is an elderly man in a topcoat and a muffler, above which glows a head like that of a demented rabbit.

The tanyard is at work as usual, but farther up the street I bow to the vicar's wife and the vicar. Like most vicars nowadays, and in spite of the smug self-satisfaction of the majority of his superiors, the poor chap is shockingly underpaid, and his four kiddies are underfed, and his wife is far from having a gay time of it. He goes on pluckily and not very skillfully, and just now he is on his way to be sworn in as a special constable; for, whatever his limitations as an orator and parish priest, he has a clear conception of duty.

This morning his wife has 'gone off the deep end,' as we say, and is rather difficult to answer. 'It's worse than the war,' she begins; 'then we had n't all this class hatred. We all stood together; but now —'

We two men—heartless wretches both!—remain unmoved.

I venture to remind the lady that the war meant the loss of a million young lives and the crippling of a million others. 'This thing makes me laugh,' I ended.

The lady goes on disconsolate. If she likes to belong to a class, it's her affair, not mine.

To tell the honest truth, both she and the vicar are rather obsolete and belong to the dark ages before the war. They amuse old maids and middle-

class snobs, and a few loyal souls who are able to 'put the cause above the man.' The Church, unfortunately, means a good deal more to them than Christ; but they are so abominably hard up that I can forgive them anything. Their real service to the community resides in the fact that they have produced four decently bred children who, in spite of present hardship, and probably as a consequence thereof, will be better stuff than their parents.

Outside the local newspaper's branch office I meet the local reporter, a spavined hack who lisps in bromides, clichés, and journalese. He is hot about 'the freedom of the press,' as, of course, he would be. I say, 'It's a good time to get divorced or to go bankrupt; even a small murder or two might pass unnoticed.' He brightens a little and answers, 'So it is.'

Again, to be quite open, I can't say that I regret the disappearance of a certain type of newspaper. I picture that honest fellow, Lord Beaverbrook, reduced to impotence — not a standard fluttering, not an express running! Or the morons and poseurs of the pink reviews, who are reaping what they have sown; or the historians who specialize in debauched millionaires, the muck heaps of sport, society, the American continent, and all the rest of it. Even Messrs. Gilbert Frankau and Michael Arlen are lost to us, and Epstein and that scintillating dog, Bendago. Instead, a nightingale is singing outside my window.

Farther up the street I bump into our three citizens of the United States, who are American in nothing except their passports. Zangwill would describe them as 'Children of the Ghetto'; we call them 'The Little People.' Being 'intellectuals,' they have no particular flag, no particular God, no particular anything. We find

them rather pathetic. This morning they are more jumpy than usual and prophesy blood, rapine, and slaughter. They get annoyed when I laugh at them. Zangwill is right. They are children. Yet, so is Mr. Saklatvala.

And so is Mr. Hammond. He sees me, and, beaming all over, 'Let me swear you in as a special constable!' he cries, as though he were offering me the Garter set in diamonds or the viceroyalty of India. I thank him and decline the honor. He is persistent and wants to lead me back to Mr. Clibborn, for, when pressed, he admits that 'swearing in' lies beyond his powers and that he can only lead the bride up to the altar. Mr. Hammond is our bright, particular busybody, and this row gives him what he so dearly loves, a chance of getting into the picture without taking scratch or scar. Not since the war has he had so full an opportunity.

I am afraid that poor Dick Hammond gets a good few 'in the neck'; for not everybody is as polite as I am, and his war record is well known to us. However, nature has endowed him with a skin so thick that he might well have ventured; and even to-day he is merely distressed when our Elizabethan farm laborers call him a 'little bastard' and remind him that he stayed snug at home while better men went out and died for him.

From this painful topic let us pass on to new delights. There is the road by which our milk is sent to London. Cycling home, I meet lorry after lorry, heavy with cans and driven by volunteers. Each bears the official label, 'Foodstuffs.' Yet some drivers, being of a humorous turn, have chalked up 'Babies' Booze,' while one wag describes his load as 'Bulls' Milk.'

At home we count up our coal and find that we are rather short; so, later on, off I go to 'Martin's Wood'

with Martin. He is our hired man, and is a genius. We call the wood 'Martin's Wood' because this year he has speculated in it, buying from a local landowner the right to cut it down and do what he likes with it.

Martin has his axe, I have a sack, and in the wood we find Martin's hired man, a toothless ancient who might have stepped straight out of the pages of Thomas Hardy. So might Martin. We are only thirty miles from Charing Cross, but we are away from the main roads, and the old unchanged, unchanging spirit is still with us.

I love these countryfolk and feel at home with them. Our old, true aristocrats, from the royal family downward, are only these people multiplied by *n*. The Prince of Wales is a perfect instance. His vocabulary is unflinching and direct; his main suit is common sense; he has the heart of a lion, the body of a racehorse. Martin is equally thoroughbred, and so is the ancient, though rather in the Shire class — 'heavy draught,' as we used to say in the army.

We chop up wood, we smoke our pipes, and talk — mostly about birds, for the world is full of them. Then comes the 'Dear Brutus' theme, beginning with 'If I had my time over again —' Martin says that he'd 'scheme' if he had his time over again. 'Scheme' is the countryman's word for business. He'd be the cause of work in others. So would the ancient. If our new Tory Party has any sense it will see to it that such men find a career. Martin and the ancient would each have done well in America; their children would have done better; the ancient's grandchildren would probably have had a place on Long Island and a skyscraper in New York.

We talk about Italy, for Martin served on the Italian front under Cavan, after that last tragic dispatch

of Cadorna, — surely the most poignant document of the whole war, — wherein a great soldier and a greater gentleman names regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade which 'basely betrayed the Fatherland.'

We discuss the Italian army like experts, and Italian wine, women, and song like Martin Luther, of whom this Martin has never heard. Nor has either of them ever heard of Mussolini, or, for that matter, of Mr. Chaplin or of Miss Pickford. They have never heard a jazz band or read a 'best seller' or discussed free love, but they have done most things worth doing and said most things worth saying, and they and people like them have taught me most of what I know.

We don't bother much about the strike, which we regard as a town affair that hardly affects us producers; and as to the capitalist, we agree that he is a bit of a dog, but that we are quite able to cope with him, and that there are capitalists and capitalists.

I stagger home with a load of wood; Martin helps me over the brook; the ancient reloads his pipe and goes on chopping and dreaming and singing an old song.

'When I come back from the war,
They will give me a medal,'

it begins. The war is the war that ended at Waterloo and seems to be much like the last war. Only the tune is different — a haunting minor air that follows me up the lane like the cry of a plover. The late war has given us nothing half so good.

II

The above impressions were put down during the first days of the strike. To-day it is over. The news came through about lunch-time last Wednesday and we all said 'Thank God!' and

meant it. We have had rather a hectic week of it.

Without wireless and Mr. Henry Ford it would have been quite impossible, but the fools who stampeded the T. U. C. forgot wireless when they suppressed the newspaper, and forgot Mr. Henry Ford when they wounded the railways; and of course there were aeroplanes as usual—a good deal more than usual. The aeroplane people have been having the time of their lives. But the chief omission of all was a complete misreading of the British character, combined with an entire ignorance of the fact that the war, though it may have hurt us, has left us a nation of experts. To take my own case, for instance. Before the war I was a comfortable literary gent who played cricket all summer, shot in the autumn, and followed hounds, beagles, and other dogs till cricket and tennis came round again. Wrenched out of these employments, I was a ‘cop’ for six weeks, then a second lieutenant who had to talk military French and German; next a French railway guard, grocer, and supercargo; then a hospital case; next a trainer of recruits; back in France, a detective; and, by turns, newspaper editor, horse and mule master, adjutant, clerk, shipwrecked mariner, spy, nervous wreck, tramp, or draft conductor in Macedonia, Marseilles, and Italy; and finally camel and horse master, publisher, press-autocrat, and historian in Egypt, Palestine, and the Desert. The war gave to most of us these opportunities. Cook, Pugh, Citrine, and the other shirkers, pacifists, and rotters who plotted the strike had forgotten that. So we who volunteered could fill the bill, whether it was a case of running a locomotive, loading up lorries, printing a newspaper, working a power station, or driving anything on wheels. Only a tenth part of us was called

upon, and a great Party, stampeded by its Polish Jews and Celtic pinheads and what is known as ‘political passion,’ had better sit down and learn something about the country it aspires to govern before it tries these tricks again.

Twice during these eight days I rode up to London, my friends in the milk industry aiding and abetting. As a curiosity of the strike, I may mention that milk, being socialized, or controlled by the Government,—it comes to the same thing,—had improved in quality to such a degree that everybody in London was talking. It left here without added water, and even the poor old retailer had n’t time to dilute it!

One rascal, however, had triumphed. I called on the grain merchant who supplies our local miller. Grain, which is the raw material of chicken and, therefore, of eggs, had gone up a shilling the hundredweight. ‘You can take it or leave it!’ said the grain merchant. I took it, of course, and I reported him to Woodhouse, our food commissar, who, being a lawyer, had probably overlooked the fact that eggs, which we are bound to sell at pre-strike prices, depend on grain, and that if grain goes up we are indeed undone.

The town has been described by countless correspondents, and America knows far more about it than we who have had no newspapers. I had scarcely realized how English it was, and how cool and collected. Lacking the immense foreign populations of Paris or New York, and aided moreover by thousands of young men and women from outside its radius, London was all right. Wearing out its tires and its shoe leather, perhaps, but there were compensations and diversions enough to please the most blasé and sophisticated. The people I admired

most were the rank and file of the strikers. They were neither cowed nor afraid; but, unlike the politicians, they were prepared to 'play the game.' And they played it like gentlemen. The hooligans who gave some trouble and murdered one old gentleman were not strikers.

I went into the War Office and saw B——, who is a friend of mine. 'Nothing doing, old bird!' (I quote verbatim.) I rang up two magazine editors. They were taking a holiday. I lunched with C——, who knows all about the royal family. King George, of course, was anxious, but, one and all, they were glad to be rid of the reporters and the press photographers. Who would n't be? The Prince of Wales, especially, was enjoying this respite. He knows that such attentions are a part of what he calls his 'job,' and, like the good sportsman he is, he stands them; but he would far rather be standing these press lads a square meal, or even a drink, if need be. The Duchess of York is delighted to have had her baby without the usual nauseating gossip, which must make even a baby sick, and, on off days, regret that it had ever been born. On Sunday, while Messrs. Trotsky and Company were giving out that the Guards had mutinied, the Prince, the Duke, and Princess Mary were actually in their midst, attending divine service in the Guards' Chapel.

As a matter of curiosity I wandered up to our foreign quarters, into Soho and the district east of Aldgate. 'Business as usual' seemed to be the universal slogan, rather more than less so. The foreigner, Jew or Gentile, comes here to make money. It is only when he gets a bit 'above himself,' as we call it, that he inclines to be a nuisance. Town- and, usually, street-bred, he knows only one part of life, and that the worse part; logical, and

out to win at any cost, he forgets that the English are not logical and that we care far more for the game than for the winning of the game. He forgets that it is much more amusing to travel than to arrive, and that it is only when we are really in a corner that we find ourselves. A strange race, no doubt; but what else can you expect from a nation of islanders? And such are the most of us. You must allow us the defects of our qualities.

At my sister's I find my nephew Frank, who is an art student, and who is now doing duty as a special constable — that is to say, he is relieving the regular police, who throughout this disturbance have borne the real heavy brunt of it.

I also find two American boys, fellow students and intimates of my nephew. They are working their way through our art schools with true American grit, and after a day spent in study they get on to more gainful jobs, the one transforming himself into a bell-hop, the other working as cloak-room attendant in the same hotel. My sister is putting them up over this crisis, which she describes as 'rather a spree.' So does my niece, who is 'out of work' as well; for the *Weekly Highbrow* — she is its editor's private secretary — is to-day a washout, and all its fatuous oracles and embittered women are in the street.

From this Anglo-American jollification I wander off to Fleet Street in a bus packed with sixty passengers and driven by Jehu the son of Nimshi, who is accompanied by a policeman in case of trouble. The conductor who takes our fares seems to be giving a slightly overcrowded reception wherein he enacts the part of smiling host. He is a young man of the working class, out of a job yesterday, glad to be in one to-day. The driver is what he calls

'a toff.' The two go well in harness and already address each other by their Christian names.

In Fleet Street, however, I hear less about the newspaper world than I can hear at home; for our 'Major Astor,' as we call him, has borrowed men and vehicles from the Castle and estate, and between them they are making possible the production and distribution of the *Times*. Astor has his coat off and is 'working like a black' at the machines; gardeners are packing the bundles; chauffeurs and estate mechanics are driving the loaded lorries into the country and round the town; and friendly aviators are assisting. The men brought up from here are lodged and fed in the Major's town house, a few doors from the German Embassy and the residences of Lord Balfour and the late Marquis Curzon — the best address in London. And they are producing the best newspaper, sane, independent, and full of meat, though cut down to a bare four pages.

III

At home we had grown used to our deserted railway stations, to one post a day instead of four, to news by wireless instead of newspapers. We

listened in at 10 A.M., at 1, and 4, and 7, and 9.30 P.M. We heard the authentic voice of Mr. Baldwin and that of the Home Secretary; but most familiar of all was the voice of some gentleman unknown, who hemmed and hawed and lost his place and found it and told us everything that it was good for us to know and made the sort of jokes one finds in *Punch* — a very human creature, I should say, who did his best not to bore us. We shall miss him when it is over, and no doubt read his name in the next honors list, for he deserves a K.B.E. at the very least.

It was he who broadcast the news which made us all cry 'Thank God!' and thank Him in good earnest on that evening.

The original idea had been to hold a joint service of intercession, but this was now all altered. At seven o'clock we gathered in the little square, the vicar with his flock, the Baptist minister with his, the Salvation Army commandant with hers. Each of the three addressed us. The vicar gave out Hymn No. 142 and 'Oh God, our help in ages past'; and so, though Trotsky had invited us to 'fight like devils,'¹ we sang like angels.

¹In Moscow a newspaper bearing this name was started by 'Bolshie' sympathizers.

FOLLOW THE LEADER

BY ERNST JONSON

I

DEMOCRACY means rule by the masses of the people — a system of government in which the governing initiative is vested in the people as a whole, and exercised by counting of heads, one head being equal to any other. Democracy means that the opinions of a majority, no matter how arrived at, must of necessity be just and wise; that if enough people believe a thing to be true it must be true. Democracy naïvely assumes that human nature in masses is a thing altogether superior to individual human nature; that, while an incompetent and selfish autocrat will misgovern and oppress the people, the equally ignorant, equally stupid self-interest of the mass will result in wise action. Democracy assumes that tyranny is imposed upon a physically superior mass by a physically inferior minority, without the acquiescence of the mass, and that, if the mass be once freed from the minority's tyrannical domination, it never again will fall under such domination. Democracy, though proclaiming the average man's capacity to anticipate the conditions of his own well-being, is yet founded upon a deep-lying distrust of human worth. It claims that every man should have an equal voice in the control of affairs, on the ground that no man can be trusted to act fairly toward his fellow men, that, for the most part, power will be abused. Democracy is born from the suspicion that all men are equally unworthy to be trusted

with power over other men. Indeed, democracy means nothing else than despair of finding any fit to govern, and contented putting-up with the want of them.

In the eighteenth century, with its decadent aristocracy and its simple economic scheme, the obsession for democracy was pardonable enough. When men have suffered false governors, and have cast them away, they hope that no government, or the nearest to none, will suffice them. But the persistence of this fantastic notion in the midst of the machinery of the industrialized State is astounding indeed.

Democracy professes to believe that all men are equal in their mental capacities. This obvious absurdity, to which the Declaration of Independence gave such brilliant and such conspicuous utterance, resulted from the half-baked liberalism of eighteenth-century prophets. The intelligence tests applied in connection with the war draft tell a different story. These indicate that the average mental age of our male voters is about fourteen. There is about the political and economic jargon of democracy an evasion of reality so stupendous as to amount to a collective madness. The toiling and trading masses cannot have either the leisure or the capacity for investigating the underlying principles of policy, or for mastering the details of legislation. They ever are the ready victims of the crafty politician

with his shibboleths and catchwords. This palpably absurd dogma of human equality results in the suppression of the superior, reducing all to a common level of dull mediocrity. The consequence is that humanity finds itself without leadership, floundering in confusion. And is there not a strange irony in the fact that the multimillionaire has become the popular ideal in a country dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal?

And what of liberty? What in any rational mind is that divine quality of liberty? That a man be free, be permitted to unfold himself in works of use and beauty and wisdom, is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable — to him and to mankind. But that a host of men be equally free to do no work, equally free to indulge their vanities, is the most fatal curse that could be inflicted on them — curse and nothing else, to them and to all men.

In the period that intervened between the Declaration of Independence of the American Colonies and the adoption of the Constitution, democracy was put to practical test. The results were so disastrous that in the Constitutional Congress a stout fight was made against democracy. The opponents of democracy were victorious; an aristocratic-republican constitution was adopted. This experience was submerged in the flood of democratic oratory which during the last hundred years has sapped the life of American politics. Now it is near forgotten. These hundred years of democracy in the United States offer the most conclusive test upon which an evaluation of the democratic theory of government may be based. Never elsewhere has democracy been tried on such a scale, or under more favorable conditions.

II

Democracy is a fiction, a concept without any corresponding reality. It should be apparent to all that the government of a people, whatever be the political formula under which that government is operated, falls, by necessity, into the hands of a politically active group. Always has the machinery of government been operated by a group banded together, avowedly or secretly, for that purpose. *Fasciare* means 'to bind' — hence *Fascismo*, government by a group bound together for the purpose of making its influence dominant. Fascism, then, is no new thing — it is the way of all government. Governments differ only in the make-up, and the motives and methods, of the dominant group. Under democratic procedure men group themselves, in accordance with their short-sighted self-interest, into organized militant minorities, each willing to sacrifice the State, the human race, and posterity to its own superficially apparent interests. Loudly does democracy proclaim the rights of man. The duties of man, as near as possible, it forgets. Hence in so-called democracies the dominant group, for the most part, absorbs men of mediocre capacity and of doubtful integrity. They do not bring into national service the highest-skilled talent of the people, but delegate their sovereignty to men who will serve the self-seeking interests of the group, and who can give expression to the confused and nebulous sentiments of the crowd — men of words, who are able to make the worse cause seem the better; flatterers who tell them that they cannot err; panders who minister to the crowd's prejudices and to their greed. The political torpor induced by the delusion of democracy, with its evasions and irresponsibilities, — everyone leaving

the business of government to another, — has brought our civilization to a crisis greater, perhaps, than any that has ever occurred. It is no exaggeration to say that a form of government which makes articulate and gives weight to the most self-seeking and incompetent element in society will, if allowed to continue, cause the collapse of civilization.

Experience has shown that no system of government will work without the right men to operate it. Get your man — that is the problem. How get governors who will govern, not merely take the wages for governing? Do not expect that your true governor will be chosen by ballot box, or by other political machine. No, the real governor is invested with governorship by the power that is in him. His patent of authority lies in the fact that he governs. He is a man whom the multitude, as by law of nature, finds itself constrained to follow. In past times have we not seen, again and again, a people seek refuge from the tyranny of an autocrat, or of an aristocracy, in democracy, and then force absolute power upon a king to escape from democracy? The moment comes, if democracy is permitted to go too far, when the concentration of power in the hands of one man is felt as a relief from the irresponsible tyranny of the mob.

When the dominant group is formed by the more intelligent, more patriotic classes, when there are contained in it men of spiritual insight, whose thought has some measure of the quality of inspiration, then the people is really governed. We hear much of capital and labor, and little of thought. Yet never in the world did civilization support itself on business alone. Without a thinking class, a class wholly separated from business, no civilization is stable. Such minds alone are qualified and

may be trusted to be the guardians of mankind, more especially of posterity, for the future generations are vastly in the majority and therefore of infinitely greater moment than the existing generations. Obviously the best alone are qualified for this guardianship, men and women who are capable of understanding and valuing and preserving the national traditions, who have an intelligent appreciation of the best that mankind has achieved in past ages, and in whom a great passion for a deeper, richer, tenderer life overrules their lusts and vanities. They are not concerned with rights. Their business is with restraint and order and organization, and with nursing the tender seedlings of culture. When the governing group is so constituted, active participation in political life is restored to the position of high honor that is proper to it. Such are your true aristocracies.

When these best elements in a nation betray their trust, when the landlord and the master of industry fail to coöperate with the thinker, or when those delicately attuned minds who stand in the borderland of inspiration fail to make the renunciation and the effort by which alone they become actual seers of the vision of truth, political stagnation takes possession of the nation and it begins to drift toward political chaos.

Though democracy be a delusion, a theory of government which, in the nature of things, cannot be realized, a final and undivided responsibility rests upon the people. Good governments have arisen, and will arise, without any initiative from the masses, but unless the masses persistently and insistently demand government, and dare to fight to abolish sham government, there is no assurance of continued good government. There must not be any division of responsibility for

government. The governors must be held wholly responsible for the conduct of the nation's affairs, the people for their acquiescence in such conduct. If the people are slack, power will in the long run be abused. Natural kingship deteriorates, sooner or later, into despotism. The lord, once the benign protector of the vassal, turns tyrant. To acknowledge their real governor when he appears, and to follow him and put up with no other — herein lies the responsibility of the masses. Serious thinkers never saw in the general suffrage anything more than a convenient device for getting rid of sham governors. When a people finds itself wretched it should know that it has not been well governed. Then, if there are men, they will rid themselves of their false governors. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, says the Declaration of Independence, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes. But when the conduct of government consistently evinces a profound indifference to the welfare of the people and an eye to the exclusive interest of a group, it is the right of the people, it is their duty, to throw off such government.

III

Mussolini is pictured to us as a tyrant who, as the leader of a band of desperate criminals, has instituted a veritable reign of terror in Italy. To one living in Italy such tales of horror seem exaggerated, to say the least. Italy plainly welcomes the 'tyrant' with a sigh of relief.

When Benito Mussolini took hold of the rudder of government, the ill-constructed constitutional monarchy had been honeycombed through and through with radical democracy; had, in fact, ceased to be an actual govern-

ment; had become mere semblance of government. The constituted authorities of the State had abjectly surrendered to radicalism. So complete was this surrender that just before the end of the war five hundred and forty-six Communist agents from the city of Milan alone had free passes on the railways of the State. There was extreme apathy, slackness, and disorder in all state functions; many programmes, few acts. Discipline was lax in all departments of the public service. It was heavily loaded with supernumerary officeholders, who reported at their respective offices only on the twenty-seventh day of each month, and then merely to draw their salary. Frequent strikes in all industries had reduced production to a minimum. There were unemployment, want, bread riots. Workers took possession of factories and ran them to a standstill. Peasants began to dictate to the landlords. Italy was in a state of anarchy.

Mussolini did not overthrow constitutional government. Constitutional government had evaporated from lack of governing initiative. Fascism was a revolution against mob rule. The conduct of a revolution cannot properly be judged by the standards of an operative social order. Revolutions should be judged primarily by their results — secondarily only, by their methods. Acts of violence have been committed, it is true. Hitherto revolutions commonly have been attended with acts of violence. But the tales of violence spread abroad by defeated political adventurers are wholly unreliable and grossly exaggerated. It is probably true that the number of Communists killed in the revolution is less than that of the casualties suffered by the Fascists. The well-known fact that the Fascists substituted castor oil for the dungeon and the scaffold does not indicate unusual cruelty.

The Fascist revolution has remedied many of the evils of the old régime. It is in the way of remedying others. It has rescued Italy from political and social chaos. It has given the people a strong and efficient government. Discipline has been reestablished in the public service by a system of rigid inspection. The vigilant eye of the Fascist militia is upon every branch of the public service. On every railway train there is an officer of militia who checks up the work of the conductor. The people are being adequately taxed, with the result that the national budget has been balanced. Strikes have been abolished, and industrial courts substituted. Industry is being revived and organized. At the present time there are practically no unemployed in Italy. Everywhere the people seem prosperous and contented. The malarial tracts are being drained, and waste lands reclaimed. The political adventurer alone suffers hardship. Mussolini might well answer his critics in the words of Goethe: 'Do it better.'

Considering the extent to which the present generation from infancy has been exposed to democratic oratory, it is not surprising to find many well-intentioned people opposed to Mussolini. Indeed, it is surprising to find how general is the disposition to judge Mussolini by his beneficent results rather than by his undemocratic methods. The passing of democracy calls forth surprisingly little protest. These critics tell us that the Fascist government is neither legal nor constitutional; that the Fascists, in defiance of democratic procedure, foully possessed themselves of every position of control throughout the country, the machinery of the State and of the municipalities, the army, the militia, and the police, the press, the judiciary, the banks, and the schools. Mussolini, they say,

has conspired with the King and a strong parasitic plutocratic clique to destroy democracy in Italy, and the people's sacred right not to be governed is being filched from them by Fascist legislation.

Sure enough, Mussolini is no democrat. Many earnest men, when they awaken to political consciousness and realize how ill the people are governed, embrace the high-sounding theories of radical democracy. So did Mussolini. But democracy in operation is a thing very different from democracy in theory. Democracy in operation turned the founders of our republic from democratic theory. So also it turned Mussolini. Now he believes that the masses, when left to themselves, will not govern themselves; that if a people is to have government, such government must be achieved by the few and imposed by them on the masses, either by persuasion or by force — by persuasion preferably, when possible; by force when persuasion fails. If the dogma of democracy be counted among the eternal verities, then Mussolini cannot be defended.

It has been said that the liberties of a people are rooted in its political constitution. Profound error! Whenever in history we have seen a people enjoying liberty, — not for a day, but long-continued liberty, — the root of it has been in the people's own manliness. The virtue of a constitution lies in the fact that it does not deal in make-believes, but takes account of realities. A genuinely aristocratic constitution recognizes the people's right of revolution and the supremacy of their power, and provides for the orderly conduct of a genuinely popular revolution. No constitution can confer upon the people the right to govern; a constitution can only pretend to confer such. Act of congress cannot make possible what in the nature of

things is impossible. Nor do the people really want to govern. When an election is imminent, are we not confronted everywhere with appeals to the people to exercise their suffrage rights?

IV

There stands Mussolini at the head of the manhood of Italy. What shall we do with him? Spiteful oratory may fret him, may distress him, but will not make him cease from governing. The one profitable thing we may do with Mussolini, profitable to us and to him, is to learn the facts about him and Italy. There may be in Mussolini some actual use for us. He has blazed a trail by which all nations may find their way out of the entanglements of democracy when the evils thereof become too great to be endured.

How did Mussolini extricate Italy from the sway of radicalism? He realized that in order to succeed in his venture of government he must unite the antiradical elements of the nation. The radicals were opposed, first of all to government, then to national aspirations and to private ownership. Hence his first act of government was a vigorous propaganda for government, for national greatness, and for private ownership.

The appeal for government and for fuller national life met with warm response from the young men returned from the war. Hard experience had taught many of these the perils of no government. They were for government of some sort, of any sort, and came to be known as Fascists. In others the war had strengthened and vivified the sense of national life. These were the Nationalists. Here the radicals had played into Mussolini's hand, for they had vented their militant pacifism upon these men, had subjected them to many annoyances.

Under the conditions of traditional democratic procedure the radicals formed an effective majority. To overcome this majority Mussolini adopted a different procedure. In the young Fascists and Nationalists who had served in the war he saw fit and willing material for a fighting force, by whose muscular superiority he might overcome the vocal superiority of the radical element. He organized a volunteer force avowedly for the purpose of executing a revolution against radicalism and establishing government by extraconstitutional methods. The army might be relied upon for neutrality, but for no more. The officers were in sympathy with his nationalistic ideals, but the men had been affected by radical propaganda.

A talent indispensable to the leader of a revolution is the talent of keeping discipline. Be his aim ever so lofty, his vision ever so clear, he is doomed to failure if he cannot keep his followers in line. This talent Mussolini possesses in a high degree. The discipline within the Fascist Party is as strict as any military discipline. To maintain such discipline without the support of law and custom, even for a day, in these democratizing times is no mean achievement.

As a result of his stand for private ownership Mussolini received the funds needed for the revolution through the established and accustomed channels, and thereby avoided the friction that would have resulted from compulsory levies on wealth.

Mussolini is not a hidebound doctrinaire; he is a man of practical judgment, who must work freely with an eye single to immediate beneficent results and let policy unfold from day to day. He realizes that constitutions are made for government, not government for constitutions. He does not aim to revise the constitution first,

and then govern under such revised constitution. Rather his aim is to give the people in each phase of public business such government as seems practicable under the existing conditions. Only gradually, as he gathers support from the accumulating benefits of government, will he press toward a more efficient constitution. He seems not to contemplate any curtailment of the universal franchise, recognizing the fact that political stability requires that the power to rebuke and even to dismiss sham government be left in the hands of the people. He merely exerts a moderate but steady pressure toward a franchise so proportioned that the governing initiative of the more responsible, more intelligent, more creative element in society may find in it a channel of facile expression. To this end he is increasing the weight of the vote of those who have rendered some tangible service to the State.

It is a momentous thing, this Fascism in Italy! It means that Italy, long hagridden, vexed with foul enchantments, is not to die, but to live. We see Italy rise like a young giant, see her shake all that magical trumpery to right and left, trampling it stormfully under foot, and declaring that there still is life in her, not for recovery only, but for new and better things. Italy has put her feet upon reality. There only lie strength and healing for her and for us. Fascism was not a decorous process, as democratic oratory esteems decorum; but the alternative to it was death.

The basic problem of government, then, is not to secure, for the time being, order and prosperity. The basic problem is deeper than that — it is to instill into the people a faith in which these exterior goods may find their permanent soil, a faith that shall make them for all time the competent guardians of their inalienable right to be well governed. First of all the people must be aroused to a deep and vivid sense of their power and of their dignity. They must know that they possess a strength which no political group can resist. They must know that their will, if they choose to exercise it, is absolute, and their judgment final. They must be charged with the responsibility of maintaining an unfaltering sense of sturdy, self-reliant manliness. But, oppression by their mock superiors well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve: that of finding government by their real superiors. For this there are required also reverence and obedience. A people ever set against government will be as ill governed as a people too indolent or too cowardly to throw off sham government. In most vital need, and with a passionate instinctive desire for guidance, the masses should ever have an eye to their true governors. It is not well with a people if it will not acknowledge such men when they appear; a people is in a chaotic state until it will acknowledge such men. Without such governors no fibre of the past took form; without such no State is secure, nor any civilization stable.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I HAD A LAWN MOWER

READING the other day, in a book about the menace of machinery, that 'industrial civilization, having created for unknown ends a race of mechanical drudges, requires nevertheless a contribution of human toil more intense, more exacting, more irksome than ever before,' I was pleasantly surprised to find this light on our industrial civilization illuminating and explaining also a suburban mystery — the tacit conspiracy of men who mow their own lawns to lure others into the same employment. There is little propaganda, no concerted and conscious effort, no formal organization; but rather a single impulse common to all men who operate their own lawn mowers, and making them, so to speak, all push together in the same direction. Each advances the common purpose by his assumption of innocent enjoyment, for any one of them is a moving picture and living advertisement of the pleasure that a lawn owner derives from taking care of the lawn himself.

I remember, as it were but yesterday, my first lawn. A lawn mower came with it, left behind by the previous tenant. I had often watched men mowing their own lawns, and, even if there were nothing else to be said for it, mowing the lawn myself would be an easy way to save money. But health, as well as pocketbook, would be benefited by this pleasant exercise. With my lawn mower — and this was truer than I then suspected — there would always be something to do in the open air before supper. It was rather a large lawn — but so much the more

exercise, so much the more benefit to my health, so much the more appetite for my supper. Without criticizing the advantages of wealth, it had often struck me, looking over the fence, that the men who mowed their own lawns had much the better of it compared with those who hired professionals. Pushing, they seemed to make a fair world safer for democracy; and their wives, affectionately watching them from the screened porches, seemed to make divorce an idle invention of a sensational press. Although I did not then know it, hardly anything gives a wife more satisfaction than watching a tired husband pushing a lawn mower. Often, indeed, when he thinks he is done for the day, and is wearily dragging the lawn mower back to its resting place, she will come out from the screened porch and show him all the spots he has unwittingly missed. Then, if any stranger is watching him, he will prance back with his lawn mower.

A lawnless man may observe, say, twenty gentlemen mowing their own lawns and they all look very much alike, their twenty lawn mowers smoothly cutting the grass, and their twenty wives smoothly watching them from their twenty screened porches. What no lawnless man may know, for not one of these twenty gentlemen will ever tell him, is that they are *doing something that they have come to regard as work*. For one reason or another — thrift, unsuspected poverty, innate perversity, labor troubles with professional pushers, a quixotic desire to please the wife, or this reason or that — each has become the motive power of a

machine for grass-cutting. Yet I do not mean that these gentlemen are acutely unhappy. Things might be worse. Think of those poor wretches who used to row in the galleys, and the brute of an overseer who walked back and forth and kept them at it with a long whip! There is nothing like that on the screened porch; and, after all, a man who is mowing his own lawn ought to be grateful to a wife who shows him where he has skipped a blade or two. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. But they are not so happy as they pretend to be, nor anything like so happy as they look from the other side of the fence. They know now, in fact, that a lawn mower is one of those mechanical drudges, created by an industrial civilization, that enslave the operator and enforce a contribution of toil more intense, exacting, and irksome than ever before; and these slaves — having, as it were, caught and sold themselves to their master — instinctively desire to minimize and conceal their servitude and enlarge their company. An informal Fellowship of the Lawn is established, whose seal, if it had one, would bear a lawn mower rampant and the bravely satirical motto, 'Apud novercam quarere,' or — if the reader has forgotten his Plautus — 'Complain to your stepmother.' To distinguish himself from these slaves, as a free man following a respectable calling of his own volition, any man who mows a lawn for hire dons a derby hat two sizes too large for him. It is an odd sort of uniform, but unmistakable at a distance.

Yet it is not really the lawn mower that makes the trouble. These gentlemen would be just as unhappy with scythes and sickles, though they would get better exercise. It is the lawn itself — those innumerable blades of grass whose incessant growth the professional in his derby hat naturally regards as a

beneficent provision of nature, and the gentleman who mows his own as one more infernal example of the futility of human effort. Never at rest, never in a hurry, and no sooner cut down in one place than they have grown up in another. A man who mows his own lawn must not think too much about that: it grows while he mows and he mows while it grows, and it grows while he mows and he mows while it grows, and it grows while he mows and he grows while it mows. An imaginative man who mows his own lawn must watch himself lest he fall into a dangerous habit of watching his lawn — looking at it just before he goes to bed, and again the first thing in the morning; wondering about it in the office, and hurrying home by an early train to look at it in the afternoon. When I mowed my own lawn I used sometimes to go back and take a look at it after I had put up the lawn mower. One should take it lightly.

Sing ho, ye merry blades of grass
Whose numbers none may know!
The mowers come, the mowers pass,
And still the grass blades grow.

Sing ho, ye merry gentleman
Who pushes o'er the plain!
He oils his mower from a can,
And pushes on again.

Sing ho, ye merry summer sun
That warms the world below!
It shines alike on everyone
Who has a lawn to mow.

Sing ho, ye merry summer day
When early is the dawn!
So let us sing a merry lay
A-mowing of the lawn.

One does not think of these things in the beginning. The first week that I mowed my own lawn I wrote an essay on the subject. 'Although such persons,' said I, 'no doubt exist, I have never met a man who did not in some degree enjoy operating a lawn mower.

The moving guillotine of dandelions and buttercups advances gayly over the lawn, tossing in the air a pleasing cascade of cut grass and dandelion and buttercup heads. The mower follows along the smooth green carpet of his own laying, like the bridegroom of an invisible bride on his way to the altar.' 'Compared with tennis, golf, croquet, archery, or other outdoor sports,' I said also, 'mowing the lawn is easy to master to such a degree of competence as gives a man comfortable self-respect in the company of other followers of the same pastime.' 'Although mowing the lawn,' I said further, 'has hitherto been accepted as an exclusive and one-man occupation, there is no good reason why it should not be followed in company, as companionable a pleasure for intellectual men as golf.' I described the joy of a man mowing his lawn in the early morning when 'a bird pipes in the tree, another twitters in the bushes as he lifts the lawn mower out of the shed and sets it in the unmarked path that it will presently follow.' It was an appreciative essay, and, as one reader bitterly remarked to the editor, anybody who could write it deserved to spend eternity mowing the palace grounds of Lucifer.

For this mood does not last, and the operation of a lawn mower, as time goes on, is even productive of odd and disturbing hallucinations. The machine seems to vary in weight, though never lighter than it ought to be; and the lawn itself, level to the eye, seems at times to have a perceptible upgrade in every direction. Inanimate objects take on an uncanny semblance of life, stealthily retreating as the lawn mower is pushed toward them, and as stealthily following when the lawn mower is turned about and pushed in the opposite direction. Twigs and pebbles gather from all over the place and struggle with each other to get into the

lawn mower. It is like a crowd in the subway. The pusher deviates, in spite of himself, from the straight and narrow path from the rose bush to the apple tree. I remember one day when my wife asked me what I was doing. And I said mowing the lawn. And she said, with what seemed to me a foolish laugh, that it looked more like marcelling. And I said: —

'Sing ho, ye merry wifely quip
Whose point cannot be seen;
It helps a man to keep his grip
While mowing of the green.'

Sometimes except for his wife a man would neglect his lawn. But this rarely happens. It is more likely that he will find it takes longer to mow the lawn than he had anticipated, — as it always does, — and that the wisest economy, all things considered, will be to give over this pleasure, and engage a professional. His wife may object, and he will be tacitly dropped from the Fellowship of the Lawn, but he will not care.

SALVAGING SOCIABILITY

COUSINS from the hinterland frequently aver that New Yorkers are unsociable. Back in Canopee, they say, all the amenities are observed by those who live side by side. But, New Yorkers may well reply, here we do not live side by side. We live end to end; and the only means of informal, neighborly exchanges are, for many, such as are afforded by the dumb-waiter and the air shaft.

I once knew of an apartment house where, of an evening, a soulful tenant could carol a melody in the vicinity of his air shaft, certain that others above and below him would relay the refrain up and down the same channel of neighborliness. But this harmonious living was foredoomed. Less musical tenants objected and inferred that

something more potent than the spirit of song passed up and down the dumb-waiter. Upon those who raised their voices the landlord shortly raised the rent, rocketing the per capita cost of neighborliness to a point beyond reason.

Living end to end does not represent New Yorkers' closest human contacts. These occur, it seems to me, most conspicuously in our traffic jams. Those whose autos lock with our own, when the red light flashes at the intersection of two crowded streets, are perhaps more truly neighbors in the Canopee sense than the stratifications of sleepers among which, somewhere or other, our own residential interstices happen to be. In the traffic jam, amid the genial rubbing of mudguards, with a pulsating flivver snuggled confidingly against the door of one's limousine, true neighborliness, I claim, may profitably be practised.

It is four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, and we are driving through rolling Westchester. We are bound both homeward and never to try it again; for this is the weekly pastime, we discover, of perhaps a hundred thousand old fools (we now admit it) and new drivers. Ahead of us as far as the eye can reach, or could reach if it had a fraction of a chance, extends an unending procession of fellow repentants. We are fully eighteen inches from the car ahead. We think guiltily of those eighteen inches, and the appellation 'road hog' occurs to us. For if each car were to close up a similar gap it would effect a saving of one hundred and fifty feet per hundred cars, we calculate. In a minute, though, we do close up — quite unexpectedly. For suddenly the line halts and we proceed against the rear of the front car with considerable impact. Now if neighborly sentiment generally prevailed the bumpee would look upon this as but a friendly slap on the back

on the part of the bumper. Generally he does not; and it takes several minutes of nods and smiles to persuade him that the jolt represents a social opportunity rather than a careless affront. But once he can be reduced to a state of sociability the real process of neighborly intercourse should begin.

While he has been examining the back of his car let us suppose that I have produced a pack of playing cards. When he turns to deliver the customary reproaches I proffer the pack. 'Hearts,' I suggest. We finish two games and are beginning an exciting rubber when the line of autos starts again. Play is suspended, but I follow closely upon his car, and another halt, at Mount Vernon, allows us to finish the game. Then we exchange cigars and wish each other Godspeed, which, on a Sunday afternoon, averages about eight miles per hour.

The time consumed in waiting at some crossings in New York suggests the possibility of a game of chess. By means of some kind of gum the chessmen might be lightly affixed to the board so that it could be passed between two cars waiting side by side. The game might even thus be played while the two autos were in parallel motion. The time taken to travel from Twenty-third to Forty-second Streets on Fifth Avenue allows, I should think, for nearly a full game by thoughtful players.

But, I hear someone say, what about those whose minds are partially atrophied by years of leisure, or by constant application to the same never-varying task, like machine operatives and college professors? For them, I believe, there could be pastimes a-plenty. Those in neighboring cars could form a pool and, like fellow passengers on an ocean liner, gamble upon the length of the run to the next red traffic light. Nor is bodily exercise out of the

question. A few tennis rackets and a toy balloon would afford exhilarating exercise for those who occupy open cars.

Above all, the art of conversation should be fostered. Once motorists accept the idea of sociability in the traffic jam, it is probable that articulate intercourse will follow. As I have intimated, such conversation as now takes place is confined to those whose cars have come together from an error of judgment on the part of one of the drivers, rather than from any desire to promote sociability. The resulting conversation, as a rule, centres about the participants' qualifications as drivers, and the moral right of each to operate a car on a public highway.

To facilitate conversation amid the din of Elevateds and heavy cross-traffic let us imagine every car to be equipped with large cards, each bearing a letter of the alphabet. By spelling out words with these cards at one's rear window a neighborly conversation might take place with the occupants of the car waiting behind.

'What is your name?' we should probably spell.

'H-e-n-r-y S-m-i-t-h,' spells back the other. Or, as a pleasant possibility, it might even prove to be John D. Rockefeller, Wayne B. Wheeler, or Nicholas Murray Butler. But, assuming this not to be, we proceed:—

'Where are you from?'

'Canopee, Ohio.'

A Middle Westerner! Obviously one flashes back, 'Pleased to meet you, Mr. Smith.'

As the communing parties become intimate the talk turns upon the price of each other's car, the terms of purchase, the size of one's family.

Even afoot, New Yorkers, though unsociable, are a kindly lot. Many will go so far as to hesitate in their tracks in order to point with a thumb in the general direction of the street

for which you are inquiring. And those who have had superior advantages, as indicated by their ability to own a motor, will, I am confident, coöperate to speed a new era of democratic neighborliness in their own beloved city.

MAGAZINE MANNERS IN THE SIXTIES

WHEN the burden of rejection slips seems too great to be borne, one should secure a copy of *Godey's Lady's Book* for the month of January, 1863, and turn to the editorial department:—

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted these articles: 'Both Sides'—'Faithful to the end' . . . 'Is Genius desirable?'—'Homes and Husbands.' . . .

How pleasant to have one's article or story listed in this way! BUT—

These articles are declined: 'Unreal'—'A Wish'—'My School' (a *stamp* must be sent when an answer is requested)—'Music of the Heart'—'Jane Archer'—'The Golden Gate'—'Agnes Day' (worth publishing, but we have no room)—'The Zephyr'—'Sunrise'—'My Wife' (has some beautiful imagery and the sentiment is tender and holy, but the rhythm is defective. . . . 'Beggars in the Street'—and 'Come to me' and the other poem.

The other poem—what does that mean? The one sent with 'Come to me'?

This list does not include all the rejections, for the editor goes on:—

We hoped to have reported on all the MSS. in our hands; but are compelled for want of time to postpone a number till next month.

And now we take pleasure in expressing our thanks to the many warm friends who have contributed to our pages during the past year. The letters which pour in their tributes of encouragement are most welcome now, when many circumstances are adverse to literary success.

That there are things worse than mere rejection is proved by this curt direction: —

We don't return poetry even if stamps are sent; can't afford the time. Those who send poetry must keep a copy. Consult this department and you will see whether it is accepted or rejected.

One looks vainly in the February and March numbers for those alluring lists, but they do not appear — only a vainglorious declaration that 'the small fry of magazines ought to celebrate our birthday. . . . There is not one of their publishers who can honestly say that he has not copied every idea from our *Book*.'

It is not until the April number that the contributor can learn whether his poem was accepted: —

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS. — We shall use the following articles as soon as we can make room: 'Aunt Esther's Warming-pan' . . . 'Engeburg' . . . 'Sonnet' . . . 'The Emigrant's Lament.'

These articles, we are sorry to say, we can not use: 'When I am Dead' [no wonder] — 'Robinhood' and other poems (we have no room) — 'The Stream of Time' (very good poetry, but we are burdened with our stores) — 'The Day of the Dead' — 'Good-night' [the last is not intended as a comment on the preceding] . . . 'Three Cheers' . . . 'Squeaky Boots' (good article for a newspaper) . . . 'In Memory of the Poetess' etc. (good poetry) — 'The Little Shoe' (if we had room, this would be accepted). . . .

We have many manuscripts on hand to examine.

The authoress of 'Lily Carleton' is requested to send us her address.

Imagine buying magazine after magazine for the dubious pleasure of finding one's manuscripts mentioned in the rejected column! But the editor of the sixties advised intending contributors, or, if you prefer, warned them. After talking at some length on

'the now prevailing practice of giving out long stories in small parcels,' foisting 'an amount of tediousness' upon the reader of continued stories that would swamp a book, the editor berates popular writers, then turns to 'the multitude of inferior or unpractised writers.' With them 'it is quite another matter. They must take pains to please; they must not be tedious and heavy, or they will be allowed to sink without rescue. Those who are not sure of superior powers, or are new in literary efforts, should beware of trying the reader's patience.'

The reader will finish, if the writer does not.

It is recorded that Pericles, before speaking in public, always made a prayer to the gods that he might finish when done. The significance of this example should be impressed on every young and inexperienced writer — at least.

Farther on comes *A Word to Writers*. The concluding sentences perhaps contain some advice that might lessen the likelihood of rejections at the present time. The final sentence, while it vies in bad structure with the sentences in some recent novels, asks in its first words for that which most story magazine editors are demanding. Whatever their methods of accepting or rejecting, editors, it seems, want what they have always wanted.

The great length of many of the articles on hand prevents our giving them an early insertion. If writers would send us short articles, they would be published much sooner. Racy and to the point, not abounding in description about the beauty of the parties, which most persons skip, but go into the story at once, and, if possible, avoid making the heroine a school-teacher or a governess.

One replaces the file of *Godey's* and goes back mollified to the courtesy of the unwelcome rejection slip — perhaps to a letter from a kindly editor.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

HOME after a quiet sojourn in England, **A Returning American**, a distinguished man of letters and a bachelor, has been overwhelmed by those tumultuous changes which most of us are too busy to recognize. ¶Lawyer and banker, **William P. Gest** is president of the Fidelity Trust Company of Philadelphia, and a pertinent investigator of our lawmaking industry. ¶A specialist in criminal law, **John Barker Waite** retired from practice in order to become professor of law at the University of Michigan. **Harriet Sampson**, a Wellesley graduate, makes her début in our pages. ¶Faithful readers will remember that, as the son of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, **Langdon Mitchell** has inherited a genius for diagnosis, as displayed in his paper on 'The American Malady,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for February 1924. A member of the New York bar, he has for many years preferred the rôles of author and playwright. ¶In Herodotus **Emily James Putnam** found the source material for her stories, classical in detail, modern in implication, two of which have previously appeared in the *Atlantic* for April and May. We quote literatim a translation of the text which suggested the present narrative.

Now it happened that this Candaules fell in love with his own wife; and not only so, but thought her the fairest woman in the whole world. There was in his bodyguard a man whom he specially favored, Gyges, the son of Dascylus. All affairs of greatest moment were entrusted by Candaules to this person, and to him he was wont to extol the surpassing beauty of his wife. So matters went on for a while.

At length one day Candaules, who was fated to end ill, thus addressed his follower: 'I see thou dost not credit what I tell thee of my lady's loveliness; but come now, since men's ears are less credulous than their eyes, contrive some means whereby thou mayst behold her naked.'

At this the other loudly exclaimed, saying, 'What most unwise speech is this, master, which thou hast uttered? Wouldst thou have me behold my mistress when she is naked? Bethink thee that a woman with her clothes puts off her

bashfulness. Our fathers in time past distinguished right and wrong plainly enough, and it is our wisdom to submit to be taught by them. I hold thy wife for the fairest of all womankind. Only, I beseech thee, ask me not to do wickedly.'

Gyges thus endeavored to decline the King's proposal, trembling lest some dreadful evil should befall him through it. But the King replied to him, 'Courage, friend; suspect me not of the design to prove thee by this discourse; nor dread thy mistress lest mischief befall thee at her hands. Be sure that I will so manage that she shall not even know that thou hast looked upon her. I will place thee behind the open door of the chamber in which we sleep. When I enter to go to rest, she will follow me. There stands a chair close to the entrance on which she will lay her clothes, one by one, as she takes them off. Thou wilt be able thus at thy leisure to peruse her person. Then, when she is moving from the chair toward the bed, and her back is turned on thee, be it thy care that she see thee not as thou passest through the doorway.'

Gyges, unable to escape, could but declare his readiness. Then Candaules, when he judged it to be bedtime, led Gyges into his sleeping chamber, and a moment after the Queen followed. She entered and laid her garments on the chair, and Gyges gazed on her. After a while she moved toward the bed, and, her back being turned, he glided stealthily from the apartment. As he was passing out, however, she saw him, and, instantly divining what had happened, she neither screamed as her shame impelled her, nor even appeared to have noticed aught, purposing to take vengeance upon the husband who had so affronted her. For among the Lydians, and indeed among the barbarians generally, it is reckoned a deep disgrace, even to a man, to be seen naked.

No sound or sign of intelligence escaped her at the time. But in the morning, as soon as day broke, she hastened to choose from among her retinue such as she knew to be most faithful to her, and, preparing them for what was to come, summoned Gyges into her presence. Now it had often happened before that the Queen had desired to confer with him, and he was accustomed to come to her at her call. He therefore obeyed the summons, not suspecting that she knew aught of what had occurred.

Then she addressed these words to him: 'Take thy choice, Gyges, of two courses which are open to thee. Slay Candaules and thereby

become my lord, and obtain the Lydian throne, or die this moment in his room. So wilt thou not again, obeying all behests of thy master, behold what is not lawful for thee. It must needs be that either he perish by whose counsel this thing was done, or thou who sawest me naked and so didst break our usages.'

At these words Gyges stood awhile in mute astonishment; recovering after a time, he earnestly besought the Queen that she would not compel him to so hard a choice. But finding he implored in vain, and that necessity was indeed laid on him to kill or to be killed, he made choice of life for himself, and replied by this inquiry: 'If it must be so, and thou compellest me against my will to put my lord to death, come, let me hear how thou wilt have me set on him.'

'Let him be attacked,' she answered, 'on that spot where I was by him shown naked to you, and let the assault be made when he is asleep.'

All was then prepared for the attack, and when night fell Gyges, seeing that he had no retreat or escape, but must absolutely either slay Candaules or himself be slain, followed his mistress into the sleeping room. She placed a dagger in his hand and hid him carefully behind the self-same door. Then Gyges, when the King was fallen asleep, entered privily into the chamber and struck him dead. Thus did the wife and kingdom of Candaules pass into the possession of Gyges, of whom Archilochus the Parian, who lived about the same time, made mention in a poem written in iambic trimeter verse.

HERODOTUS, Book I, chapters 8-12

* * *

Alfred North Whitehead is an eminent philosopher and mathematician of Trinity College, Cambridge, now at Harvard University. ¶As a comparison shopper or 'scout,' Zélie Leigh has studied the department store business from the inside as well as the outside. ¶After scouring England in search of an amenable country or city house, A. Edward Newton found there was no place like Home in Daylesford, Pennsylvania. ¶From Brookline Morris Gray, Jr., sends us the first story he has written. Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, who in 1915 served as Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff, backs with experience his remark that Lincoln's formula for the relations between statesmen and soldiers in a democracy at war has never been improved upon. David E. Adams is minister of the East Congregational Church at Ware, Massachusetts. ¶When last heard

from, Margaret Lynn was on her way to Normandy and the Channel Islands, far from her familiar Kansan plain. Humbert Wolfe is an English poet who has found steady satisfaction in civil service. Between poems, as it were, he is Principal Assistant Secretary in the Ministry of Labor. In his capitalization Mr. Wolfe does not follow *Atlantic* practice. ¶From the University of Minnesota, Mary Ellen Chase, a professor of English, sends us this rather dizzy compliment: 'One of our instructors, reading the April *Atlantic* two weeks ago, fell off the curbing and broke her arm. She says, however, the number was really worth a plaster cast and the usual accompanying discomforts!'

* * *

Captain Owen Tweedy was on Lord Allenby's military staff in Cairo during the Egyptian rebellion of 1919, and later was appointed to his diplomatic staff at the Residency as Liaison Officer and Assistant Oriental Secretary. Albert Kinross, English playwright and novelist, volunteered for general service in the late lamented strike, and when it was over went cheerily back to his books and cricket. Ernst Jonson, philosopher and craftsman, is now in Italy. Mr. Jonson left Sweden at the age of twenty, attracted to America by the fame of Richardson the architect. After engaging in architecture and engineering he became a decorative designer, devoting himself particularly to recovering for the furniture industry the quality, artistic and technical, of the old handcrafts.

* * *

This credo, from a letter of a prominent college president, looks from the past to the future of education. It is, we think, an apt corollary to those observations on 'Home' which lead this issue.

However, there is one very definite and imperative need arising at the present time, which, as a matter of fact, involves the whole usefulness of a branch of our work, and only a little less definitely involves our ability to work out our educational policy.

Perhaps I should say a word in regard to this last statement. Without going into detail, I believe that one of the most serious transitions in American life is the transition of the last two

decades, during which we have become preponderantly an urban society rather than a rural. Not only that, but physical inventions in the form of the automobile, the movie, the radio, and the telephone have destroyed anything in the nature of isolation, and, in doing this, have eliminated all the different influences that originally were found in leisure and the consequent self-communion that pertained to life in the American village home.

I have a theory that Webster in his long horseback rides of several days between here and Fryeburg, Maine; Washington in the separateness of himself from other men on his surveying trips; and Lincoln, in the remoteness of the Western settler's life, acquired a tremendous proportion of the worth which later proved to be in them.

Not only adults, but even the youngest children of to-day know nothing about leisure, to say nothing of solitude. They are rarely brought into any contact with the elemental forces. They turn up thermostats instead of cutting wood for fuel; they turn electric buttons instead of filling lamps with oil; and they drive through our beautiful north-country mountains at forty miles an hour instead of climbing the slopes or walking along the crests of the Y— Range. The result is that when somebody asks them for an opinion they look for a button or a switch or an accelerator pedal to manipulate instead of falling back on any realization of the fact that they have been given minds and that these are presumably for occasional use. The pleasantest memories of my childhood are the memories of the quiet evenings about the dining-room table, in the centre of which sat a large lamp and about which were ranged the parents and children, all with books and all quiet. It was something to be looked forward to through all the day, and it was an influence the value of which I shall never be able sufficiently to appreciate.

A few weeks ago, a number of the prominent boys in college were at the house for dinner, and I got to discussing the old-time family prayers. No boy in the group had ever heard of the existence of such an institution in the American home. I then began to talk about the rapidity of change in home life in the quarter century, and spoke of the influence of these quiet evenings at home upon myself and upon the boys and girls of my time who were brought up in or about villages. The boys were politely and courteously interested, but it was perfectly apparent that I might just as well have been talking about the home life of the sea kings of Crete as in regard to the programme of life in the American home of my youth. It did develop, however, that of the group there was no single one who had ever had any idea of his being at home in the evening or who would have understood the presence of his parents in the home had he himself been there.

I do not say these men are representative of all in the college, but they are representative of the majority, and the proportion is increasing.

All of this is a tremendously long preamble to my statement of what it seems to me the function is of the Eastern, privately endowed, historic college of liberal arts. I think its function is, in so far as possible, to provide the atmosphere, the environment, and the stimulus which shall interest men in things outside of what is going to be their highly specialized and professionalized interest through life. We have men in all of the professions and in all types of business who are keen and intellectually alert enough for any purpose. What the world most lacks in these positions of authority and leadership is men of imagination and men of breadth and culture. The intellectual keenness and the mental alertness which education gives may become a positive detriment to mankind if unaccompanied by qualities which make for size and by sensitiveness which makes for insight.

At X—, consequently, we have been swinging further and further away from utilitarian and vocational courses, and from specialized training even for the professional schools, in the belief that these can be acquired rapidly and will be acquired sufficiently without the college emphasis upon them.

My own conception of the desirable liberal college of the present day is the college which most completely gives a man understanding of and appreciation of those things which make for beauty and value in life outside the field of what is to be his specialized or professionalized interest.

* * *

Many have sought to answer 'The Challenge,' by L. Adams Beck, in the May *Atlantic*. This letter presents evidence which cannot be overlooked.

SI AN FU, SHENSI, CHINA

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I met a woman once when I was traveling in Honan. We had to stay in a little town for a few days to wait for mules, so I had this woman, who lived across from the inn, do some washing for my babies and myself. My youngest never was well, — a dear little patient whom the Chinese wondered at but loved, — and she sat down beside his basket in the little courtyard to tell me about *her* boy. A man of twenty-one he was, and a lunatic, strong, destructive, hungry — taking all her life to keep him alive. 'My neighbors only scoff at me,' she said, 'when I come home to find the house a wreck, for they say it is my own fault. I have the right of life and death — why do I not get rid of him? But I worship our Heavenly Father, and I know that would be a sin.'

Besides, I love him.' There was no bitterness in her face, but only quiet peace. The message of Buddha and Confucius — I wonder if it would appeal to L. Adams Beck if she were in her place?

Another woman, too, I can remember, who also loved my children, but she could never look at them without tears. Seven of her own little girl babies had she killed with her own hands before she knew about the Gentle Jesus. Miserable remorse had worn her body thin and saddened her face. She had visited shrine after shrine, paid vow after vow, but nothing availed for rest of mind until she heard about the Saviour who could take away even her sin. Now, as with the other woman, the prevailing impression of her personality is a quiet and assured peace as she helps to take care of other women's little girls.

I can understand the appeal of Buddha and Confucius to those who only *read* of them and of their righteous lives and teaching. What I cannot understand is the ignoring of their total lack of any message to sinners for whom Christ came. It is these with whom I have had to deal in China, and I thank the Lord that I had the message of His love to give to hearts that were crushed under the burden of Law. I wonder if L. Adams Beck ever visited a Buddhist temple with a 'Hell' in the entrance courtyard. One of the ghastly figures represents the spirit which gives women courage to commit suicide. Many young brides go home after a look at that evil, leering countenance to throw themselves down the family well.

L. Adams Beck has wonderful power of description. I wish she could tell us more of what she has seen in the temples of the East. Has she ever been — where I have — to Hwa Yin Miao, the great temple at the base of China's loveliest 'Flower Mountain' — a temple of perfect beauty and heavenly surroundings which is kept up by the earnings of wretched girls who come to the neighboring inns at night? They have sung outside my door. What does she think of the Lama Temple in Peking? The Church of Christ is not what He would have it, but can we ignore actual Buddhism as it is seen in practice in China to-day?

CHARLOTTE YOUNG

* * *

How many of our charter members will recognize this free quotation?

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On May 5, 1858, one Marcellus Jackson of Newtonville, Mass., officer aboard a ship then lying at San Francisco, wrote a letter to Miss Emma U. Jackson and posted it. Sixty-eight years later, on May 5, 1926, his letter was put up at auction and fetched a rather good price — for philatelic, not sentimental, reasons.

Upon reading the writing, which is much better than would be learned in the common schools of to-day, I find the following passage: —

'You know I never trouble you with advice and never remark upon dress, manners, habits or anything of that sort, but there is a passage in the *Atlantic* for Nov. which notices two or three common habits among girls, and which I hope does not apply to you: —

"When a young girl wears a flat circular side-curl, gummed on each temple, when she walks with her beau or anybody of the other 'seck,' not arm in arm but his arm against the back of hers, and when she says 'Yes?' with a note of interrogation — you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets and who the 'feller' was you saw her with. Also, the girl that calc'lates is lost."

Marcellus Jackson must have carried that *Atlantic* around the Horn with him, eh?

H. BEDFORD JONES

* * *

With a thirsty conscience, is it honorable to rebel? A just question.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Such an article as Mr. George W. Martin's 'Liberty and Sovereignty' in the July *Atlantic* is significant of the serious consideration which thoughtful men opposed to Prohibition as a national policy are giving to the problems raised by the present revolting state of affairs. Mr. Martin speaks eloquently for those who feel that the evils arising from the invasion of personal liberty, by means which they regard as contrary to our rights under the Constitution, outweigh all the possible benefits of Prohibition. It would be idle to gainsay many of the points these thoughtful men are making. But in their zeal for personal liberty are they not overlooking other considerations perhaps equally serious?

One of the recognized functions of the lawyer is to show the layman how he may evade the law — in spirit if not in letter. When a lawyer cites the development of such revolutionary leaders as Garrison through the nullification of the Fugitive Slave Law, as Cromwell through that of ship money, and as Washington through that of British tax laws, he may be true to the letter, but what of the spirit? Each of these honorable rebels could inscribe after the word 'Liberty' on his banner a more impressive word than 'Liquor.' The knight in quest of chivalric adventure and the land-grabbing baron have always fallen into different categories.

But our legalistic friends tell us it is not the drink they are concerned about — only their freedom of action under constitutional guaranties.

Very well, — I filch a rejoinder from a legal friend, — 'Defy the law on the highest grounds of patriotism; buy your bootleg liquor, by all means; but, to convince me completely of your motives, pour it promptly away as a libation to liberty once you have demonstrated your scorn of oppression.'

I make no question that there are opponents of the present law so sincere that they would pursue this quixotic course if they could persuade themselves that it would take them anywhere. I am equally certain that the vast majority of the bootleggers' clientele buy their liquor for the simple and perfectly valid reason that they want it, for themselves or for their friends, more than they want to keep an inconvenient law. Motives so patent and frank stand clearly forth in their own light, and, like the good wine that prompts them, need no bush. I cannot help feeling that an article like Mr. Martin's is of questionable influence through its providing a multitude of readers far less intelligent than he with the pretexts for the immemorial process of 'making the worse appear the better reason.' The genuine, true-blue patriot and constitutionalist commands all respect. The man who primarily wants his drink and tries to deceive himself and others into thinking he is performing a conscientious duty through an illicit traffic is a bird of another feather.

The fact is that the finespun arguments of recent years have caused the whole community to forget the original purpose of the prohibitory laws — which was, in spite of some annoyance in quarters where drastic reform was not needed, to make a gigantic experiment in the direction of curing what was universally acknowledged to be a national evil. The step, even after a century of discussion, may have been too long and too rapid; I dare say it was. But a shocking evil stalked the land — not so much among the more as among the less prosperous and intelligent. All were asked to give the experiment a chance — a request calling for some generosity and self-restraint on the part of those whose resources enable them easily to break the laws. That chance has not been given, and those who have withheld it must share with the precipitate law-makers the responsibility for the consequences. Among these consequences it begins to look as if the evils from which the less favored portions of society have heretofore been the chief sufferers are in the process of transfer to the more favored. The remoter consequences, not yet apparent, hold appalling possibilities. To avert them by ushering in a new day, better than either the past or the present, is an object on which all will agree. The only laws and customs which can bring that day to pass will have their basis in an unselfish intelligence and an honesty above self-deception.

If the experiment is to fail, the conscientious lawbreaker must ask himself whether he would have preferred to make his direct contribution to that outcome of the matter or to the square test of a national mode of life toward which the country was moving steadily when the hands of the clock jumped forward. Whether the experiment is to fail or to succeed, it deserves at least fair play, from both government and people, and a sincerity which it has not encountered at the hands of friend or foe. Yes, I venture these final words in spite of a recent reminder that less than twenty years ago I was myself chanting the praises of the vine in the pages of this very *Atlantic Monthly*.

PLURIBUS

We are glad to print this proposal for a fitting memorial to the Great Cardinal.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC: —

Undoubtedly some of the readers of Mrs. Kellogg's article on Cardinal Mercier will be interested to know of the plans under way for a crypt, or tomb, to be constructed under the High Altar of Malines Cathedral. Canon Dessain, secretary to the late Cardinal, and to Mgr. van Roey, the Archbishop-elect, has written of the plan. 'At present,' he says, 'the Cardinal's coffin lies on the floor of a very poor vault under the High Altar of our Cathedral, next to the coffins of thirteen of his predecessors. The sail vault is small, overcrowded, and inaccessible to the public. Our idea is to make a crypt, or small subterranean chapel, under the choir of the Cathedral. At the end would be placed an altar, the exact replica of the one in the Cardinal's private chapel, at which he said Mass every day. In the middle of the crypt would be placed the Cardinal's tomb or mausoleum, with a bronze effigy of the Cardinal reclining on it. The access to the crypt would be managed by a double staircase descending in front of the entrance to the choir. . . . The cost is estimated at two million francs; we hope to find half that amount by a subscription here [in Belgium].'

Father Dessain, in another letter, suggests that if Americans feel that they would like to contribute to the cost of this memorial their gifts would be welcome. There must be many of our compatriots who — regardless of sectarian differences — would like to show their reverence and admiration for one of the greatest figures in modern times; who might regard as a privilege the opportunity to contribute to this memorial. I am sure that a draft, sent to the Reverend Canon Francis Dessain, at Malines, Belgium, would be very gratefully received.

ROBERT WITHERINGTON